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*Associate, King's College, London, F.R.G.S., &c.*

GEORGE VILLIERS,

*Second Duke of Buckingham.*

THE REHEARSAL, 1672.

GEORGE GASCOIGNE, ESQ.

THE STEELE GLAS, 1576.

JOHN EARLE, M.A.

*Fellow of Merton College, Oxford.*

MICRO-COSMOGRAPHIE, 1628.

LONDON:

ALEX. MURRAY & SON, 30, QUEEN SQUARE, W.C.

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# English Reprints.

## GEORGE VILLIERS.

Second Duke of Buckingham.

# THE REHEARSAL.

First acted 7 Dec. 1671. Published [? July] 1672.

**WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PREVIOUS PLAYS, ETC.**

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# *CONTENTS.*


LIFE and TIMES of GEORGE VILLIERS, Duke of Buckingham . . . . . 3

(1) Brian Fairfax's Memorials of him . . . . 3—10

(2) Other characters of him, by Lord Peterborough, Bp. Burnet, Count Grammont, S. Butler, and J. Dryden 10—12

INTRODUCTION, . . . . . 13

BIBLIOGRAPHY, 'The Rehearsal' . . . . . 18

Keys to 'The Rehearsal' . 19, 20, 26, 32, 36, 48

*THE REHEARSAL* . . .

(1) Prologue . . . . . 23

(2) The Actors . . . . . 24

(3) The TEXT, on odd numbered pages . . . .

(4) The ILLUSTRATIONS, on even numbered pages, principally taken from the following Plays:—

Mrs. A. Behn, *The Amorous Prince.*

Sir W. D'Avenant, *Love and Honour.*

(Poet-laureate) *Play House to be let.*

*Siege of Rhodes*, Part I.

J. Dryden, *Conquest of Granada*, Parts I. and II.

(Poet-laureate) *The Indian Emperor.*

*Marriage-à-la-mode.*

*Secret Love*, or *The Maiden Queen.*

*Tyrannic Love.*

*The Wild Gallant.*

Sir R. Fanshawe's translation of

Don A. H. de Mendoza's *Querer pro solo querer.*

(To love only for love's sake)

The Hon. J. Howard, *English Monsieur.*

Col. H. Howard, *United Kingdoms.*

Sir W. Killigrew, *Ormasdes*, or *Love and Friendship.*

*Pandora*, or *The Converts.*

T. Porter, *The Villain.*

F. Quarles, *The Virgin Widow.*

Sir R. Stapylton, *The Slighted Maid.*

*(5) Epilogue* . . . . . 136

# The LIFE and TIMES
## of
# GEORGE VILLIERS,
## Second Duke of Buckingham.

INSTEAD of the usual brief Chronicle, we shall on this occasion adduce a series of testimonies that have come down to us from contemporaries, all intimately acquainted with Villiers.

1. In the year 1758, was published in London, a 4to *Catalogue of the Curious Collection of Pictures of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.* The Catalogue is prefaced by the following

ADVERTISEMENT.

WE proceed to gratify the curiosity of the public with some other lists of valuable collections; the principal one belonged to that magnificent favourite, George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham; and was only such part of his Museum as was preserved by an old servant of the family, Mr. Traylman, and by him sent to Antwerp to the young duke, to be sold for his subsistence; great part having been embezzled, when the estate was sequestered by the parliament. Some of the pictures, on the assassination of the first duke, had been purchased by the king, the earl of Northumberland, and Abbot Montagu. The collection was kept at York-house in the Strand, and had been bought by the duke at great prices. He gave £10,000 for what had been collected by Sir Peter Paul Rubens; and Sir Henry Wootton, when ambassador at Venice, purchased many other capital ones for his grace. One may judge a little how valuable the entire collection must have been, by this list of what remained, where we find no fewer than nineteen by Titian, seventeen by Tintoret, twenty-one by Bassan, two by Julio Romano, two by Giorgione, thirteen by Paul Veronese, eight by Palma, three by Guido, thirteen by Rubens, three by Leonardo da Vinci, two by Corregio, and three by Raphael; besides other esteemed and scarce masters.

Mr. Duart of Antwerp bought some of them, but the greater part were purchased by the archduke Leopold, and added to his noble collection in the castle of Prague. He bought the chief picture, the Ecce Homo by Titian, in which were introduced the portraits of the pope, the emperor Charles the Fifth, and Solyman the magnificent. It appears by a note of Mr. Vertue, in the original manuscript, that Thomas earl of Arundel offered the first duke the value of £7,000 in money or land for that single piece. There is a copy of it at Northumberland house.

It may not be improper to mention in this place, that Villiers, when sent with the earl of Holland to the States, to negociate the restoration of the Palatinate, purchased a curious collection of Arabic manuscripts, collected by Erpinius, a famous linguist; which, according to the duke's designation of them, were after his death, bestowed on the university of Cambridge, of which his grace had been chancellor.

Embedded in this Catalogue, at pp. 24—39, is the following *Life of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, the celebrated Poet. Written by Brian Fairfax Esq. and never before published.* This *Life* is both able and graphic; and apparently authentic. As it will be new to most readers, we give it entire.

BRIAN FAIRFAX, Esq. was the second son of Rev. Henry Fairfax, rector of Bolton Percy, and cousin to Thomas, 4th Lord Fairfax (the Parliamentary general), brother to Henry, 5th Lord, and uncle of Thomas 6th Lord Fairfax. [See *The Fairfax Correspondence.* Ed. by G. W. Johnson, i. CXX—CXXV. 1848.] In 1599, he edited *Short Memorials of Thomas* [4th] *Lord Fairfax. Written by himself.* The following gives the most favourable account of Villiers; and would seem to show that up to the Restoration, he was apparently no worse than his neighbours.

*The original papers from whence this manuscript is faithfully taken, were written by Mr.*
BRIAN FAIRFAX, *and in the possession of the late bishop* Atterbury.

Memoirs of the Life of GEORGE VILLIERS,
Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

GEORGE *Villiers, duke of* Buckingham, was the son of that noble favourite

to two kings; who, in the height of his fortune and flower of his age, engaged his estate and exposed his life, in the service of his king and country.

The name of Villiers is ancient and honourable in France and England. Philip de Villiers L'isle Adam, was the last great master of Rhodes, and defended it six months against the Turkish emperor, Solyman.

The duke's mother was the Lady Katherine Manners, sole daughter and heir of Francis earl of Rutland.

He was born at Wallingford house in Westminster, Jan. 30, 1627.

His elder brother, Charles, died an infant. His sister Mary was dutchess of Richmond and Lennox. His brother Francis was born at Chelsea, after his father's death.

The duke inherited from his father the greatest title, and from his mother the greatest estate of any subject in England; and from them both so graceful a body, as gave a lustre to the ornaments of his mind, and made him the glory of the English court at home and abroad.

The first visit the king made to the dutchess after her husband's death, he was pleased to say, He would be a husband to her, a father to her children; and he performed his promise.

The dutchess was then great with child, and the king said, He would be godfather: Francis earl of Rutland, the child's grandfather, was the other. They complimented who should give the name. The king named him Francis, and the grandfather gave him his benediction, seven thousand pounds a year.

The duke and his brother, Francis, were bred up by king Charles,* with his own children, the same tutors and governors. *orig.*

*So in the

They were sent to Trinity College in Cambridge, their names entered in the college-book the same year with prince Charles.

Here the duke became acquainted with two excellent men, Mr. Ab. Cowley, and Mr. Martin Clifford, whom he loved ever after, and they as faithfully and affectionately served him. [To these two a third was added afterwards, who had an equal share with them in his affection, his domestic chaplain; and it was a good argument of his own wit and judgment, and good nature, that he knew how to value a man who had all these and other good qualities to recommend him.†] *this sentence is interlined.*

†*In the orig.*

From hence they went to the king at Oxford, laying their lives and fortunes at his feet, as a testimony of their loyalty and gratitude, worthy to be imprinted in the memory of the royal family. This they did, not in words and compliments; for they lost their estates, and one of them, soon after, his life.

At Oxford they chose two good tutors to enter them in the war, prince Rupert and my lord Gerard; and went with them into very sharp service: the storming of the close at Litchfield.

At their return to Oxford, the dutchess, their mother, was very angry with my lord Gerard, for tempting her sons into such danger; but he told her, it was their own inclination, and the more danger the more honour.

For this the parliament seized on their estates, but by a rare example of their compassion, restored it again in consideration of their nonage: but the young men kept it no longer than till they came to be at age to forfeit it again.

About this time their mother married the marquis of Antrim, and thereby offended the king, and ruined herself.

They were now committed to the care of the earl of Northumberland, and were sent to travel in France and Italy, where they lived in as great state as some of those sovereign princes. Florence and Rome were the places of their residence, and they brought their religion home again, wherein they had been educated under the eye of the most devout and best of kings. The duke did not, as his predecessor, in the title of Lord Ross, had done before him, who changed his religion at Rome, and left his tutor, Mr. Mole, in the inquisition, for having translated king James's book, his admonition to princes, into latin; and Du Pleffis Morney's book of the mass into english.

Their return into England was in so critical a time, as if they had now chosen the last opportunity, as they had done the first, of venturing all in the king's service.

In the year 1648 the king was a prisoner in the isle of Wight, and his friends *in several parts* of England designing to renew the war; duke Hamilton in

Scotland, the earl of Holland and others in Surry, Goring in Kent, many in London and Essex, and these were the last efforts of the dying cause.

The duke and brother, my lord Francis, in the heat of their courage, engaged with the earl of Holland; and were the first that took the field about Rygate in Surry.

The parliament, with their old army, knew all these designs, and despised them; till they grew so numerous in Kent, that the general himself was sent to suppress them, who found sharp service in storming of Maidstone, and taking of Colchester.

Some troops of horse were sent, under the command of colonel Gibbons, to suppress them in Surry; and they drove my lord of Holland before them to Kingston, but engaged his party before they got thither, near Nonsuch, and defeated them.

My lord Francis, at the head of his troop having his horse slain under him, got to an oak tree in the high way about two miles from Kingston, where he stood with his back against it, defending himself, scorning to ask quarter, and they barbarously refusing to give it; till, with nine wounds in his beautiful face and body, he was slain. The oak tree is his monument, and has the two first letters of his name F. V. cut in it to this day.

Thus died this noble, valiant, and beautiful youth, in the twentieth year of his age. A few days before his death, when he left London, he ordered his steward, Mr. John May, to bring him in a list of his debts, and he so charged his estate with them, that the parliament, who seized on the estate, payed his debts.

His body was brought from Kingston by water to York house in the Strand, and was there embalmed and deposited in his father's vault in Henry VIIth's chapel, at the abbey of Westminster; with this inscription, which it is a pity should be buried with him:

| | |
|---|---|
| | Qui vicesimo ætatis anno |
| Depositum | Pro rege Carolo |
| Illustrissimi domini | Et patria |
| Francisci Villiers | Fortier pugnando |
| Ingentis specie juvenis | Novem honestis vulneribus acceptis |
| Filii posthumi Georgii | Obiit vii° die Julii |
| Ducis Buckinghamii | Anno Domino 1648. |

The body of the illustrious lord Francis Villiers, a most beautiful youth, the posthumous son of George duke of Buckingham, who, in the 20th year of his age, fighting valiantly for king Charles and his country, having nine honourable wounds, died the 7th of July, 1648.

The duke, after the loss of his brother, hardly escaped with his life to St. Neods, whither also came the earl of Holland, who was there taken, and soon after beheaded.

The duke, the next morning finding the house where he lay surrounded, and a troop of horse drawn up before the gate, had time with his servants to get to horse, and then causing the gate to be opened, he charged the enemy, and killed the officer at the head of them, and made his escape to the sea-side, and to prince Charles who was in the Downs with those ships that had deserted the earl of Warwick.

And now again the parliament gave him forty days time to return to England, but he refused, and chose rather to stay with the prince, who was soon after king Charles the Second, and to follow him in his exile.

The parliament seized on his estate, the greatest of any subject in England, having now his brother's estate fallen to him; the yearly value was above £25,000.

It happened that the manor of Helmesly, which was his brother's, was given to my lord Fairfax, with York-house in the Strand, for part of his arrears, and this fortunately came to him by his marrying my lord Fairfax's daughter.

All that he had to live on beyond sea was the money he got at Antwerp for his pictures, which were part of that costly and curious collection his father got together from Italy, by the help of Sir Henry Wotton and others, which adorned *York-house, to the* admiration of all men of judgment in pictures: *A note of their names* and dimensions is all that is now left of them. *The Ecce Homo of Titian* was valued at £5000 being the figure of all the

great persons in his time. The arch-duke bought it, and it is now in the castle of Prague. These pictures were secured and sent to him by his old trusty servant, Mr. John Trayleman, who lived in York-house.

The king resolving to go into Scotland, the duke attended him, and now again the parliament offered him to compound for his estate for £20,000, which was less than a year's value; but he chose to run the king's fortune in Scotland, worse than exile, came with him out of Scotland into England; and at Worcester his escape was almost as miraculous as the king's in the royal oak. He escaped again into France, and went a voluntier into the French army, and was much regarded by all the great officers, signalizing his courage at the siege of Arras and Valenciennes.

When he came to the English court, which was but seldom, the king was always glad to see him. He loved his person and his company; but the great men about him desired rather his room than his company.

There now happened a great turn in the course of his life. My lord Fairfax had part of his estate, about £5000 per ann. allotted him by the parliament towards the payment of his arrears due to him as general, and he remitted more than would have purchased a greater estate. They gave him the mannor of Helmesly, the seat of the noble family of Rutland in Yorkshire, as a salve for the wound he received there, being shot through the body. They gave him also York-house in London, which was also the duke's.

The duke heard how kind and generous my lord Fairfax was to the countess of Derby, in paying all the rents of the Isle of Man, which the parliament had also assigned to him for his arrears, into her own hands, and she confessed it was more than all her servants before had done.

The duke had reason to hope my lord had the same inclinations as to this estate of his, which he never accounted his own, and the duke wanted it as much as the countess.

He was not deceived in his hopes, for my lord Fairfax wished only for an opportunity of doing it. He lived in York-house, where every chamber was adorned with the arms of Villiers and Manners, lions and peacocks. He was descended from the same ancestors, earls of Rutland. Sir Guy Fairfax his two sons having married two of the daughters of the earl of Rutland; which my lord took frequent occasion to remember.

The duke resolved to try his fortune, which had hitherto been adverse enough, and he had some revenge on her, by his translation of the ode in Horace—*Fortuna sævis læta negotiis.* Over he came into England, to make love to his only daughter, a most virtuous and amiable lady. He found a friend to propose it, and I think it was Mr. Robert Harlow.

The parents consented, and the young lady could not resist his charms, being the most graceful and beautiful person that any court in Europe ever saw, &c. All his trouble in wooing was, He came, saw, and conquered.

When he came into England he was not sure either of life or liberty. He was an outlaw, and had not made his peace with Cromwell, who would have forbid the banns if he had known of his coming over. He had a greater share of his estate, had daughters to marry, and would not have liked such a conjunction of Mars and Mercury, as was in this alliance; knowing my lord's affections to the royal family, which did afterwards produce good effects towards its restoration.

They were married at Nun-Appleton, six miles from York, Sept. 7, 1657, a new and noble house built by my lord Fairfax, and where he kept as noble hospitality. His friend, Ab. Cowley, wrote an epithalamium, now printed.

When Cromwell heard of it, he rested not till he had him in the tower, and would have brought him to Tower-hill had he lived a fortnight longer.

He had liberty given him to be at York-house with his lady; but going to Cobham to see his sister, he was taken, and sent to the tower.

This so angered my lord Fairfax that he went to Whitehall to the protector, and expostulated the case so as it put him into great passion, turning abruptly from him in the gallery at Whitehall, cocking his hat, and *throwing* his cloak under his arm,‖ as he used to do when he *was angry. Thus I saw him take his last leave of his old acquaintance, Cromwell, whose servants expected he would be sent to bear the duke company at the tower the next morning,* but the protector was wiser in his passion.

‖ *So in the orig.*

I carried the duke the news of the protector's death, and he had then leave to be a prisoner at Windsor castle, where his friend Ab. Cowley was his constant companion. Richard Cromwell soon after abdicated, and then his liberty came of course.

This was the happiest time of all the duke's life, when he went to his father-in-law's house at Appleton, and there lived orderly and decently with his own wife, where he neither wanted, nor so abounded as to be tempted to any sort of extravagance, as he was after when he came to possess his whole estate. He now understood the meaning of that paradox, *Dimidium plus toto*, with which he used to pose young scholars; and found by experience, that the half or third part of his own estate which he now enjoyed, was more than the whole which he had at the king and his restauration.

Now he lived a most regular life, no courtships but to his own wife, not so much as to his after-beloved and costly mistress, the philosopher's stone.

My lord Fairfax was much pleased with his company, and to see him so conformable to the orders and good government of the family. If they had any plots together, they were to the best purposes, the restoration of the royal family.

My lord Fairfax's maxims in politicks was, that the old veteran army which he had commanded, was not to be beaten by any new rais'd force in England; and that the king's friends shewed more affection than discretion in their plots, to restore them while they were united: and that this old army would never be beaten but by itself; as the event shewed, when Lambert and Monk divided them. But the most fatal influence of this opinion in my lord Fairfax was the night before the thirtieth of January, when some of his friends proposed to him to attempt the next day to rescue the king, telling him that twenty thousand men were ready to join with him; he said, he was ready to venture his own life, but not the lives of others against the army now united against them.

The same appeared in the insurrection of sir George Booth, which Lambert, with a brigade of this old army, did so easily suppress; the success whereof inspired him with the ambition of imitating Cromwell, in dissolving the parliament, and making himself protector.

The duke had given sufficient testimony of his loyalty, and my lord Fairfax of his affection and desire to see the royal family restored; and now was the time of doing it.

General Monk in Scotland declared against Lambert, who marched against him with a strong body of horse.

My lord Fairfax, and the duke with him, declared for Monk in Yorkshire; but the duke was obliged to withdraw, because his presence gave a jealousy, that the design was to bring in the king, which was too soon to be owned.

What the event was is well known. I shall only repeat the duke's words in an expostulatory letter to king Charles some years after.

"As to your majesty's return into England, I may justly pretend to some share; since without my lord Fairfax his engaging in Yorkshire, Lambert's army had never quitted him, nor the duke of Albemarle marched out of Scotland."

The king's restoration, *volvenda dies en attulit ultro*, restored the duke to his estate, but such a train of expence with it, as brought him acquainted with bankers and scriveners, that infested it with the gangreen of usury, which it never recovered.

At the king's coronation no subject appeared in greater splendor. None kept greater hospitality than he did at Wallingford-house, especially for the French nobility that came over. This engaged him in play, which had he continued, his estate had not lasted so long; but he resolved to give it over, and kept his resolution ever after. He was moderate in all his expences, his table, stable, laboratory. All the king's favours to him were occasions of great expence. His lord lieutenancy in Yorkshire cost him more than it did all that succeeded him. The master of the horses cost him twenty thousand pounds to the duke of Albemarle.

His embassies into France and Holland cost him more than a diamond ring could recompense: that into Holland (setting aside the politick part of it being a consequence of that into France.

We took barge at Whitehall, June 1673, and lay that night on board the English admiral at the buoy in the Nore, the king and duke being there. The next night we came to anchor in our yacht in the Dutch fleet on the coast of Holland. The next night we were entertained by the states in the Hague. The next night we supp'd with the prince of Orange at his camp at Bodegrave. Next night with the king of France at Utrecht, where we staid two or three days, and then march'd back with him at the head of his army to Arnheim, where we visited the prince de Conde, who lay ill there of a wound in his arm, which he got passing the Rhine at Tolhua, and Marshal Turin. Thence we went with the king to Nimeguen, Grave, Boxtell, and there we parted. The king went to Paris, and we into the Spanish dominions, to Antwerp, Brussels, Bruges, Ghent, Dunkirk, and Calais; where our yachts stayed for us, and we came to Dover, Canterbury, London; where we arrived the day month that we left it.

He was sent ambassador into France, where he was highly carressed by the king, and many of the nobility his old acquaintance. This was before the other into Holland. At his return he was chosen chancellor of the university of Cambridge, and entertained them nobly at York-house, where his father had done it on the same occasion forty years before.

He now seemed to be setting up for a favourite, but he wanted his father's diligence, which fitted him to stand before princes.

He fell into a new way of expence in building, in that sort of architecture which Cicero calls, *Insanæ substructiones;* and himself, when his friends dissuaded him from it, called it his folly.

The world has been severe in censuring his foibles, but not so just in noting his good qualities.

For his person, he was the glory of the age and any court wherever he came. Of a most graceful and charming mien and behaviour; a strong, tall and active body, all which gave a lustre to the ornaments of his mind; of an admirable wit and excellent judgment; and had all other qualities of a gentleman. He was courteous and affable to all; of a compassionate nature; ready to forgive and forget injuries. What was said of a great man in the court of queen Elizabeth, that he used to vent his discontents at court by writing from company, and writing sonnetts, may be said of him; but when he was provoked by the malice of some and ingratitude of others, he might shew that a good natured man might have an ill natured muse.

He gave a good instance of his readiness to forgive injuries. When a considerable man at court did him an injury, which he was fearful he would resent, he desired a friend to mediate for him, and endeavour a reconciliation, which he undertook. The duke told him that he did not remember he had ever injured him, if he had he freely forgave him.

His charitable disposition he seemed to inherit from his grandfather, Francis earl of Rutland, who used every quarter day at London to send his steward with bags of money to several prisons to relieve prisoners and pay their debts, bidding them thank God, and pray for their benefactor, but not telling them who it was.

He was a man of great courage and presence of mind in danger. One instance of it was when a melancholy-mad servant assaulted him with a drawn sword in his hand when he was at supper, and he with a knife disarmed him. The man was afterwards hanged for saying he would do it to the king.

The character which Sir Henry Wotton gives of his father might be said of him, viz.

"Among all the favourites which mine eyes have beheld in divers courts and times, I never saw before a strong heart and eminent condition so clearly void of all pride and shocking arrogance either in his face or in his fashion."

It is to be wished the rest of his father's character had been as true of him; his diligence and application to business, and that he had left his few honest servants in as good fortune as reputation, who never wronged him in his estate, nor flattered him in his faults, and thought they escaped well in *not being oppressed under the ruins of his fortune.*

*[When he first began to settle his family he desired his old friends, A[braham] Cowley and M[artin] C[lifford] to recom-*

*In the origin-al this para-*

mend to him a domestick chaplain. They knew how hard it was to please him; he must be a man of learning, wit, good nature, good manners, a graceful person and decent behaviour. They found one [T. Sprat, afterwards Bp. of Rochester. *See W. Oldys MS. note to G. Langbaine*] to their own mind, and to his; whom he valued as a friend, and loved as a companion; who lived to be an ornament to the church among those of the highest order. He brought the duke acquainted with another excellent person, whose friendship and conversation he much coveted, and wished he could have more of it, who attained afterwards to the highest dignity in the church, and with a lawyer as eminent in his profession: so that his father was not more happy in the choice of a few friends and servants than he was, if he had followed their advice. He saw and approved the best, but did too often *deteriora sequi*.]

*graph is written on a side of paper, tacked to the other by a wafer, and is referred to by a mark. 'Tis written in the same hand.*

His father had two crimes objected against him which he was not guilty of; plurality of offices, and preferring his relations. The faults objected against him were, that he loved women, and spent his estate.

His estate was his own. He had often lost it for the king, and might now be allowed to enjoy it himself. If he was *sui profusus*, he never was *alieni appetens*. If he was extravagant in spending, he was just in paying his debts, and at his death charged his debts on his estate, leaving much more than enough to pay them. "If he was a grievance, as he told the house of commons, he was the cheapest to the public that ever was complained of."

He had no children by his dutchess, nor heirs capable of inheriting his estate or title.

His amours were too notorious to be concealed, and too scandalous to be justified, by saying he was bred in the latitude of foreign climates, and now lived in a vicious age and court; where his accusers of this crime were as guilty as himself. He lay under so ill a name for this, that whenever he was shut up in his chamber, as he loved to be, *nescio quid*, or in his laboratory, *meditans purgarum*, over the fumes of charcoal, it was said to be with women. When a dirty chymist, a foxhunter, a pretender to poetry or politicks, a rehearsal should entertain him, when a messenger to summon him to council could not be admitted.

This is true of him, that of all the noise made of his loving women, he never had so much as a bastard laid to his charge, that he or any body else believed to be his own. Some pretended to love his person, but it was his estate, which smarted for it. It is hard to tell by his expence which was his favourite pleasure, I think, his chymistry at home, and fox-hunting abroad.

I will conclude his character with saying, that if human frailty will not excuse these faults, let christian charity oblige us to hope, that as God gave him time, he gave him also the grace of true repentance.

We are now come to the last scene of the tragi-comedy of his life. At the death of king Charles he went into the country to his own manor of Helmesly, the seat of the earls of Rutland in Yorkshire. King Charles was his best friend, he loved him and excused his faults. He was not so well assured of his successor. In the country he passed his time in hunting, and entertaining his friends; which he did a fortnight before his death as pleasantly and hospitably as ever he did in his life. He took cold one day after fox-hunting, by sitting on the cold ground, which cast him into an ague and fever, of which he died, after three days sickness, at a tenant's house, Kirby more side, a lordship of his own, near Helmesly, Ap. 16, 1688; ætat. 60.

The day before his death he sent to his old servant Mr. Brian Fairfax, to desire him to provide him a bed at his house at Bishop-hill at York, but the next morning the same man returned with the news that his life was despaired of. Mr. Fairfax went post, but before he got to him he was speechless. The earl of Arran, son to duke Hamilton, was with him; who, hearing he was sick, visited him in his way to Scotland.

When Mr. Fairfax came, the duke knew him, look'd earnestly at him, and held him by the hand, but could not speak. Mr. Fairfax ask'd a gentleman there present, *a justice of peace*, and a worthy discreet man in the neighbourhood, *what he had said* or done before he became speechless. He told

me some questions had been asked him about his estate, to which he gave no answer. Then he was admonished of the danger he was in, which he seemed not to apprehend; he was ask'd, if he would have the minister of the parish sent for to pray with him, to which he gave no answer; which made another question be asked, If he would have a popish priest; to which he answered with great vehemence, no, no! repeating the words, He would have nothing to do with them. Then the aforesaid gentleman, Mr. Gibson, ask'd him again if he would have the minister sent for, and he calmly answered, Yes, pray send for him. This was the morning and he died that night. The minister came, and did the office required by the church; the duke devoutly attending it, and received the sacrament, and an hour after became speechless; but appearing sensible, we had the prayers of the church repeated by his bed-side, recommending him to the mercy of God, through the merits of Jesus Christ.

Thus he died quietly in his bed, the fate of few of his predecessors in the title of Buckingham. His body was embalmed and brought to Westminster-abbey, and there laid in the vault with his father and brothers, in Hen. the VIIth's chapel.

Mary dutchess of Buckingham was the only daughter of Thomas lord Fairfax, and Ann, the daughter of Horace Lord Vere. A most virtuous and pious lady, in a vitious age and court. If she had any of the vanities, she had certainly none of the vices of it. The duke and she lived lovingly and decently together; she patiently bearing with those faults in him which she could not remedy. She survived him many years, and died near St. James at Westminster, and was buried in the vault of the family of Villiers, in Hen. VIIth's chapel, anno 1705. ætat. 66.

2. The following, in grisly contrast to Fairfax's account, comes from Lord PETERBOROUGH.

The witty Duke of Buckingham was an extreme bad man. His duel with Lord Shrewsbury was concerted between him and Lady Shrewsbury. All that morning she was trembling for her gallant, and wishing the death of her husband; and, after his fall, 'tis said the duke slept with her in his bloody shirt.—*Spence's Anecdotes, Malone's Edition*, 1820, *p.* 164.

3. Bp. G. BURNET, in his *History of my own Times*, gives this character:—

He had a great liveliness of wit, and a peculiar faculty of turning all things into ridicule with bold figures and natural descriptions. He had no sort of literature: Only he was drawn into chymistry: And for some years he thought he was very near the finding the philosopher's stone: which had the effect that attends on all such men as he was, when they are drawn in, to lay out for it. He had no principles of religion, vertue, or friendship. Pleasure, frolick, or extravagant diversion was all that he laid to heart. He was true to nothing, for he was not true to himself. He had no steadiness nor conduct. He could keep no secret, nor execute any design without spoiling it. He could never fix his thoughts, nor govern his estate, tho' then the greatest in *England*. He was bred about the King: And for many years he had a great ascendent over him: But he spake of him to all persons with that contempt, that at last he drew a lasting disgrace upon himself. And he at length ruined both body and mind, fortune and reputation equally. The madness of vice appeared in his person in very eminent instances; since at last he became contemptible and poor, sickly, and sunk in his parts, as well as in all other respects, so that his conversation was as much avoided as ever it had been courted. He found the King, when he came from his travels in the year 45, newly come to *Paris*, sent over by his father when his affairs declined: And finding the King enough inclined to receive ill impressions, he, who was then got into all the impieties and vices of the age, set himself to corrupt the King, in which he was too successful, being seconded in that wicked design by the Lord *Percy*. And to compleat the matter, *Hobbs* was brought to him, under the pretence of instructing him in mathematicks: And he laid before him his schemes, both with relation to religion and politicks, which made deep and lasting impressions on the King's mind. So that the *main blame of the* King's ill principles, and bad morals, was owing to the

*Duke of Buckingham* i. 100. *Ed.* 1724.

4. *Count* - his *Memoirs*, thus sketches him about the year 1663.

At this time the king's attachment to Miss Stewart [afterwards privately married to the Duke of Richmond, which marriage was publicly declared in Apr. 1667] was so public, that every person perceived, that if she was but possessed of art, she might become as absolute a mistress over his conduct as she was over his heart. This was a fine opportunity for those who had experience and ambition. The Duke of Buckingham formed the design of governing her in order to ingratiate himself with the king; God knows what a governor he would have been, and what a head he was possessed of, to guide another; however, he was the properest man in the world to insinuate himself with Miss Stewart; she was childish in her behaviour, and laughed at every thing, and her taste for frivolous amusements, though unaffected, was only allowable in a girl about twelve or thirteen years old. A child, however, she was, in every other respect, except playing with a doll; blind-man's buff was her most favourite amusement; she was building castles of cards, while the deepest play was going on in her apartments, where you saw her surrounded by eager courtiers, who handed her the cards, or young architects, who endeavoured to imitate her.

She had, however, a passion for music, and had some taste for singing. The Duke of Buckingham, who built the finest towers of cards imaginable, had an agreeable voice: she had no aversion to scandal; he made songs, and invented old women's stories with which she was delighted; but his particular talent consisted in turning into ridicule whatever was ridiculous in other people, and in taking them off, even in their presence, without their perceiving it. In short, he knew how to act all parts, with so much grace and pleasantry, that it was difficult to do without him, when he had a mind to make himself agreeable; and he made himself so necessary to Miss Stewart's amusement, that she sent all over the town to seek for him, when he did not attend the king to her apartments.

He was extremely handsome, and still thought himself much more so than he really was; although he had a great deal of discernment; yet his vanity made him mistake some civilities as intended for his person, which were only bestowed on his wit and drollery. *pp.* 141–2. *Ed.* 1846.

5. SAMUEL BUTLER, Author of *Hudibras*, in a collection of *Characters* chiefly written between 1667 and 1669, in Wales; but first printed by R. Thyer, in *Genuine Remains*, in 1759, has the following one, entitled *A Duke of Bucks.*

Is one that has studied the whole Body of Vice. His Parts are disproportionate to the whole, and like a Monster he has more of some, and less of others than he should have. He has pulled down all that Fabric that *Nature* raised in him, and built himself up again after a Model of his own. He has dam'd up all those Lights, that Nature made into the noblest Prospects of the World, and opened other little blind Loopholes backward, by turning Day into Night, and Night into Day. His Appetite to his Pleasures is diseased and crazy, like the Pica in a Woman, that longs to eat that, which was never made for Food, or a Girl in the Green-sickness, that eats Chalk and Mortar. Perpetual Surfeits of Pleasure have filled his Mind with bad and vicious Humours (as well as his Body with a Nursery of Diseases) which makes him affect new and extravagant Ways, as being sick and tired with the Old. Continual Wine, Women, and Music put false Values upon Things, which by Custom become habitual, and debauch his Understanding so, that he retains no right Notion nor Sense of Things. And as the same Dose of the same Physic has no Operation on those, that are much used to it; so his Pleasures require a larger Proportion of Excess and Variety, to render him sensible of them. He rises, eats, and goes to Bed by the *Julian* Account, long after all others that go by the *new Stile*; and keeps the same Hours with Owls and the *Antipodes*. He is a great Observer of the *Tartars* Customs, and never eats, till the great *Cham* having dined makes Proclamation, that all the World may go to Dinner. He does not dwell in his House, but haunt[s] it, like an evil Spirit, that walks all Night to disturb the Family, and never appears by Day. He lives perpetually benighted, runs out of his Life, and loses his Time, as Men do their Ways in the Dark; and as blind Men are *led by their Dogs*, so is he governed by some mean Servant *or other, that relates to his Pleasures*. He is as inconstant as the Moon, *which he lives under; and altho'* he does nothing but advise with his Pillow

all Day, he is as great a Stranger to himself, as he is to the rest of the World. His Mind entertains all Things very freely, that come and go; but, like Guests and Strangers they are not welcome, if they stay long—This lays him open to all Cheats, Quacks, and Impostors, who apply to every particular Humour while it lasts, and afterwards vanish. Thus with St. *Paul*, tho' in a different sense, he *dies daily*, and only lives in the Night. He deforms Nature, while he intends to adorn her, like *Indians*, that hang Jewels in their Lips and Noses. His Ears are perpetually drilled with a Fiddlestick. He endures Pleasures with less Patience, than other Men do their Pains. *ii. 72—5.*

6. DRYDEN published anonymously, on 17th November, 1681, the first part of *Absalom and Achitophel* (which went through five editions in two years) in which he gives the following character of Buckingham:—

Such were the tools; but a whole Hydra more
Remains, of sprouting heads too long, to score.
Some of their Chiefs were Princes of the Land:
In the first Rank of these did *Zimri* stand:
A man so various, that he seem'd to be
Not one, but all Mankinds Epitome.
Stiff in Opinions, always in the wrong;
Was every thing by starts, and nothing long:
But, in the course of one revolving Moon,
Was Chymist, Fidler, States-Man, and Buffoon:
Then all for Women, Painting, Rhiming, Drinking;
Besides ten thousand freaks that dy'd in thinking.
Blest Madman, who coud every hour employ!
With something New to wish, or to enjoy!
Rayling and praising were his usual Theams;
And both (to shew his Judgment) in Extreams:
So over Violent, or over Civil,
That every man, with him, was God or Devil.
In squandring Wealth was his peculiar Art:
Nothing went unrewarded, but Desert.
Begger'd by Fools, whom still he found too late:
He had his Jest, and they had his Estate.
He laught himself from Court, then sought Relief
By forming Parties, but coud ne're be Chief:
For, spight of him, the weight of Business fell
On *Absalom* and his wise *Achitophel*:
Thus, wicked but in will, of means bereft,
He left not Faction, but of that was left.

Dryden, writing—after Buckingham was dead and buried—his *Dedication* [the subject of which is the Origin and Progress of Satire] to the *Satires of Juvenal*, London, fol. 1693, gives his own opinion of this sketch:—

How easie it is to call Rogue and Villain, and that wittily? But how hard to make a Man appear a Fool, a Blockhead, or a Knave, without using any of those opprobrious terms? To spare the grossness of the Names, and to do the thing yet more severely. . . . This is the Mystery of that Noble Trade; which yet no Master can teach to his Apprentice: He may give the Rules, but the Scholar is never the nearer in his practice. Neither is it true, that this fineness of Raillery is offensive. A witty Man is tickl'd while he is hurt in this manner; and a Fool feels it not. The occasion of an Offence may possibly be given, but he cannot take it. . . . I wish I cou'd apply it to my self, if the Reader wou'd be kind enough to think it belongs to me. The Character of *Zimri* in my *Absalom*, is, in my Opinion, worth the whole Poem: 'Tis not bloody, but 'tis ridiculous enough. And he for whom it was intended, was too witty to resent it as an injury. If I had rail'd, I might have suffer'd for it justly: But I manag'd my own Work more happily, perhaps more dextrously. I avoided the mention of great Crimes, and apply'd my self to the representing of Blind-sides, and little Extravagancies. To which, the wittier a Man is, he is generally the more obnoxious. It succeeded *as I wish'd; the Jest* went round, and he was laught at in his turn *who began the Frolick* *p. xlii.*

# THE REHEARSAL.

## *INTRODUCTION.*

N the year 1708, was publiſhed in London, *Roſcius Anglicanus, or an Hiſtorical Review of the Stage*, by JOHN DOWNES. In a prefatory Addreſs 'To the Reader,' he gives the following account of himſelf:—

The Editor of the enſuing Relation, being long Converſant with the Plays and Actors of the Original Company, under the Patent of Sir *William Davenant*, at his Theatre in *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*, Open'd there 1662. And as Book keeper and Prompter, continu'd ſo, till *October* 1706. He Writing out all the Parts in each Play; and Attending every Morning the Actors Rehearſals, and their Performances in Afternoons; Emboldens him to affirm, he is not very Erronious in his Relation. But as to the Actors of *Drury-Lane* Company, under Mr. *Thomas Killigrew*, he having the Account from Mr. *Charles Booth* ſometimes Book-keeper there; If he a little Deviates, as to the Succeſſive Order, and exact time of their Plays Performances, He begs Pardon of the Reader, and Subſcribes himſelf, His very Humble Servant. *John Downes.*

He then proceeds to give an account of the two companies, their members, plays, &c., of which the following are ſome of the more eſſential portions:—

In the Reign of King *Charles* the Firſt, there were Six Play Houſes allow'd in Town: The *Black-Fryars* Company, His Majeſty's Servants; The Bull in St. *John's-ſtreet*; another in *Salisbury Court*; another call'd the *Fortune*; another at the *Globe*; and the Sixth at the Cock-Pit in *Drury-Lane*; all which continu'd Acting till the beginning of the ſaid Civil Wars. The ſcattered Remnant of ſeveral of theſe Houſes, upon King *Charles*'s Reſtoration, Fram'd a Company who Acted again at the Bull, and Built them a new Houſe in *Gibbon's Tennis Court* in *Clare-Market*; in which Two Places they continu'd Acting all 1660, 1661, 1662 and part of 1663. In this time they Built them a New Theatre in *Drury Lane*: Mr. *Thomas Killigrew* gaining a Patent from the King in order to Create them the King's Servants; and from that time, they call'd themſelves his Majeſty's Company of Comedians in *Drury Lane*. . . . This Company being thus Compleat, they open'd the New Theatre in *Drury-Lane*, on *Thurſday* in *Eaſter* Week, being the 8th, Day of *April* 1663. With *The Humorous Lieutenant.**

* pp 1-3.

Many others [*i.e.* Plays] were Acted by the Old Company at the Theatre Royal, from the time they begun, till the Patent descended to Mr. *Charles Killigrew*, which in 1682, he join'd it to Dr. *Davenant*'s Patent, whose Company Acted then in *Dorset* Garden, which upon the Union, were Created the King's Company: After which, Mr. *Hart* Acted no more, having a Pension to the Day of his Death, from the United Company.*

Next follows an Account of the Rise and Progression, of the Dukes Servants; under the Patent of Sir *William Davenant* who upon the said Junction in 1682, remov'd to the Theatre Royal in *Drury-Lane*, and Created the King's Company.

In the Year 1659, General *Monk*, Marching then his Army out of *Scotland* to *London*. Mr. *Rhodes* a Bookseller being Wardrobe-Keeper formerly (as I am inform'd) to King *Charles* the First's, Company of Comedians in *Black-Friars*; getting a License from the then Governing State, fitted up a House then for Acting call'd the *Cock Pit* in *Drury-Lane*, and in a short time Compleated his Company.† . . . . .

In this Interim, Sir *William Davenant* gain'd a Patent from the King, and Created Mr. *Betterton* and all the rest of *Rhodes*'s Company, the King's Servants; who were Sworn by my Lord *Manchester* then Lord Chamberlain, to Serve his Royal Highness the Duke of *York*, at the Theatre in *Lincoln's-Inn Fields*.‡ . . .

His Company being now Compleat, Sir *William* in order to prepare Plays to Open his Theatre, it being then a Building in *Lincoln's-Inn Fields*, His Company Rehears'd the First and Second Part of 'The Siege of *Rhodes*'; and 'The Wits' at *Pothecaries-Hall*: And in Spring 1662, Open'd his House with the said Plays, having new Scenes and Decorations, being the first that e're were Introduc'd in *England*.§ . . . .

These being all the Principal, which we call'd Stock-Plays; that were *Acted* from the Time they Open'd the Theatre in 1662, to the beginning of May 1665, at which time the *Plague* began to Rage: The Company ceas'd *Acting*; till the *Christmas* after the Fire in 1666.‖ . . . .

The new Theatre in *Dorset-Garden* being Finish'd, and our Company after Sir *William*'s [Davenant] Death, being under the Rule and Dominion of his Widow the Lady *Davenant*, Mr *Betterton*, and Mr *Harris*, (Mr *Charles Davenant* her Son *Acting* for her) they remov'd from *Lincolns-Inn-Fields* thither. And on the Ninth Day of *November* 1671, they open'd their new Theatre with Sir *Martin Marral*.¶ . . . .

All the preceding Plays, being the chief that were *Acted* in *Dorset-Garden*, from *November* 1671, to the Year 1682; at which time the Patentees of each Company United Patents, and by so Incorporating the Duke's Company were made the King's Company, and immediately remov'd to the Theatre Royal in *Drury-Lane*.**

* *p. 16.* † 7. ‡ p. 19. § p. 20. ‖ p. 26. ¶ p. 31. ** p. 39

Such is the hiſtory, by an eye-witneſs, of the London ſtage ſoon after the Reſtoration.

The then general ſtate of ſociety and town life is deſcribed in the third chapter of Lord Macaulay's *Hiſtory of England.* At preſent we have only to deal with one particular faſhion of dramatic compoſition. —the new, grandiloquent, bombaſtic, pſeudo-heroic plays, introduced by D'Avenant, and having for their maſter-writer Dryden. It is impoſſible here to meaſure the extravagance of theſe plays: ſomewhat, however, may be gathered from the Illuſtrations to the preſent work.

Aſſociated with this was the inordinate uſe of rhyming verſe. Dryden in early life fought the battle of rhyme againſt Sir Robert Howard; only afterwards publicly to abandon it, in his *Lines to the Earl of Roſcommon*, in 1680.

To ridicule theſe rhyming mouthing plays and with not a little perſonality—after the common cuſtom of that time—to attack their authors, were the chief objects of Villiers and his coadjutors in writing *The Rehearſal.* Its merit however is as much in its conception as in its execution: in ſeeing that the popular rant was rant, and in determining to expoſe it: as in writing the ſtudied nonſenſe of which this play is ſo largely compoſed. Hence, the importance of *The Rehearſal* in our national literature, is not ſo much from its intrinſic merits, moſt laughable as are ſome of the parodies; but from its marking—deſpite a partial failure to influence at the time—a bend in the ſtream of dramatic compoſition.

Two ſcholars, who have well ſtudied this portion of our literary hiſtory, give the following accounts of this play.

EDMOND MALONE, in his *Life of Dryden*, thus writes:

> The great ſucceſs which had attended Dryden's heroick plays, doubtleſs excited the jealouſy of the rival candidates for fame. In this claſs, however, we cannot place Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, who was ſo far from exerciſing his pen in any performance of that kind, that he thought the loud applauſe which had been beſtowed for ſome years on the rhyming tragedies produced

by D'Avenant, Dryden, Stapylton, Howard, Killigrew, and others, much miſplaced, and reſolved to correct the publick taſte by holding them up to ridicule. With this view, in conjunction, it is ſaid, with Martin Clifford, Maſter of the Charter-Houſe, Butler, Sprat, and others, he wrote the celebrated farce entitled THE REHEARSAL. Some of the contemporary writers have ſtated, that it took up as much time as the Siege of Troy; and with juſtice expreſs their ſurpriſe, that ſuch a combination of wits, and a period of ten years, ſhould have been requiſite for a work, which apparently a leſs numerous band could have produced without ſuch mighty throws. In the Key to this piece, publiſhed by a bookſeller in 1704, we are told, that it was written, and ready for repreſentation, before the middle of the year 1665, and that Sir Robert Howard, under the name of *Bilboa*, was then intended to have been the hero of the farce. That ſome interlude of this kind might have been thus early intended, is not improbable, but aſſuredly the original hero was not Howard, but D'Avenant; not only on account of the name of *Bilboa*, which alludes to his military character, (for he was Lieutenant-General of the Ordnance under the Duke of Newcaſtle, in the Civil Wars,) but from the circumſtance of the patch that in the courſe of the drama he is obliged to wear on his noſe; which can relate to none but D'Avenant. Beſides, he was a much more diſtinguiſhed character, not only as Poet Laureate, but as ſuperintendant of the Duke of York's Company of Comedians, and the introducer of heroick plays on the Engliſh ſtage. The alluſions to Sir Robert Howard's tragedies are ſo few and inconſiderable, that he never could have been the author's principal object.——As ſoon as it was reſolved that Dryden ſhould be the hero, an abundant use was made of his INDIAN EMPEROR and CONQUEST OF GRANADA; yet the author was unwilling to loſe any of the ſtrokes which were peculiarly levelled at D'Avenant, and thus the piece became a kind of patchwork.

This lively farce was firſt performed on the 7th of December, 1671, and was publiſhed in the following year. . . . . Much of the ſucceſs, doubtleſs, was owing to the mimickry employed, Dryden's dreſs, and manner, and uſual expreſſions, were all minutely copied, and the Duke of Buckingham took incredible pains in teaching Lacy, the original performer of Bayes, to ſpeak ſome paſſages of that part, in theſe he probably imitated Dryden's mode of recitation, which was by no means excellent. *

A more recent editor, Mr. ROBERT BELL in his *Life of Dryden* prefixed to his *Poetical Works*, gives this account of the preſent play.

Davenant enjoys the credit of having introduced what were called heroic plays. Dryden eſtabliſhed them. They were

* *Critical and Mis. Proſe Works of J. Dryden*, i. 94—100. Ed. 800.

called heroic because they were written in a language elevated above nature, and exhibit passion in a state of maniacal ecstasy. These pieces had now held possession of the stage some nine or ten years, when the Duke of Buckingham undertook to expose their absurdities in *The Rehearsal*, produced in the winter of 1671. It is said that he was assisted in the design by Butler, Sprat, Clifford, and others. This is probable enough, from the structure of the ridicule, which resembles a piece of mosaic work. Davenant was originally meant for the hero, but his recent death seems to have led to the substitution of Dryden, who was on other accounts a more conspicuous mark for this sort of satire. Not satisfied with parodying some of the most familiar passages in Dryden's plays, the Duke of Buckingham took considerable pains in teaching Lacy, who performed *Bayes*, to mimic his author in his manner of reciting them. Dryden was notoriously a bad reader, and had a hesitating and tedious delivery, which, skilfully imitated in lines of surpassing fury and extravagance, must have produced an irresistible effect upon the audience. The humour was enhanced by the dress, gesticulations, and by-play of the actor, which presented a close imitation of his original. Dryden bore this unwarrantable attack in silence; being fully conscious, no doubt, that so far as it reflected upon his plays it was unanswerable. But he afterwards showed that he had a keen sense of the obligations the duke had laid him under on this occasion, and he discharged them in full, with compound interest, in his *Absalom and Achitophel.*

The town was highly amused, although its taste was not in the least degree corrected, by *The Rehearsal.* Heroic plays continued to flourish as long as Dryden continued to write them; a drudgery which his necessities imposed upon him for several years afterwards. . . .

Milton died on the 8th of November, 1674. . . .†

Five editions of *The Rehearsal* appeared in the Author's life time. Of the second and third I cannot learn even the dates. There is a copy of the fourth, 1683, in the Bodleian. An examination of the fifth, 1687, would seem to show a general permanence of the text, but that, probably in each edition, there were here and there additions and alterations *en bloc*, instigated by the appearance of fresh heroic plays: some of these additions increase, with the multiplying corruption of the times, in personality and moral offensiveness. For our literary history, the first edition is sufficient. That, the reader now has.

† *Aiken: Ed. of Eng. Poets. J. Dryden*, i. 40—42. *Ed.* 1854.

## BIBLIOGRAPHY.—'THE REHEARSAL.'

* Editions not seen. † Editions having the 'Key' either before or after the text. § having the 'Key' in footnotes.

### (a) Issues in the Author's lifetime.

I. *As a separate publication.*

1. 1672. London. 1 vol. 4to. *Editio princeps:* see title at p. 25.
2. ? *Second edition.*
3. ? *Third edition.*
4. *1683. London. 1 vol. 4to. *Fourth edition.* There is a copy in Bodleian Library.
5. 1687. London. 1 vol. 4to. Title as No. 1. 'The Fifth Edition with Amendments and large Additions by the Author.'

### (b) Issues since the Author's death.

I. *As a separate publication.*

6. 1692. London. 1 vol. 4to. Title as No. 1. *The Sixth Edition.*
7. 1701. London. 1 vol. 4to. Title as No. 1. *The Seventh Edition.*
10. 1710. London. 1 vol. 8vo. 'The Rehearsal'; a Comedy Written by his Grace, GEORGE late Duke of BUCKINGHAM to expose some Plays then in vogue, and their Authors. With a Key and Remarks, necessary to Illustrate the most material passages of this piece, and to point out the authors and Writings here exposed. Never Printed with it before. London Printed in the year 1710.
13. †1735. London. 1 vol. 8vo. 'The Rehearsal' &c. *The Thirteenth Edition.*
15. †1755. London. 1 vol. 8vo. 'The Rehearsal' &c. *The Fifteenth Edition.*
16. 1768. London. 1 vol. 8vo. 'The Rehearsal' &c. *The Seventeenth Edition.* With the new occasional Prologue, written by PAUL WHITEHEAD Esq. on opening Covent Garden Theatre, Sept the 14th 1767.
21. 2 Nov. 1868. London. 1 vol. 8vo. *English Reprints.* See title at page 1.

II. *With other Works.*

8. *1704. London. ? vols. 8vo. Works. *First edition.*
11. §1711-12. London. 10 vols. 8vo. *A Collection of the best English Plays. Chosen out of all the best Authors.* Printed for the Company of Booksellers. 'The Rehearsal' is in Vol. II.
12. †1715 (1714). London. 2 vols. 8vo. The Dramatick works of his Grace George Villiers, Late Duke of Buckingham. With his Miscellaneous Poems, Essays and Letters. *Adorn'd with cuts.* 'The Rehearsal' is in Vol. II.
14. §1754. Edinburgh. 1 vol. 12mo. The genuine Works of his Grace George Villiers Duke of Buckingham. Compleat. pp. 159-247.
17. 1787. London. ? 1 vol. 8vo. *Theatrical Magazine.* 'The Rehearsal.' A Comedy as it is acted at the Theatres Royal in Drury Lane and Convent Garden.
18. 1797. London. 34 vols. 8vo. *Bell's British Theatre.* 'The Rehearsal' is in Vol. 29.
19. †1761-1808. 2 vols. 8vo. An edition of Villiers' Works: prepared by Bishop Percy, but never published. It was nearly all destroyed by fire in 1808. *See pp.* 'The Rehearsal,' and its 'Key,' are in Vol. I.
20. †1811. London. 5 vols. 8vo. *The Modern British Drama.* 'The Rehearsal' is in Vol. 4.

∴ *This list* is imperfect.

THERE is no authoritative explanation of the allusions and parodies in the present play. All that can be done is to summarize the successive attempts at its exposition.

1. Twenty years after its appearance, but in Dryden's life-time; GERARD LANGBAINE gives this account of it, in his *Eng. Dram. Poets.* Oxenford. *p.* 546. *Ed.* 1691.

*Rehearsal*, a Comedy acted at the Theatre-Royal; printed [4th Edit.] quarto *Lond.* 1683. This Play is ascribed to the Late Duke of *Buckingham*, and will ever be valued by Ingenious Men. There are some who pretend to furnish a *Clavis* to it; my Talent not lying to Politicks, I know no more of it, than that the Author lashes several Plays of Mr. Dryden; As *Conquest of Granada, Tyrannick Love, Love in a Nunnery*, and some passages of other Plays; as *The Siege of Rhodes, Virgin Widow, Slighted Maid, Villain, English Monsieur, &c.*

2. Dean LOCKIER in Spence's ANECDOTES, *p.* 63. *Ed.* 1820, remarks,

The Rehearsal (one of the best pieces of criticism that ever was) and Butler's inimitable poem of Hudibras, must be quite lost to the readers in a century more, if not soon well commended. Tonson has a good Key to the former, but refuses to print it, because he had been so much obliged to Dryden.

3. Only two Keys have ever been printed: it may be well to consider their respective histories, before we take them in connection with the text.

(a) In 1704, in the first edition of Villiers' works in 8vo, of which I cannot learn of any copy anywhere, appeared—S. BRISCOE's Key, which has been very often reprinted; at first separate from the text in 1710, next with it as footnotes: see opposite page.

(b) June 12, 1761. Bp. T. PERCY entered into an agreement with Mess. Tonson, to publish an edition of the Works of George Villiers, the 2d Duke of Buckingham, for which he received 52 guineas. J. Nichols *Lit. Anec. 18th Cent. iii.* 758. Ed. 1812.

On 15 Jan. 1764, Bp. Percy thus writes to Dr. Birch.

I ought to blush for having detained your books so long; but one work has been delayed through the expectation of enlarging the stock of materials. The 'Key to the Rehearsal' has long been printed off, all but the last sheet, which we still keep open to receive some additions that we take for granted will be picked up from a play of Edward Howard's, entitled 'Six Days' Adventure, or the New Utopia, 4to 1671,' if we can once be so lucky as to light upon it. This is the only play of that age which I have not seen. Mr. Garrick unluckily has not got it in his collection, and Mr. Tonson has advertised a small premium for it, hitherto without success. It is only scarce because it is worthless; and therefore, if chance should throw it in your way, may I intreat the favour of you to procure me a sight of it?—J. B. Nichols. *Ill. of Lit. Hist. vii.* 572. *Ed.* 1848.

Twenty-eight years later; Bp. Percy, thus writes to Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford, under date 11 Aug. 1792.

I have at length been able to collect for your Lordship the sheets of Lord Surrey and the Duke of Buckingham. They have been printed off about 25 years. Since the death of Jacob Tonson, at whose instance they were undertaken, and who ought to have assigned them to other persons, they have been wholly discontinued. My fondness for these pursuits declining, I laid both those works aside, till I could offer them to some younger editor than myself, who could with more propriety resume them. I have now an ingenious nephew, of both my names, who is a fellow of St. John's College, in Oxford, and both able and desirous to complete them. To him I have given all the sheets so long since printed off, and whatever papers I had upon the subject.

. . . . . .

Of the 'Duke of Buckingham' Tonson wished to have every thing collected which had ever been ascribed to him: but I believe I shall only recommend to my nephew to publish what is numbered vol. I. in the sheets now offered to your Lordship. *Between the* 'Rehearsal' and the 'Key' were once *printed the 'Chances' and the* 'Restoration': but the intermediate sheets *have been cancelled and consigned* to the trunk-makers. And the same fate

awaits the smaller pieces, collected into what is herewith numbered vol. II. They are only submitted to your Lordship in confidence, and I believe you will think them scarcely deserving republication.—J. B. Nichols, *Idem, viii. p.* 289.

Mr. Nichols thus narrates the fate of this edition.

Dr. Percy had, soon after the year 1760, proceeded very far at the press with an admirable edition of 'Surrey's Poems,' and also with a good edition of the Works of Villiers Duke of Buckingham; both which, from a variety of causes, remained many years unfinished in the warehouse of Mr. Tonson in the Savoy, but were resumed in 1795, and nearly brought to a conclusion; when the whole impression of both works was unfortunately consumed by the fire in Red Lion Passage in 1808. *Lit. Anec. 18th Cent. iii.* 161. Ed. 1812.

Of this edition there is a copy in 2 Vols, complete so far as prepared but without a printed title page, in the British Musueum. [Press Mark, C. 39. g.] The MS. title-page thus runs, 'An edition prepared by Bp. Percy. But never published. Nearly unique.' There is however under Press Mark, 643. e 10. a fragment of the first Volume containing the Rehearsal and its Key.

4. Prefaced to both these 'Keys' is an introduction. I give first Bp. PERCY's, because though a century later in date, it describes that of 1704.

b. *ADVERTISEMENT.*

THE former KEY hath long been complained of as inaccurate and defective; and yet has commonly past for the work of the Duke of Buckingham. That it is the former, and cannot be the latter, a slight perusal must convince every Reader. The Duke could not be ignorant of his own meaning, nor doubtful about the aim of his own satire; yet many passages in that work display both ignorance and doubt. That the Preface prefixed to it was written long after the death of our noble author, evidently appears from several passages: Thus the author quotes Collier's view of the stage, which was first published in 1698, whereas the Duke died in 1687. He also speaks of the Rehearsal as having flourished in print two and thirty years, which brings it down to the year 1704, when the first edition of the KEY was printed.

We are not to wonder that an explanation of so popular a satire should be wanted at that time by the public, or that the booksellers should be desirous of profiting by its impatience. Accordingly in the 7th Edition of the Rehearsal printed in 1701 4to, the title-page promises "Some explanatory notes;" but these upon examination appear to be only four slight marginal references, two of which are false, and a third superfluous. At length in the second volume of the Duke's works 8vo, the larger attempt appeared under the following title

A KEY TO THE REHEARSAL OR A CRITICAL VIEW OF THE AUTHORS AND Their Writings, that are exposed in that celebrated Play:

*Written by his Grace GEORGE late Duke of* Buckingham

*LONDON:* Printed for *S. Briscoe*, 1704.

Here by a little bookseller's craft in making a break after the word PLAY, the KEY is represented as written by the Duke; when probably at first no more was meant than that the play was written by him. After all 'tis possible, that the key may have been supplied in part from some of the Duke's papers, and then the errors and defects are to be charged on those who put them together and made additions to them.

Erroneous and defective, as that attempt was, the public had little room to expect a better. It is near a century since the Rehearsal was first printed; and who at this distance of time could hope to recover any considerable matters of explanation, that had escaped former inquirers? No such sanguine expectations had the present compiler. The deficiencies of the former key led him sometimes to look into the plays referred to, but without any intention of attempting a new one. He soon found however that some obvious improvements might still be made; and the success of his researches encouraged him to extend them; 'till at length he resolved by a professed pursuit, to compleat what he had begun by accidental snatches. To this he was encouraged by the free access, which Mr. Garrick in the politest manner gave *him to his* large collection of old plays; by far the compleatest ever made in *these kingdoms. Here the* editor found almost every dramatic piece in our

*Continued at pages* 26, 32, 36, 46, 48.

THE

# REHEARSAL,

As it was Acted at the

*Theatre-Royal.*

*LONDON*,
Printed for *Thomas Dring*, at the *White-Lyon*,
next *Chancery-lane* end in *Fleet-street*. 1672.

[1] Dryden, in his prefatory Eſſay *Of Heroique Playes* to *The Conqueſt of Granada*, Ed. 1672, thus gives the origin of the new way of writing plays.

"For Heroick Plays, (in which onely I have us'd it [*i. e.*, Rhyme] without the mixture of Proſe) the firſt light we had of them on the *Engli'h Theatre*, was from the late Sir *William D'Avenant*: It being forbidden him in the Rebellious times to act Tragedies and Comedies, becauſe they contain'd ſome matter of Scandal to those good people, who could more eaſily diſpoſſeſs their lawful Sovereign then endure a wanton jeaſt; he was forc'd to turn his thoughts another way; and to introduce the examples of moral vertue, writ in verſe, and perform'd in *Recitative Muſique*. The Original of this muſick and of the Scenes which adorn'd his work, he had from the *Italian Operas*: but he heightn'd his Characters (as I may probably imagine) from the example of *Corneille* and ſome *French Poets*. In this Condition did this part of Poetry remain at his Majeſties return. When growing bolder, as being now own'd by a publick Authority, he review'd his *Siege of Rhodes*, and caus'd it to be acted as a juſt *Drama*; but as few men have the happineſs to begin and finiſh any new project, ſo neither did he live to make his deſign perfect."

[2] (*a*) GERARD LANGBAINE gives this account of Lacy:—

A Comedian whoſe Abilities in Action were ſufficiently known to all that frequented the King's Theatre, where he was for many years an Actor, and perform'd all Parts that he undertook to a miracle; inſomuch that I am apt to believe, that as *this* Age never had, ſo the *next* never will have his *Equal*, at leaſt not his *Superiour*. He was ſo well approv'd of by King *Charles* the Second, an undeniable Judge in Dramatick Arts, that he caus'd his Picture to be drawn, in three ſeveral Figures in the ſame Table, *viz.* That of *Teague* in the *Committee*, Mr. *Scruple* in *The Cheats*, and *M. Galliard*, in *The Variety*: which piece is ſtill in being in *Windſor Caſtle*. Nor did his Talent wholly lye in Acting, he knew both how to judge and write Plays: and if his Comedies are ſomewhat allied to French Farce, 'tis out of choice, rather than want of Ability to write true Comedy.

*Account of Eng. Dram. Poets*, p. 317. Oxenford, 1691.

Lacy wrote four Comedies, printed in the following years:—

*Dumb Lady*, or *The Farriar made Phyſitian*, 1672, 4to.
*Old Troop*, or *Monſieur Ragou*, 1672, 4to.
*Sawny the Scot*, or *The Taming of a Shrew*, 1677, 4to.
*Sir Hercules Buffoon*, or *The Poetical Squire*, 1684, 4to.

(*b*) Dean LOCKIER, in Spence's ANECDOTES, p. 63, Ed. 1820, ſays:—

It is incredible what pains Buckingham took with one of the actors, to teach him to ſpeak ſome paſſages in Bayes' part, in *The Rehearſal* right.

*This actor was Lacy,* *ſee p.* 16.

# 'PROLOGUE.

WE might well call this ſhort Mock-play of ours
A Poſie made of Weeds inſtead of Flowers;
Yet ſuch have been preſented to your noſes,
And there are ſuch, I fear, who thought 'em Roſes.
Would ſome of 'em were here, to ſee, this night,
What ſtuff it is in which they took delight.
Here, brisk, inſipid Blades, for wit, let fall
Sometimes dull ſence; but oft'ner, none at all:
There, ſtrutting Heroes, with a grim-fac'd train,
Shall brave the Gods, in King *Cambyſes* vain.
For (changing Rules, of late, as if men writ
In ſpite of Reaſon, Nature, Art, and Wit)
Our Poets make us laugh at Tragœdy,
And with their Comedies they make us cry.
Now, Critiques, do your worſt, that here are met;
For, like a Rook, I have hedg'd in my Bet.
If you approve; I ſhall aſſume the ſtate
Of thoſe high-flyers whom I imitate:
And juſtly too; for I will ſhew you more
Than ever they vouchſaf'd to ſhew before:
I will both repreſent the feats they do,
And give you all their reaſons for 'em too.
Some honour to me will from this ariſe.
But if, by my endeavours, you grow wiſe,
And what was once ſo prais'd you now deſpiſe;
Then I'll cry out, ſwell'd with Poetique rage,
'Tis I, *John Lacy*,[3] have reform'd your Stage.

## The Actors Names.

BAYES.
JOHNSON.
SMITH.
*Two Kings of* Brentford.
*Prince* Pretty-man.
*Prince* Volſcius.
*Gentleman Uſher.*
*Phyſician.*
Drawcanſir.
*General.*
*Lieutenant General.*
Cordelio.
Tom Thimble.
*Fiſherman.*
*Sun.*
*Thunder.*
*Players.*
*Souldiers.*
*Two Heralds.*
*Four Cardinals.*
*Mayor.*
*Judges.*
*Serjeants at Arms.*

### Women.

Amaryllis.
Cloris.
Parthenope.
Pallas.
*Lightning.*
*Moon.*
*Earth.*

*Attendants of Men and Women.*

*SCENE.* BRENTFORD.

# THE REHEARSAL.

## ACTUS I. SCÆNA I.

JOHNSON *and* SMITH.

JOHNS. HOneſt *Frank!* I'm glad to ſee thee with all my heart: how long haſt thou been in Town?

SMI. Faith, not above an hour: and, if I had not met you here, I had gone to look you out; for I long to talk with you freely, of all the ſtrange new things we have heard in the Country.

JOHNS. And, by my troth, I have long'd as much to laugh with you, at all the impertinent, dull, fantaſtical things, we are tir'd out with here.

SMI. Dull and fantaſtical! that's an excellent compoſition. Pray, what are our men of buſineſs doing?

JOHNS. I ne'er enquire after 'em. Thou know'ſt my humour lyes another way. I love to pleaſe my ſelf as much, and to trouble others as little as I can: and therefore do naturally avoid the company of thoſe ſolemn Fops; who, being incapable of Reaſon, and inſenſible of Wit and Pleaſure, are always looking grave, and troubling one another, in hopes to be *thought men of Buſineſs.*

language, and had thereby an advantage, which perhaps no former compiler ever had, in having all his materials ready collected to his hands. He had nothing to do, but sit down and examine: he accordingly read over every play, which the Duke could be supposed to have in his eye; chiefly all such as were either published or revived from the time of the Restoration till the publication of the Rehearsal: for tho' the Duke's view was chiefly to satirize what was then called "the new way of writing," yet he often exposes absurdities of longer standing, chiefly when the plays, which contained them, had been revived afresh, or still continued to captivate the publick.

How far the research upon the whole has been successful the Reader will judge from the following pages. He will find many obscurities removed; and numerous references recovered: far more of both than could reasonably be expected, considering that no assistance could be had but what is fetched from books, and that all personal information has been long since swallowed up in the gulph of time. It must however be acknowledged that our inquiries have not always been successful: Some passages still remain, that evidently allude to absurdities then current upon the stage, yet of which we could find no traces in any play then published. But this is no more than might be expectd: We have that one play,* which the Duke has professedly ridiculed, was damned in the representation and therefore never printed; and the same might also be the case with others. Again the authors might remove the offensive passages from such plays as they published, so that no appearance of them is now remaining. After all, we are not to suppose that so masterly a pencil, as the Duke's, when finishing such a character as that of Bayes, would be confined to a mere dead likeness: he would not fail to heighten the caricature with a thousand touches supplied from his own fancy, and bring in whatever served to render the piece compleat, whether it resembled the original or not.

Altho' the former key was faulty, it contained some particulars too valuable to be suppressed; we have therefore inserted the several articles everywhere in our own, taking care to correct the mistakes, and distinguishing every such article by an asterisk (*). We have also retained the former preface; as it preserved the memory of certain facts necessary to the illustration of the Rehearsal, and not found anywhere else.

We next give BRISCOE's address.

## a. *The Publisher to the Reader.*

THOU canst not be ignorant, that the town has had an eager expectation of a KEY to the REHEARSAL ever since it first appeared in print; and none has more earnestly desired it than myself, tho' in vain: Till lately a gentleman of my acquaintance recommended me to a person, who he believed could give me a further light into this matter, than I had hitherto met with from any hand.

In a short time I traced him out; and when I had found him, he appeared such a positive dogmatical spark, that I began to repent of my trouble in searching him out.

It was my misfortune over a pot of beer to begin a short discourse of the modern poets and actors: and immediately he fell into a great passion, and swore, that there were very few persons now living, who deserved the name of a good dramatick poet, or a natural actor; and declaimed against the present practice of the English stage with much violence; saying, he believed the two companies were joined in a confederacy against Smithfield, and resolved to ruin their fair, by out-doing them in their bombastick bills, and ridiculous representing their plays; adding, that he hoped ere long M. COLLIER and others would write them down to the devil. At the same time, he could not forbear to extoll the excellent decorum and action of former years; and magnified the poets of the last age, especially Johnson, Shakespear, and Beaumont.

I bore all this with tolerable patience, knowing it to be too common with old men to commend the past age, and rail at the present; and so took my

* *The United Kingdoms, by Col. Henry Howard.* See pp. 46 and 90.]

*Continued at p.* 32.

SMI. Indeed, I have ever obſerved, that your grave lookers are the dulleſt of men.

JOHNS. I, and of Birds, and Beaſts too: your graveſt Bird is an Owl, and your graveſt Beaſt is an Aſs.

SMI. Well; but how doſt thou paſs thy time?

JOHNS. Why, as I uſe to do; eat and drink as well as I can, have a She-friend to be private with in the afternoon, and ſometimes ſee a Play: where there are ſuch things (*Frank*) such hideous, monſtrous things, that it has almoſt made me forſwear the Stage, and reſolve to apply my ſelf to the ſolid nonſence of your pretenders to Buſineſs, as the more ingenious paſtime.

SMI. I have heard, indeed, you have had lately many new Plays, and our Country-wits commend 'em.

JOHNS. I, ſo do ſome of our City-wits too; but they are of the new kind of Wits.

SMI. New kind? what kind is that?

JOHNS. Why, your Blade, your frank Perſons, your Drolls: fellows that ſcorn to imitate Nature; but are given altogether to elevate and ſurpriſe.

SMI. Elevate, and ſurpriſe? pr'ythee make me underſtand the meaning of that.

JOHNS. Nay, by my troth, that's a hard matter: I don't underſtand that my ſelf. 'Tis a phraſe they have got among them, to expreſs their no-meaning by. I'l tell you, as well as I can, what it is. Let me ſee; 'tis Fighting, Loving, Sleeping, Rhyming, Dying, Dancing, Singing, Crying; and every thing, but Thinking and Sence.

*Mr.* BAYES *paſſes o'er the Stage.*

BAYES. Your moſt obſequious, and moſt obſervant, very ſervant, Sir.

JOHNS. Godſo, this is an Author: I'l fetch him to you.

SMI. Nay, pr'ythee let him alone.

JOHNS. Nay, by the Lord, I'l have him. [*Goes after him.*] Here he is. I have caught him. Pray, Sir, for *my ſake, will you do a* favour to this friend of mine?

'In fine, it ſhall read, and write, and act, and plot, and ſhew, ay, and pit, box, and gallery, I gad, with any Play in *Europe*.

The uſual language of the Honourable *Edward Howard*, Eſq.; at the Rehearſal of his Plays. . . . *Key*, 1704.

BAYES. Sir, it is not within my ſmall capacity to do favours, but receive 'em; eſpecially from a perſon that does wear the honourable Title you are pleas'd to impoſe, Sir, upon this.——Sweet Sir, your ſervant.

SMI. Your humble ſervant, Sir.

JOHNS. But wilt thou do me a favour, now?

BAYES. I, Sir: What is't?

JOHNS. Why, to tell him the meaning of thy laſt Play.

BAYES. How, Sir, the meaning? do you mean the Plot.

JOHNS. I, I; any thing.

BAYES. Faith, Sir, the Intrigo's now quite out of my head; but I have a new one, in my pocket, that I may ſay is a Virgin; 't has never yet been blown upon. I muſt tell you one thing, 'Tis all new Wit; and, though I ſay it, a better than my laſt: and you know well enough how that took. [1] In fine, it ſhall read, and write, and act, and plot, and ſhew, ay, and pit, box and gallery, I gad, with any Play in *Europe*. This morning is its laſt Rehearſal, in their habits, and all that, as it is to be acted; and if you, and your friend will do it but the honour to ſee it in its Virgin attire; though, perhaps, it may bluſh, I ſhall not be aſham'd to diſcover its nakedneſs unto you.——I think it is o' this ſide. [*Puts his hand in his pocket.*

JOHNS. Sir, I confeſs I am not able to anſwer you in this new way; but if you pleaſe to lead, I ſhall be glad to follow you; and I hope my friend will do ſo too.

SMI. I, Sir, I have no buſineſs ſo conſiderable, as ſhould keep me from your company.

BAYES. Yes, here it is. No, cry you mercy: this is my book of *Drama Common places*; the Mother of many other Plays.

JOHNS. *Drama Common places!* pray what's that?

BAYES. Why, Sir, ſome certain helps, that we men of Art have found it convenient to make uſe of.

SMI. How, Sir, help for Wit?

*BAYES. I, Sir, that's* my poſition. And I do here

I.

[1]He who writ this, not without pains and thought
From *French* and *Engliſh* Theaters has brought
Th' exacteſt Rules by which a Play is wrought.

II.

The Unities of Action, Place, and Time;
The Scenes unbroken; and a mingled chime
Of *Johnſons* humour, with *Corneilles* rhyme

J. DRYDEN, *Prologue to Secret Love, or the Maiden Queen.* Ed. 1669.

[1]In Dryden's lifetime, GERARD LANGBAINE, in his *Account of Eng. Dram. Poets*, Ed. 1691, *p.* 169, noticing Dryden's *Secret Love* or *The Maiden Queen*, says:—I cannot paſs by his making uſe of *Bayes*'s Art of Tranſverſing, as any One may obſerve by comparing the Fourth *Stanza* of his Firſt Prologue, with the laſt Paragraph of the Preface of *Ibrahim.*

The title of this work, is as follows: "*Ibrahim. Or the Illuſtrious Baſſa.* An excellent new Romance. The whole Work, in foure Parts. Written in French by *Monſieur de Scudery.* And now Engliſhed by HENRY COGAN, gent. London 1652." The paragraph referred to, runs thus:—

Behold, Reader, that which I had to ſay to you, but what defence ſoever I have imployed, I know that it is of works of this nature, as of a place of war, where notwithſtanding all the care the Engineer hath brought to fortifie it, there is alwayes ſome weak part found, which he hath not dream'd of, and whereby it is aſſaulted; but this ſhall not ſurprize me; for as

I have not forgot that I am a man, no more
have I forgot that I am ſubject to erre.

This is thus verſified in the fourth ſtanza of the ſame *Prologue.*

IV.

Plays are like Towns, which how e're fortify'd
By Engineers, have ſtill ſome weaker ſide
By the o're-ſeen Defendant uneſpy'd.

averr, That no man yet the Sun e'er ſhone upon, has parts ſufficient to furniſh out a Stage, except it be with the help of theſe my Rules.[1]

JOHNS. What are thoſe Rules, I pray?

BAYES. Why, Sir, my firſt Rule is the Rule of Tranſverſion,[2] or *Regula Duplex*: changing Verſe into Proſe, or Proſe into verſe, *alternative* as you pleaſe.

SMI. How's that, Sir, by a Rule, I pray?

BAYES. Why, thus, Sir; nothing more eaſie when underſtood: I take a Book in my hand, either at home, or elſewhere, for that's all one, if there be any Wit in't, as there is no Book but has ſome, I Tranſverſe it; that is, if it be Proſe, put it into Verſe, (but that takes up ſome time) if it be Verſe, put it into Proſe.

JOHNS. Methinks, Mr. *Bayes*, that putting Verſe into Proſe ſhould be call'd Tranſproſing.

BAYES. By my troth, a very good Notion, and hereafter it ſhall be ſo.

SMI. Well, Sir, and what d'ye do with it then?

BAYES. Make it my own. 'Tis ſo alter'd that no man can know it. My next Rule is the Rule of Record, and by way of Table-Book. Pray obſerve.

JOHNS. Well, we hear you: go on.

BAYES. As thus. I come into a Coffee-houſe, or ſome other place where wittie men reſort, I make as if I minded nothing; (do you mark?) but as ſoon as any one ſpeaks, pop I ſlap it down, and make that, too, my own.

JOHNS. But, Mr. *Bayes*, are not you ſometimes in danger of their making you reſtore, by force, what you have gotten thus by Art?

BAYES. No, Sir; the world's unmindful: they never take notice of theſe things.

SMI. But pray, Mr. *Bayes*, among all your other Rules, have you no one Rule for Invention?

BAYES. Yes, Sir, that's my third Rule that I have here in my pocket.

*SMI. What Rule* can that be?

*Continued from page 26.*

leave of him for that time, with an intent never to trouble him more, and without acquainting him with my business.

When next I saw the gentleman my friend, who recommended him to me, I told him how I was entertained by his cynical acquaintance. He laughed, but bid me not be discouraged; saying, that fit of railing would soon have been over, and when his just indignation had spent itself, you might have imparted your business to him, and received a more satisfactory account. However, said he, go to him again from me, take him to the Tavern, and mollify his asperity with a bottle; thwart not his discourse, but give him his own way; and I'll warrant you, he'll open his budget, and satisfy your expectation.

I followed my friend's directions, and found the event answerable to his prediction.

Not long after, I met him in Fleet Street, and carried him to the Old Devil; and ere we had emptied one bottle, I found him of a quite different humour from what I left him in the time before: he appeared in his discourse to be a very honest true Englishman, a hearty lover of his country, and the government thereof, both in church and state, a loyal subject to his sovereign, an enemy to popery and tyranny, idolatry and superstition, antimonarchical government and confusion, irreligion and enthusiasm. In short, I found him a person of a competent knowledge in the affair I went to him about, and one who understood the English Stage very well; and tho' somewhat positive, as I said before, yet I observed he always took care to have truth on his side, before he affirmed or denied anything with more than ordinary heat; and when he was so guarded, he was immoveable.

When I had discovered thus much, and called for the second bottle, I told him from whom I came, and the cause of my addressing to him. He desired my patience till he stept to his lodgings, which were near the tavern; and after a short space he returned, and brought with him the papers, which contain the following notes.

When he had read them to me, I liked them so well, that I desired the printing of them, provided they were genuine. He assured me they were, and told me farther:

That while this farce was composing and altering, he had frequent occasions of being with the author, of perusing his papers and hearing him discourse of the several plays he exposed, and their authors; insomuch that few persons had the like opportunities of knowing his true meaning, as he himself had.

If any other persons had known the author's mind so exactly, in all the several particulars, 'tis more than probable they would have been made publick before now: but nothing of this nature having appeared these TWO AND THIRTY YEARS; (for so long has this farce flourished in print) we may reasonably and safely conclude, that there is no other such like copy in being; and that these remarks are genuine, and taken from the great Person's own mouth and papers.

I was very well satisfied with this account, and more desirous to print it than ever; only I told him, I thought it would be very advantageous to the sale of these Annotations, to have a Preface to them, under the Name of him, who was so well acquainted with the Author; but could not, by all the arguments I was master of, obtain his Consent, tho' we debated the point a pretty while.

He alledg'd for his excuse, that such an undertaking would be very improper for him, because he should be forced to name several persons, and some of great families, to whom he had been obliged; and he was very unwilling to offend any person of quality, or run the hazard of making such who are, or may be his friends, become his enemies; tho' he should only act the part of an historian, barely reciting the words he heard from our Author.

However, said he, if you think a preface of such absolute necessity, you may easily recollect matter enough from the discourse which hath passed between us, on this subject, to enable yourself, or any other for you, to write one; especially if you consider there are but two topicks to be insisted on.

*Continued at page 36.*

BAYES. Why, Sir, when I have any thing to invent, I never trouble my head about it, as other men do; but preſently turn o'er this Book, and there I have, at one view, all that *Perſeus*, *Montaigne*, *Seneca's Tragedies*, *Horace*, *Juvenal*, *Claudian*, *Pliny*, *Plutarch's lives*, and the reſt, have ever thought, upon this ſubject: and ſo, in a trice, by leaving out a few words, or putting in others of my own, the buſineſs is done.

JOHNS. Indeed, Mr. *Bayes*, this is as ſure, and compendious a way of Wit as ever I heard of.

BAYES. I, Sirs, when you come to write your ſelves, o' my word you'l find it ſo. But, Gentlemen, if you make the leaſt ſcruple of the efficacie of theſe my Rules, do but come to the Play-houſe, and you ſhall judge of 'em by the effects.

SMI. We'l follow you, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter three Players upon the Stage.*

1 *Play.* Have you your part perfect?

2 *Play.* Yes, I have it without book; but I do not underſtand how it is to be ſpoken.

3 *Play.* And mine is ſuch a one, as I can't gheſs for my life what humour I'm to be in: whether angry, melancholy, merry, or in love. I don't know what to make on't.

1 [*Play.*] Phoo! The Author will be here preſently, and he'l tell us all. You muſt know, this is the new way of writing; and theſe hard things pleaſe forty times better than the old plain way. For, look you, Sir, the grand deſign upon the Stage is to keep the Auditors in ſuſpence; for to gheſs preſently at the plot, and the ſence, tires 'em before the end of the firſt Act: now, here, every line ſurpriſes you, and brings in new matter. And, then, for Scenes, Cloaths and Dancing, we put 'em quite down, all that ever went before us: and theſe are the things, you know, that are eſſential to a Play.

2 *Play.* Well, *I am not* of thy mind; but, ſo it gets *us money, 'tis no great* matter.

[1] The Part of *Amaryllis* was acted by Mrs. *Ann Reeves*, who, at that Time, was kept by Mr. *Bayes*. . . *Key* 1704.

The licentiousness of Dryden's plays admits of no palliation or defence. He wrote for a licentious stage in a profligate age, and supplied, much to his own disgrace, the kind of material the vicious taste of his audiences demanded. Nor will it serve his reputation to contrast his productions in this way with those of others. Shadwell alone transcended him in depravity. But there is some compensation for all his grossness in turning from his plays to his life, and marking the contrast. The morality of his life—the practical test of his heart and his understanding—was unimpeachable. The ingenuity of slander was exhausted in assailing his principles, and exposing his person to obloquy —but the morality of his life comes pure out of the furnace. The only hint of personal indiscretion ascribed to him is that of having eaten tarts with Mrs. Reeve. the actress, in the Mulberry garden, which, if true, amounts to nothing, but which, trivial as it is, must be regarded as apocryphal. To eat tarts with an actress did not necessarily involve any grave delinquency in a poet who was writing for the theatre; yet upon this slight foundation, for I have not been able to discover that it rests upon any other, a suspicion has been raised, that Mrs. Reeve was his mistress. By way, however, of mitigating the odium of this unwarrantable imputation, it is added, that after his marriage Dryden renounced all such associations. But his relations with Mrs. Reeve, if he ever had any, must have been formed after his marriage, as a reference to dates will show, so that the suppositious scandal, as it has been transmitted to us, conveys its own refutation.

R. BELL. *Life of Dryden*, i. 91. Ed. 1854

[2] Two Kings of *Brentford*, suppoſed to be the two Brother the King and the Duke. [See note at p. 90.] . . *Key* 1704.

*Enter* BAYES, JOHNSON *and* SMITH.

BAYES. Come, come in, Gentlemen. Y'are very welcome Mr.——a——Ha' you your Part ready?

1 *Play.* Yes, Sir.

BAYES. But do you underſtand the true humour of it?

1 *Play.* I, Sir, pretty well.

BAYES. And *Amarillis*, how does ſhe do? Does not her Armor become her?

3 *Play.* O, admirably!

BAYES. I'l tell you, now, a pretty conceipt. What do you think I'l make 'em call her anon, in this Play?

SMI. What, I pray?

BAYES. Why I'l make 'em call her *Armarillis*, becauſe of her Armor: ha, ha, ha.

JOHNS. That will be very well, indeed.

BAYES, I, it's a pretty little rogue; ſhe is my Miſtreſs.[1] I knew her face would ſet off Armor extreamly: and, to tell you true, I writ that Part only for her. Well, Gentlemen, I dare be bold to ſay, without vanity, I'l ſhew you ſomething, here, that's very ridiculous, I gad. [*Exeunt Players.*

JOHNS. Sir, that we do not doubt of.

BAYES. Pray, Sir, let's ſit down. Look you, Sir, the chief hindge of this Play, upon which the whole Plot moves and turns, and that cauſes the variety of all the ſeveral accidents, which, you know, are the thing in Nature that make up the grand refinement of a Play, is, that I ſuppoſe two Kings[2] to be of the ſame place: as, for example, at *Brentford*; for I love to write familiarly. Now the people having the ſame relations to 'em both, the ſame affections, the ſame duty, the ſame obedience, and all that; are divided among themſelves in point of devoir and intereſt, how to behave themſelves equally between 'em: theſe Kings differing ſometimes in particular; though, in the main, they agree, (I know not whether I make my ſelf *well underſtood.)*

*Continued from page 32.*

1. To give the reader an account of the writer of this farce.
2. The motives which induced him to compose it.

I can stay no longer now, said he; but if you desire any furthor direction in this matter, meet me here to-morrow night, and I will discourse more particularly on those two heads, and then take my leave of you: wishing you good success with your preface, and that your KEY may prove a GOLDEN ONE.

Now, kind reader, having received all the instructions I could gain from my resolute spark at our several meetings, I must stand on my own legs, and turn *Prefacer*, tho' against my will. And thus I set out,

1. To tell thee what all persons, who are anything acquainted with the stage, know already: *viz.* That this farce was wrote by the most noble GEORGE VILLIERS, late Duke of BUCKINGHAM, &c. A person of a great deal of natural wit and ingenuity, and of excellent judgement, particularly in matters of this nature; his forward genius was improved by a liberal education, and the conversation of the greatest persons in his time; and all these cultivated and improved by study and travel.

By the former, he became well acquainted with the writings of the most celebrated Poets of the late age; viz. Shakespear, Beaumont, and Johnson, (the last of whom he knew personally, being thirteen years old when he died)* as also with the famous company of actors at Black-Fryars, whom he always admired.

He was likewise very intimate with the poets of his time; as Sir John Denham, Sir John Suckling, the Lord Falkland, Mr. Sidney Godolphin, (a near relation to the Lord High Treasurer of England that now is, the glory of that ancient family) Mr. Waller, and Mr. Cowley; on the last of whom he bestowed a genteel Annuity during his life, and a noble monument in Westminster-Abbey after his decease.

By travel he had the opportunity of observing the decorum of foreign theatres; especially the French, under the regulation of Monsieur Corneille, before it was so far Italianated, and over-run with Opera and Farce, as now it is; and before the venom thereof had crossed the narrow seas, and poisoned the English Stage; We being naturally prone to imitate the French in their fashions, manners, and customs, let them be never so vicious, fanatick, or ridiculous.

By what has been said on this head, I hope thou art fully satisfied who was the author of this piece, which the learned and judicious Dr. Burnet (Now Bishop of Sarum) calls 'a correction,' and 'an unmerciful exposing;' and I believe thou hast as little cause to doubt of his being able to perform it.

Had this great person been endued with constancy and steadiness of mind, equal to his other abilities both natural and acquired, he had been the most complete gentleman in his time.

I shall proceed, Secondly, to shew,

2. The motives which induced him to undertake it.

The Civil War silenced the Stage for almost twenty years, tho' not near so lewd then, as it is since grown; and it had been happy for England, if this had been the worst effect of that War. The many changes of government, that succeeded the dissolution of the Ancient Constitution, made the people very uneasy, and unanimously desirous of its restitution; which was effected by a free Parliament, in the year 1660.

This sudden Revolution, which is best known by the name of THE RESTORATION, brought with it many ill customs, from the several countries, to which the King and the Cavaliers were retired, during their exile, which proved very pernicious to our English constitution, by corrupting our morals; and to which the reviving the Stage, and bringing women on't, and encouraging and applauding the many lewd, senseless, and unnatural plays, that ensued upon this great change, did very much contribute.

* *This is a mistake. The Duke of Buckingham was born Jan.* 30, 1627. *Ben Johnson died Aug.* 6, 1637. Bp. Percy.

*Continued at page* 46.

JOHNS. I did not obſerve you, Sir: pray ſay that again.

BAYES. Why, look you, Sir, (nay, I beſeech you, be a little curious in taking notice of this, or elſe you'l never underſtand my notion of the thing) the people being embarraſt by their equal tyes to both, and the Soveraigns concern'd in a reciprocal regard, as well to their own intereſt, as the good of the people; may make a certain kind of a——you underſtand me ——upon which, there does ariſe ſeveral diſputes, turmoils, heart-burnings, and all that——In fine, you'l apprehend it better when you ſee it.

[*Exit, to call the Players.*

SMI. I find the Author will be very much oblig'd to the Players, if they can make any ſence of this.

*Enter* BAYES.

BAYES. Now, Gentlemen, I would fain ask your opinion of one thing. I have made a Prologue and an Epilogue, which may both ſerve for either: (do you mark?) nay, they may both ſerve too, I gad, for any other Play as well as this.

SMI. Very well. That's, indeed, Artificial.

BAYES. And I would fain ask your judgements, now, which of them would do beſt for the Prologue? For, you muſt know, there is, in nature, but two ways of making very good Prologues. The one is by civility, by inſinuation, good language, and all that, to——a ——in a manner, ſteal your plaudit from the courteſie of the Auditors: the other, by making uſe of ſome certain perſonal things, which may keep a hank upon ſuch cenſuring perſons, as cannot otherways, A gad, in nature, be hindred from being too free with their tongues. To which end, my firſt Prologue is, that I come out in a long black Veil, and a great huge Hang-man behind me, with a Furr'd-cap, and his Sword drawn; and there tell 'em plainly, That if, out *of good nature, they will* not like my Play, why I gad,

[1] There were printed Papers given the Audience before the Acting of the *Indian* Emperor, telling them, that it was the sequel of the *Indian* Queen, Part of which Play was written by Mr. *Bayes*, &c. . . . . *Key* 1704.

The text of these papers is prefixed to the Play It runs thus.

Connexion of the *Indian Emperour*, to the *Indian Queen*.

THE Conclusion of the *Indian Queen*, (part of which Poem was writ by me) left little matter for another Story to be built on, there remaining but two of the considerable Characters alive, (*viz.*) *Montezuma* and *Orazia*; thereupon the Author of this, thought it necessary to produce new persons from the old ones; and considering the late *Indian Queen*, before she lov'd *Montezuma*, liv'd in clandestine Marriage with her General *Traxalla*; from those two, he has rais'd a Son and two Daughters, supposed to be left young Orphans at their Death: On the other side, he has given to *Montezuma* and *Orazia*, two Sons and a Daughter; all now supposed to be grown up to Mens and Womens Estate; and their Mother *Orazia* (for whom there was no further use in the story) lately dead.

So that you are to imagine about Twenty years elapsed since the Coronation of *Montezuma*; who, in the Truth of the History, was a great and glorious Prince; and in whose time happened the Discovery and Invasion of *Mexico* by the *Spaniards*; under the conduct of *Hernando Cortez*, who, joyning with the *Taxallan-Indians*, the invetrate Enemies of *Montezuma*, wholly Subverted that flourishing Empire; the Conquest of which, is the Subject of this *Dramatique* Poem.

I have neither wholly followed the story nor varied from it; and, as near as I could, have traced the Native simplicity and ignorance of the *Indians*, in relation to *European* Customes: The Shipping, Armour, Horses, Swords, and Guns of the *Spaniards*, being as new to them as their Habits, and their Language.

The difference of their Religion from ours, I have taken from the Story it self; and that which you find of it in the first and fifth Acts, touching the sufferings and constancy of *Montezuma* in his Opinions, I have only illustrated, not alter'd from those who have written of it.

[2] "Persons, egad, I vow to gad, and all that"
is the constant style of Failer, in the *Wild Gallant;* for which take this short speech, instead of many. . . . . *Key* 1704.

*Failer.* Really Madam, I look upon you as a person of such worth and all that, that I Vow to gad I honour you of all persons in the World; and though I am a person that am inconsiderable in the World, and all that Madam, yet for a person of your worth and excellency

J. DRY[DEN] ii., Scene ii. p. 23. Ed. 166[6]

I'l e'en kneel down, and he ſhall cut my head off. Whereupon they all clapping——a——

SMI. But, ſuppoſe they do not.

BAYES. Suppoſe! Sir, you may ſuppoſe what you pleaſe, I have nothing to do with your ſuppoſe, Sir, nor am not at all mortifi'd at it; not at all, Sir; I gad, not one jot. Suppoſe quoth a!—— [*Walks away.*]

JOHNS. Phoo! pr'ythee, *Bayes*, don't mind what he ſays: he's a fellow newly come out of the Country, he knows nothing of what's the reliſh, here, of the Town.

BAYES. If I writ, Sir, to pleaſe the Country, I ſhould have follow'd the old plain way; but I write for ſome perſons of Quality, and peculiar friends of mine, that underſtand what Flame and Power in writing is: and they do me the right, Sir, to approve of what I do.

JOHNS. I, I, they will clap, I warrant you; never fear it.

BAYES. I'm ſure the deſign's good: that cannot be deny'd. And then, for language, I gad, I defie 'em all, in nature, to mend it. Beſides, Sir, I have printed above a hundred ſheets of papyr, to inſinuate the Plot into the Boxes:[1] and withal, have appointed two or three dozen of my friends, to be readie in the Pit, who, I'm ſure, will clap, and so the reſt, you know, muſt follow; and then pray, Sir, what becomes of your ſuppoſe? ha, ha, ha.

JOHNS. Nay, if the buſineſs be ſo well laid, it cannot miſs.

BAYES. I think ſo, Sir: and therefore would chuſe this for the Prologue. For if I could engage 'em to clap, before they ſee the Play, you know 'twould be ſo much the better; becauſe then they were engag'd: for, let a man write never ſo well, there are, now-a-days, a ſort of perſons,[2] they call Critiques, that, I gad, have no more wit in 'em than ſo many Hobby-horſes; but they'l laugh you, Sir, and find fault, and cenſure things that, A gad, I'm ſure they are not able to do themſelves. *A ſort of* envious perſons, that emulate *the glories of perſons of* parts, and think to build their

[1] (*a*) He contracted with the King's Company of Actors, in the Year 1668, for a whole Share, to write them four Plays a Year. . . . . *Key* 1704.

(*b*) E. Malone, *Life of Dryden*, p. 72-74, Ed. 1800, adduces evidence to show that the number of plays was three a year, for which Dryden received 1¼ share in the King's Company, equal to about £300 or £400 a year.

fame, by calumniating of perſons that, I gad, to my knowledge, of all perſons in the world are, in nature, the perſons that do as much deſpiſe all that, as—— a——In fine, I'l ſay no more of 'em.

JOHNS. I, I, you have ſaid enough of 'em in conſcience: I'm ſure more than they'l ever be able to anſwer.

BAYES. Why, I'l tell you, Sir, ſincerely, and *bona fide*; were it not for the ſake of ſome ingenious perſons, and choice female ſpirits, that have a value for me, I would ſee 'em all hang'd before I would e'er more ſet pen to papyr; but let 'em live in ignorance like ingrates.

JOHNS. I marry! that were a way to be reveng'd of 'em indeed: and, if I were in your place, now, I would do it.

BAYES. No, Sir; there are certain tyes upon me,[1] that I cannot be diſingag'd from; otherwiſe, I would. But pray, Sir, how do you like my hang-man?

SMI. By my troth, Sir, I ſhould like him very well.

BAYES. I, but how do you like it? (for I ſee you can judge) Would you have it for the Prologue, or the Epilogue?

JOHNS. Faith, Sir, it's ſo good, let it e'en ſerve for both.

BAYES. No, no; that won't do. Beſides, I have made another.

JOHNS. What other, Sir?

BAYES. Why, Sir, my other is *Thunder* and *Lightning*.

JOHNS. That's greater: I'd rather ſtick to that.

BAYES. Do you think ſo? I'l tell you then; though there have been many wittie Prologues written of late, yet I think you'l ſay this is a *non pareillo*: I'm ſure no body has hit upon it yet. For here, Sir, I make my Prologue to be Dialogue: and as, in my firſt, you ſee I ſtrive to oblige *the* Auditors by civility, by good nature, *and all that*; ſo, in this, by the other way, in

[1]*Almah.* So, two kind Turtles, when a ſtorm is nigh,
Look up, and ſee it gath'ring in the Skie.
Each calls his Mate to ſhelter in the Groves,
Leaving, in murmures, their unfiniſh'd Loves.
Perch'd on ſome dropping Branch they ſit alone,
And Cooe, and hearken to each others moan.

J. DRYDEN. *The Conqueſt of Granada.* Part II., Act i. Sc. ii., p. 82. Ed. 1672.

[2]Song in Dialogue.

Evening. *I am an* Evening *dark as Night,*
Jack-*with-the-Lantern bring a Light.*
Jack. *Whither, whither, whither?* [Within.
Evening. *Hither, hither, hither.*
Jack. *Thou art ſome pratling Eccho, of my making.*
Evening. *Thou art a Fooliſh Fire, by thy miſtaking:*
*I am the* Evening *that creates thee.*

Enter *Jack* in a black Suit border'd with *Glow-worms*, a *Coronet of* Shaded Beams on his head, over it a *Paper* Lantern with a Candle in't.

*Terrorem*, I chuſe for the perſons *Thunder* and *Lightning*. Do you apprehend the conceipt?

JOHNS. Phoo, pox! then you have it cock-ſure. They'l be hang'd, before they'l dare affront an Author, that has 'em at that lock.

BAYES. I have made, too, one of the moſt delicate, daintie *Simile's* in the whole world, I gad, if I knew but how to applie it.

SMI. Let's hear it, I pray you.

BAYES. 'Tis an alluſion to love.

[1] So Boar and Sow, when any ſtorm is nigh,
Snuff up, and ſmell it gath'ring in the Skie:
Boar beckons Sow to trot in Cheſnunt Groves,
And there conſummate their unfiniſh'd Loves.
Penſive in mud they wallow all alone,
And ſnort, and gruntle to each others moan.

How do you like it now, ha?

JOHNS. Faith, 'tis extraordinary fine: and very applicable to *Thunder* and *Lightning*, methinks, becauſe it ſpeaks of a Storm.

BAYES. I gad, and ſo it does, now I think on't. Mr. *Johnſon*, I thank you: and I'l put it in *profecto*. Come out, *Thunder* and *Lightning*.

[2] *Enter* Thunder *and* Lightning.

*Thun.* I am the bold *Thunder*.

BAYES. Mr. *Cartwright*, pr'ythee ſpeak a little louder, and with a hoarſer voice. I am the bold *Thunder*? Pſhaw! ſpeak it me in a voice that thunders it out indeed: I am the bold *Thunder*.

*Thun.* I am the bold *Thunder*.

*Light.* The brisk *Lightning*, I.

BAYES. Nay you muſt be quick and nimble.

The brisk *Lightning*, I. That's my meaning.

*Thun.* I *am the* braveſt *Hector* of the Skie.
*Light.* *And I, fair Helen*, that made *Hector* die.

Jack. *My Lantern and my Candle waits thee.*
Evening. *Thoſe Flajolets that we heard play,*
*Are Reapers who have loſt their way;*
*They Play, they Sing, they Dance a-Round,*
*Lead them up, here's Faery-ground.*

Chorus.

*Let the Men ware the Ditches;*
*Maids, look to your Breeches,*
*we'l ſcratch them with Briars and Thiſtles:*
*when the Flajolets cry,*
*we are a-dry;*
*Pond-water ſhall wet their whiſtles.*
[*Exeunt* Evening, Winds, & Jack.

SIR R. STAPYLTON. *The Slighted Maid.* Act iii., pp. 48, 49. Ed. 1663.

[1] *Abraham Ivory* had formerly been a conſiderable Actor of Womens Parts; but afterwards ſtupify'd himſelf ſo far, with drinking ſtrong Waters, that, before the firſt Acting of this *Farce*, he was fit for nothing, but to go of Errands; for which, and meer Charity, the Company allow'd him a Weekly Sallary. . . . . *Key* 1704.

*Thun.* I ſtrike men down.
*Light.* I fire the Town.
*Thun.* Let the Critiques take heed how they grumble,
For then begin I for to rumble.
*Light.* Let the Ladies allow us their graces,
Or I'l blaſt all the paint on their faces,
And dry up their Peter to ſoot.
*Thun.* Let the Critiques look to't.
*Light.* Let the Ladies look to't.
*Thun.* For *Thunder* will do't.
*Light.* For *Lightning* will ſhoot.
*Thun.* I'l give you daſh for daſh.
*Light.* I'l give you flaſh for flaſh.
Gallants, I'l ſinge your Feather.
*Thun.* I'l *Thunder* you together.
*Both.* Look to't, look to't; we'l do't, we'l do't: look to't, we'l do't. [*Twice or thrice repeated.*
[*Exeunt ambo.*

BAYES. That's all. 'Tis but a flaſh of a Prologue: a Droll.

SMI. 'Tis ſhort, indeed; but very terrible.

BAYES. Ay, when the *ſimile* is in, it will do to a Miracle, I gad. Come, come; begin the Play.

*Enter firſt Player.*

1 *Play.* Sir, Mr. *Ivory* is not come yet; but he'l be here preſently, he's but two doors off.

BAYES. Come then, Gentlemen, let's go out and take a pipe of Tobacco. [*Exeunt.*

*Finis Actus primi.*

[1] (*a*) *Drake Sen.* Draw up our Men; and in low Whiſpers give our Orders out.

[SIR W. D'AVENANT.] *Play-Houſe to be Lett*, p. 100.

(*b*) See the *Amorous Prince*, pag. 20, 22, 39, 60, where you will find all the chief Commands, and Directions, are given in Whiſpers. . . . . *Key* 1704.

As I have been unable to ſee a Copy of the firſt of theſe Plays, I inſert GERARD LANGBAINE's deſcription of it.

*Play-Houſe to be Let.* I know not under what Species to place this Play, it conſiſting of ſeveral Pieces of different Kinds handſomely tackt together, ſeveral of which the Author writ in the times of *Oliver*, and were acted ſeparately by ſtealth; as the Hiſtory of Sr *Francis Drake* expreſt by Inſtrumental, and Vocal Muſick, and by Art of Perſpective in Scenes, *&c.* The Cruelty of the Spaniards in *Peru*. Theſe two Pieces were firſt printed in quarto. They make the third and fourth Acts of this Play. The ſecond Act conſiſts of a French Farce, tranſlated from *Moliere's Sganarelle, on Le Cocu Imaginaire*, and purpoſely by our Author put into a ſort of *Jargon* common to French-men newly come over. The fifth Act conſiſts of *Tragedie travestie*, or the Actions of *Cæſar Antony* and *Cleopatra* in Verſe Burleſque. This Farce I have ſeen acted at the Theatre in *Dorſet-garden* ſome Years ago, at the end of that excellent Tragedy of *Pompey*, tranſlated by the incomparable Pen of the much admired *Orinda*. pp. 109—110. Ed. 1691.

## BIBLIOGRAPHY. KEYS TO 'THE REHEARSAL.'

*Continued from page* 36.

Then appear'd such plays as these; THE SIEGE OF RHODES, Part I. acted at the *Cock-pit*, before the Restoration; THE PLAY-HOUSE TO BE LETT; THE SLIGHTED MAID; THE UNITED KINGDOMS; THE WILD GALLANT; THE ENGLISH MONSIEUR; THE VILLAIN; and the like.

You will meet with several passages out of all these, except the UNITED KINGDOMS, (which was never printed) in the following notes; as you will out of several other plays, which are here omitted.

Our most noble author, to manifest his just indignation and hatred of this fulsome new way of writing, used his utmost interest and endeavours to stifle it at its first appearing on the stage, by engaging all his friends to explode, and run down these plays, especially the *United Kingdoms*; which had like to have brought his life into danger.

The author of it being nobly born, of an ancient and numerous family, had many of his relations and friends in the *Cock-pit*, during the acting it; some of them perceiving his Grace to head a party, who were very active in damning the play, by hissing and laughing immoderately at the strange conduct thereof, there were persons laid in wait for him as he came out: but there being a great tumult and uproar in the house and the passages near it, he escaped; But he was threaten'd hard: however the business was composed in a short time, tho' by what means I have not been informed.

*Continued at page* 48.

## ACTUS II. SCÆNA I.

BAYES, JOHNSON *and* SMITH.

BAYES. Ow, Sir, becauſe I'll do nothing here that ever was done before—— [*Spits.*

SMI. A very notable deſign, for a Play, indeed.

BAYES. Inſtead of beginning with a Scene that diſcovers ſomething of the Plot, I begin this with a whiſper.[1]

SMI. That's very new.

BAYES. Come, take your ſeats. Begin Sirs.

*Enter Gentlemen-Uſher and Phyſician.*

*Phys.* Sir, by your habit, I ſhould gheſs you to be the Gentleman-Uſher of this ſumptuous place.

*Uſh.* And, by your gait and faſhion, I ſhould almoſt ſuſpect you rule the healths of both our noble Kings, under the notion of Phyſician.

*Phys.* You hit my Function right.

*Uſh.* And you, mine.

*Phys.* Then let's imbrace.

*Uſh.* Come then.

*Phys.* Come.

JOHNS. Pray, Sir, who are thoſe two ſo very civil perſons?

BAYES. Why, Sir, the Gentleman-Uſher, and Phyſicians of the two Kings of *Brentford.*

JOHNS. But how comes it to paſs, then, that they know one another no better?

BAYES. Phoo! that's for the better carrying on of the Intrigue.

*JOHNS. Very well.*

*Concluded from page 46.*

After this, our author endeavoured by writing to expose the follies of these new-fashioned plays in their proper colours, and to set them in so clear a light, that the people might be able to discover what trash it was, of which they were so fond, as he plainly hints in the prologue: and so set himself to the composing of this farce.

When his Grace began it, I could never learn, nor is it very material.

Thus much we may certainly gather from the editions of the plays reflected on in it, that it was before the end of 1663, and finish'd before the end of 1664; because it had been several times rehears'd, the players were perfect in their parts, and all things in readiness for its acting, before the Great Plague 1665; and that then prevented it.

But what was so ready for the stage, and so near being acted at the breaking out of that terrible sickness, was very different from what you have since seen in print. In that he called his poet BILBOA; by which name, the town generally understood SIR ROBERT HOWARD to be the person pointed at.* Besides, there were very few of this new sort of plays then extant, except these before mentioned, at that time; and more than were in being, could not be ridiculed.

The acting of this Farce being thus hindered, it was laid by for several years, and came not on the Public Theatre, till the year 1671.

During this interval, many great Plays came forth, writ in Heroick rhyme; and, on the death of Sir WILLIAM D'AVENANT, 1669, MR. DRYDEN, a new Laureat appeared on the stage,† much admired, and highly applauded: which moved the Duke to change the name of his poet from BILBOA to BAYES, whose works you will find often mentioned in the following KEY.

Thus far, kind Reader, I have followed the direction of my new acquaintance, to the utmost extent of my memory, without transgressing the bounds he assigned me, and I am free from any fear of having displeased him: I wish I could justly say as much, with relation to the offences I have committed against yourself, and all judicious persons who shall peruse this poor address.

I have nothing to say in my own defence: I plead guilty, and throw myself at your feet, and beg for mercy; and not without hope, since what I have here writ did not proceed from the least malice in me, to any person or family in the world; but from an honest design to enable the meanest readers to understand all the passages of this Farce, that it may sell the better. I am, With all submission, Your most obliged, Humble Servant.

5. A real Key should confine itself to the identical plays and dramatists satirized, nothing more nor less. Bp. Percy searching through all the antecedent dramatic literature, may find, did find many parallel passages, but he could adduce nothing to prove these were in the minds of the authors in writing *The Rehearsal*. Indeed it is improbable that they had in view the 40 or 50 plays to which he refers. His references but illustrate the extent of the mock heroic drama.

In the Illustrations of the present work Langbaine and the first Key have been principally followed; it being noted that the Text is, as first acted on 7 Dec. 1671. Subsequent additions and their illustrations therefore, (such as ridicule Dryden's *The Assignation*, or *Love in a Nunnery*, produced in 1672) are, with two exceptions, not found in it. At the same time, the vacant spaces on the alternate pages will enable enquirers to note the results of further researches.

* *Very small signs appear of this at present: But when the Duke altered the name, he might also suppress the more offensive passages. Before the Rehearsal was acted Sir Robert Howard was upon such good terms with our noble author, that he dedicated to him his Duel of the Stags, Lond.* 1688, 8*vo*. Bp. Percy.

† *Mr. Dryden became Poet-laureat upon the Death of Sir William Davenant; but he had appeared as a Dramatic Writer before.* Bp. Percy.

*Phys.* Sir, to conclude,

SMI. What, before he begins?

BAYES. No, Sir; you muſt know they had been talking of this a pretty while without.

SMI. Where? In the Tyring-room?

BAYES. Why ay, Sir. He's ſo dull! Come, ſpeak again.

*Phys.* Sir, to conclude, the place you fill, has more than amply exacted the Talents of a wary Pilot, and all theſe threatning ſtorms which, like impregnant Clouds, do hover o'er our heads, (when they once are graſp'd but by the eye of reaſon) melt into fruitful ſhowers of bleſſings on the people.

BAYES. Pray mark that Allegory. Is not that good?

JOHNS. Yes; that graſping of a ſtorm with the eye is admirable.

*Phys.* But yet ſome rumours great are ſtirring; and if *Lorenzo* ſhould prove falſe, (as none but the great Gods can tell) you then perhaps would find, that—— [*Whiſpers.*

BAYES. Now they whiſper.

*Uſh.* Alone, do you ſay?

*Phys.* No; attended with the noble—— [*Whiſpers.*

*Uſh.* Who, he in gray?

*Phys.* Yes; and at the head of—— [*Whiſpers.*

BAYES. Pray mark.

*Uſh.* Then, Sir, moſt certain, 'twill in time appear
Theſe are the reaſons that induc'd 'em to't:
Firſt, he—— [*Whiſpers.*

BAYES. Now t'other whiſpers.

*Uſh.* Secondly, they—— [*Whiſpers.*

BAYES. He's at it ſtill.

*Uſh.* Thirdly, *and laſtly*, both he, and they——
[*Whiſpers.*

[1] Mr. *William Winterſhull* was a moſt Excellent, Judicious Actor; and the beſt Inſtructor of others: He dy'd in *July*, 1679. . . . . *Key* 1704.

BAYES. There they both whiſper.

[*Exeunt Whiſpering.*

Now, Gentlemen, pray tell me true, and without flattery, is not this a very odd beginning of a Play?

JOHNS. In troth, I think it is, Sir. But why two Kings of the ſame place?

BAYES. Why? becauſe it's new; and that's it I aim at. I deſpiſe your *Johnſon*, and *Beaumont*, that borrow'd all they writ from Nature: I am for fetching it purely out of my own fancie, I.

SMI. But what think you of Sir *John Suckling*, Sir?

BAYES. By gad, I am a better Poet than he.

SMI. Well, Sir; but pray why all this whiſpering?

BAYES. Why, Sir, (beſides that it is new, as I told you before) becauſe they are ſuppos'd to be Politicians; and matters of State ought not to be divulg'd.

SMI. But then, Sir, why——

BAYES. Sir, if you'l but reſpite your curioſity till the end of the fifth Act, you'l find it a piece of patience not ill recompenc'd. [*Goes to the door.*

JOHNS. How doſt thou like this, *Frank*? Is it not juſt as I told thee?

SMI. Why, I did never, before this, ſee any thing in Nature, and all that, (as Mr. *Bayes* ſays) ſo fooliſh, but I could give ſome gheſs at what mov'd the Fop to do it; but this, I confeſs, does go beyond my reach.

JOHNS. Why, 'tis all alike: Mr. *Winterſhull*[1] has inform'd me of this Play before. And I'l tell thee, *Frank*, thou ſhalt not ſee one Scene here, that either properly ought to come in, or is like any thing thou canſt imagine has ever been the practice of the World. And then, when he comes to what he calls good language, it is, as I told thee, very fantaſtical, moſt abominably dull, and not one word to the purpoſe.

SMI. It does ſurpriſe me, I am ſure, very much.

JOHNS. I, but it won't do ſo long: by that time thou haſt ſeen a Play or two, that I'l ſhew thee, thou wilt be *pretty well* acquainted with this new kind of *Foppery.*

## SCÆNA II.

*Enter the two Kings, hand in hand.*

BAYES. These are the two Kings of *Brentford*; take notice of their ſtile: 'twas never yet upon the Stage; but, if you like it, I could make a ſhift, perhaps, to ſhew you a whole Play, written all juſt ſo.

1 *King.* Did you obſerve their whiſper, brother King?
2 *King.* I did; and heard beſides a grave Bird ſing,
That they intend, ſweet-heart, to play us pranks.

BAYES. This, now, is familiar, becauſe they are both perſons of the ſame Qualitie.

SMI. 'Sdeath, this would make a man ſpew.

1 *King.* If that deſign appears,
I'l lug 'em by the ears
Until I make 'em crack.
2 *King.* And ſo will I, i'fack.
1 *King.* You muſt begin, *Mon foy.*
2 *King.* Sweet Sir, *Pardonnes moy.*

BAYES. Mark that: I Makes 'em both ſpeak *French*, to ſhew their breeding.

JOHNS. O, 'tis extraordinary fine.

2 *King.* Then, ſpite of Fate, we'l thus combined ſtand;
And, like true brothers, walk ſtill hand in hand. [*Exeunt Reges.*

JOHNS. This is a very Majeſtick Scene indeed.

BAYES. Ay, 'tis a cruſt, a laſting cruſt for your Rogue Critiques, I gad: I would fain ſee the proudeſt of 'em all but dare to nibble at this; I gad, if they do, this ſhall rub their gums for 'em, I promiſe you. It was I, you muſt know, writ the Play I told you of, in this very Stile: and ſhall I *tell you* a very good jeſt? I gad, the *Players would not act it*: ha, ha, ha.

[1] The *Key* 1704 refers Prince Pretty-man's falling asleep in making love, to the play entitled *The Loſt Lady* [by Sir W. BERKELEY] London. fol. 1639. In the fifth edition of *The Rehearſal*, however there is the following addition to the text.

So; now Prince *Prettyman* comes in, falls aſleep, making Love to his Miſtreſs, which you know, was a grand Intrigue in a late Play, written by a very honeſt Gentleman: a Knight.

Bp Percy ſtates that this addition alludes to *Querer pro ſolo querer* (To Love only for Love Sake): a Dramatick romance, written in Spaniſh by Don ANTONIO HURTADO DE MENDOZA in 1623, and paraphraſed in Engliſh, in 1654, by Sir R. FANSHAWE, 'during his Confinement to *Tankerſly Park* in *York-ſhire*, by *Oliver*, after the Battail of *Worceſter*, in which he was taken Priſoner, ſerving His Majeſty (whom God preſerve) as *Secretary of State*.' Printed London 1671. 4to.

Bp. Percy thinks the paſſage had in view is this, in Act i. p. 20.

Felisbravo, the young King of Perſia, travelling in ſearch of Zelidaura, Queen of Tartaria (whom, it ſeems, he had never ſeen) retires into a wood to ſhun the noon-tide heat, and taking out his miſtress's picture, thus rants.

*Fel.* If *ſleep* invade me ſtrongly, That may ſever
My *life* ſome minutes from me, my *love* never.
But 'tis *impoſſible* to *ſleep* (we know)
Extended on the Rack: If that be ſo,
*Takes out the Picture.*
*Dumb Larum*, come thou forth: *Eloquent Mute*,
For whom high Heav'n and Earth commence a Suit:
Of Angel-woman, fair *Hermaphrodite*!
The Moon's *extinguiſher*! the *Moon-days* night!
How could ſo ſmall a *Sphear* hold ſo much day?
O ſleep! now, now, thou *conquer'ſt*, I'l not own for *mine*.
Tempeſt I ſeek, not calm: If the days thine,
Thou quell'ſt my body, my Love ſtill is whole:
I give thee all of that which is not Soul.
And, ſince in *Lodgings* from the Street Love lies,
Do *thou* (and ſpare not) quarter in my Eyes
A while; I harb'ring ſo unwelcome Quest
(As men obey thy Brother *Death's* arreſt)
Not as a *Lover*, but a MORTAL——
*He falls aſleep with the Picture in his hand.*
*Rif.* He's ſaln a ſleep, ſo ſoon? What *frailty* is?
More like a *Husband*, then a *Lover*, this.
If *Lovers* take ſuch ſleeps, what ſhall I take,
Whom *pangs* of *Love*, nor Honour's *Trumpets*, 'wake?
Riſaloro *falls aſleep.*

SMI. That's impoſſible.

BAYES. I gad, they would not, Sir: ha, ha, ha. They refus'd it, I gad, the ſilly Rogues: ha, ha, ha.

JOHNS. Fie, that was rude.

BAYES. Rude! I gad, they are the rudeſt, uncivileſt perſons, and all that, in the whole world: I gad, there's no living with 'em. I have written, Mr. *Johnſon*, I do verily believe, a whole cart-load of things, every whit as good as this, and yet, I vow to gad, theſe inſolent Raskals have turn'd 'em all back upon my hands again.

JOHNS. Strange fellows indeed.

SMI. But pray, Mr. *Bayes*, how came theſe two Kings to know of this whiſper? for, as I remember, they were not preſent at it.

BAYES. No, but that's the Actors fault, and not mine; for the Kings ſhould (a pox take 'em) have pop'd both their heads in at the door, juſt as the other went off.

SMI. That, indeed, would ha' done it.

BAYES. Done it! Ay, I gad, theſe fellows are able to ſpoil the beſt things in Chriſtendom. I'll tell you, Mr. *Johnſon*, I vow to gad, I have been ſo highly diſoblig'd, by the peremptorineſs of theſe fellows, that I am reſolv'd, hereafter, to bend all my thoughts for the ſervice of the *Nurſery*, and mump your proud Players, I gad.[1]

## SCÆNA III.

*Enter Prince* Pretty-man.

*Pret.* HOw ſtrange a captive am I grown of late!
Shall I accuſe my Love, or blame my Fate?
My Love, I cannot; that is too Divine:
And againſt Fate what mortal dares repine?

*Enter* Cloris.

But here *ſhe comes.*
*Sure 'tis ſome blazing* Comet, is it not? [*Lyes down*

[1] See note on p. 54.

[2] This rule is moſt exactly obſerved in Dryden's *Indian Emperor*, Act iv. Scene iv. Upon a ſudden and unexpected miſfortune, Almeria thus expreſſes her ſurprife and concern. *Bp. Percy.*

*Alm.* All hopes of ſafety and of love are gone:
As when ſome dreadful Thunder-clap is nigh,
The winged Fire ſhoots ſwiftly through the Skie,
Strikes and Conſumes e're ſcarce it does appear,
And by the ſudden ill, prevents the fear:
Such is my ſtate in this amazing wo;
It leaves no pow'r to think, much leſs to do:

J. DRYDEN. *The Indian Emperour*, p. 50. Ed. 1667.
*Bp. Percy.*

[3] *Boabdel* to *Almahide.*

As ſome fair tulip, by a ſtorm oppreſt,
Shrinks up, and folds its ſilken arms to reſt;
And, bending to the blaſt, all pale and dead,
Hears from within, the wind ſing round its head:
So, ſhrowded up your beauty diſappears;
Unvail my Love; and lay aſide your fears.

JOHN DRYDEN. *The Conqueſt of Granada*, Part I. Act v. p. 61. Ed. 1672.

BAYES. Blazing Comet! mark that. I gad, very fine.

*Pret.* But I am ſo ſurpris'd with ſleep, I cannot ſpeak the reſt.[1] [*ſleeps.*

BAYES. Does not that, now, ſurpriſe you, to fall aſleep juſt in the nick? His ſpirits exhale with the heat of his paſſion, and all that, and ſwop falls aſleep, as you ſee. Now, here, ſhe muſt make a *ſimile.*

SMI. Where's the neceſſity of that, Mr. *Bayes*?

BAYES. Becauſe ſhe's ſurpris'd.[2] That's a general Rule: you muſt ever make a *ſimile* when you are ſurpris'd; 'tis the new way of writing.

[3]*Cloris.* As ſome tall Pine, which we, on *Ætna*, find
T'have ſtood the rage of many a boyſt'rous wind,
Feeling without, that flames within do play,
Which would conſume his Root and Sap away;
He ſpreads his worſted Arms unto the Skies,
Silently grieves, all pale, repines and dies:
So, ſhrowded up, your bright eye diſappears.
Break forth, bright ſcorching Sun, and dry my tears.
[*Exit.*

BAYES. I am afraid, Gentlemen, this Scene has made you ſad; for I muſt confeſs, when I writ it, I wept my ſelf.

SMI. No, truly, Sir, my ſpirits are almoſt exhal'd too, and I am likelier to fall aſleep.

*Prince* Pretty-man *ſtarts up, and ſays—*

*Pret.* It is reſolv'd. [*Exit.*

SMI. Mr. *Bayes*, may one be ſo bold as to ask you a queſtion, now, and you not be angry?

BAYES. O Lord, Sir, you may ask me what you pleaſe. I vow to gad, you do me a great deal of honour: you do not know me, if you ſay that, Sir.

SMI. Then, pray, Sir, what is it that this Prince here has reſolv'd in his ſleep?

BAYES. Why, I muſt confeſs, that queſtion is well enough ask'd, for one that is not acquainted with this

new way of writing. But you muſt know, Sir, that, to out-do all my fellow-Writers, whereas they keep their *Intrigo* ſecret till the very laſt Scene before the Dance; I now, Sir, do you mark me——a——

SMI. Begin the Play, and end it, without ever opening the Plot at all?

BAYES. I do ſo, that's the very plain troth on't: ha, ha, ha; I do, I gad. If they cannot find it out themſelves, e'en let 'em alone for *Bayes*, I warrant you. But here, now, is a Scene of buſineſs: pray obſerve it; for I dare ſay you'l think it no unwiſe diſcourſe this, nor ill argu'd. To tell you true, 'tis a Debate I over-heard once betwixt two grand, ſober, governing perſons.

## SCÆNA IV.

*Enter Gentleman-Uſher and Phiſician.*

*Uſh.* Ome, Sir; let's ſtate the matter of fact, and lay our heads together.

*Phys.* Right: lay our heads together. I love to be merry ſometimes; but when a knotty point comes, I lay my head cloſe to it, with a pipe of Tobacco in my mouth, and then I whew it away, i' faith.

BAYES. I do juſt ſo, I gad, always.

*Uſh.* The grand queſtion is, whether they heard us whiſper? which I divide thus: into when they heard, what they heard, and whether they heard or no.

JOHNS. Moſt admirably divided, I ſwear.

*Uſh.* As to the when; you ſay juſt now: ſo that is anſwer'd. Then, for what; why, what anſwers it ſelf: for what could they hear, but what we talk'd of? So that, naturally, and of neceſſity, we come to the laſt queſtion, *Videlicet*, whether they heard or no?

*SMI. This is a very* wiſe Scene, Mr. *Bayes*.

[1] Such eaſy Turns of State are frequent in our Modern Plays; where we ſee Princes Dethron'd and Governments Chang'd, by very feeble Means, and on ſlight Occaſions: Particularly, in *Marriage-a-la-Mode;* a Play, writ ſince the firſt Publication of this Farce. Where (to paſs by the Dulneſs of the State-part, the Obſcurity of the Comic, the near Reſemblance *Leonidas* bears to our Prince *Pretty-Man*, being ſometimes a King's Son, ſometimes a Shepherd's; and not to queſtion how *Almalthea* comes to be a Princeſs, her Brother, the King's great Favourite, being but a Lord) 'tis worth our While to obſerve, how eaſily the Fierce and Jealous Uſurper is Depos'd, and the Right Heir plac'd on the Throne; as it is thus related by the ſaid Imaginary Princeſs.

*Enter* Amalthea, *running.*

*Amal.* Oh, Gentlemen, if you have Loyalty,
Or Courage, ſhow it now: *Leonidas*
Broke on the ſudden from his Guards, and ſnatching
A Sword from one, his back againſt the Scaffold,
Bravely defends himſelf; and owns aloud.
He is our long loſt King, found for this moment
But, if your Valours help not, loſt for ever.
Two of his Guards, mov'd by the ſenſe of Virtue,
Are turn'd for him, and there they ſtand at Bay
Againſt a Hoſt of Foes ———

[J. DRYDEN.] *Marriage-a-la-Mode.* Act v. Sc. i. p 61. Ed. 1691.

This ſhows Mr. *Bayes* to be a Man of Conſtancy, and firm to his Reſolution, and not to be laugh'd out of his own Method: Agreeable to what he ſays in the next Act.* 'As long as I know my Things are Good, what care I what they ſay?' . . . *Key* 1704.

* p. 71.

(*a*) *Ormaſdes.* I know not what to ſay, nor what to think!
I know not when I ſleep, or when I wake.

Sir W. KILLIGREW. *Ormaſdes*, or *Love and Friendſhip.* Act v. p. 17. [Licenſed 22 Aug. 1664]. Ed. 1665. 8vo.

(*b*) *Pandora.* My doubts and fears, my reaſon does diſmay,
I know not what to do nor what to ſay;

Sir W. KILLIGREW. *Pandora*, or *The Converts.* Act v. p. 46. Ed. 1666.

BAYES. Yes; you have it right: they are both Polititians. I writ this Scene for a pattern, to ſhew the world how men ſhould talk of buſineſs.

JOHNS. You have done it exceedingly well, indeed.

BAYES. Yes, I think this will do.

*Phys.* Well, if they heard us whiſper, they'l turn us out, and no bodie elſe will take us.

*Uſh.* No bodie elſe will take us.

SMI. Not for Polititians, I dare anſwer for it.

*Phys.* Let's then no more our ſelves in vain bemoan:
We are not ſafe until we them unthrone.

*Uſh.* 'Tis right:
And, ſince occaſion now ſeems debonair,
I'l ſeize on this, and you ſhall take that chair.

*They draw their Swords, and ſit down in the two great chairs upon the Stage.*

BAYES. There's now an odd ſurpriſe; the whole State's turn'd quite topſi-turvy,[1] without any puther or ſtir in the whole world, I gad.

JOHNS. A very ſilent change of Government, truly, as ever I heard of.

BAYES. It is ſo. And yet you ſhall ſee me bring 'em in again, by and by, in as odd a way every jot.

[*The Uſurpers march out flouriſhing their ſwords.*

*Enter* Shirley.

*Shir.* Hey ho, hey ho: what a change is here! Hey day, hey day! I know not what to do, nor what to ſay.[2] [*Exit.*

SMI. But pray, Sir, how came they to depoſe the Kings ſo eaſily?

BAYES. Why, Sir, you muſt know, they long had a deſign to do it before; but never could put it in practice till now: and, to tell you true, that's one reaſon why I made 'em whiſper ſo at firſt.

SMI. O, very well: now I'm fully ſatisfi'd.

*BAYES. And then, to ſhew you, Sir, it was not done*

ſo very eaſily neither; in this next Scene you ſhall ſee ſome fighting.

SMI. O, ho: ſo then you make the ſtruggle to be after the buſineſs is done?

BAYES. Aye.

SMI. O, I conceive you: that is very natural.

## SCÆNA V.

*Enter four men at one door, and four at another, with their ſwords drawn.*

1 *Soldier.* Tand. Who goes there?

2 *Sol.* A friend.

1 *Sol.* What friend?

2 *Sol.* A friend to the Houſe.

1 *Sol.* Fall on.

[*They all kill one another.* *Muſick ſtrikes.*

BAYES. Hold, hold. [*To the Muſick. It ceaſeth.* Now here's an odd ſurpriſe: all theſe dead men you ſhall ſee riſe up preſently, at a certain Note that I have made, in *Effaut flat*, and fall a Dancing. Do you hear, dead men? remember your Note in *Effaut flat*. Play on. [*To the Muſick.*

Now, now, now. | *The Muſick play his Note, and the dead*
O Lord, O Lord! | *men riſe; but cannot get in order.*

Out, out, out! Did ever men ſpoil a good thing ſo? no figure, no ear, no time, no thing? you dance worſe than the Angels in *Harry* the Eight, or the fat Spirits in *The Tempeſt*, I gad.

1 *Sol.* Why, Sir, 'tis impoſſible to do any thing in time, to this Tune.

BAYES. O Lord, O Lord! impoſſible? why, Gentlemen, if there be any faith in a perſon that's a Chriſtian, I ſate *up two whole* nights in compoſing this *Air, and apting it for the* buſineſs: for, if you obſerve,

there are two ſeveral Deſigns in this Tune; it begins ſwift, and ends ſlow. You talk of time, and time; you ſhall ſee me do't. Look you now. Here I am dead. [*Lyes down flat on his face.* Now mark my Note in *Effaut flat.* Strike up Muſick. Now. | *As he riſes up haſtily, he tumbles and falls down again.*

Ah, gadſookers, I have broke my Noſe.

JOHNS. By my troth, Mr. *Bayes*, this is a very unfortunate Note of yours, in *Effaut flat.*

BAYES. A plague of this damn'd Stage, with your nails, and your tenter-hooks, that a man cannot come to teach you to Act, but he muſt break his noſe, and his face, and the divel and all. Pray, Sir, can you help me to a wet piece of brown papyr?

SMI. No indeed, Sir; I don't uſually carry any about me.

2 *Sol.* Sir, I'l go get you ſome within preſently.

BAYES. Go, go then; I'l follow you. Pray dance out the Dance, and I'l be with you in a moment. Remember you four that you dance like Horſemen.

[*Exit* BAYES.

*They dance the Dance, but can make nothing of it.*

1 *Sol.* A Devil! let's try this no more: play my Dance that Mr. *Bayes* found fault with.

[*Dance, and Exeunt.*

SMI. What can this fool be doing all this while about his noſe?

JOHNS. Pr'ythee let's go ſee. [*Exeunt.*

# *Finis Actus ſecundi.*

[1] *Failer* and *Bibber* his Taylor in *The Wild Gallant. Key*, 1704.

## ACTUS III. SCÆNA I.

BAYES *with a papyr on his Nofe, and the two Gentlemen.*

BAYES. Ow, Sir, this I do, becauſe my fancie in this Play is to end every Act with a Dance.

SMI. Faith, that fancie is very good, but I ſhould hardly have broke my noſe for it, though.

JOHNS. That fancie, I ſuppoſe, is new too.

BAYES. Sir, all my fancies are ſo. I tread upon no mans heels; but make my flight upon my own wings, I aſſure you. As, now, this next Scene ſome perhaps will ſay, It is not very neceſſary to the Plot: I grant it; what then? I meant it ſo. But then it's as full of Drollery as ever it can hold: 'tis like an Orange ſtuck with Cloves, as for conceipt. Come, where are you? This Scene will make you die with laughing, if it be well acted: it is a Scene of ſheer Wit, without any mixture in the world, I gad. [*Reads—*

*Enter* [1] *Prince* Pretty-man, *and* Tom Thimble *his Taylor.*

This, Sirs, might properly enough be call'd a prize of Wit; for you ſhall ſee 'em come in upon one another ſnip ſnap, hit for hit, as faſt as can be. Firſt one ſpeaks, then preſently t'other's upon him ſlap, with a Repartee; then he at him again, daſh with a new conceipt: and ſo eternally, eternally, I gad, till they go quite off the Stage. [*Goes to call the Players.*

SMI. What a plague, does this Fop mean by his ſnip ſnap, hit for hit, and daſh?

JOHNS. *Mean? why, he never meant any thing in's life: what doſt talk of* meaning for?

[1] Nay, if that be all, there's no ſuch haſt: the Courtiers are not ſo forward to pay their Debts.
J. DRYDEN. *The Wild Gallant*, Act i. p. 11. Ed. 1669.

[2] *Failer.* Then ſay I
Take a little *Bibber*,
And throw him in the River,
And if he will truſt never,
Then there let him lie ever.
*Bibber.* Then ſay I
Take a little *Failer*
And throw him to the *Jaylour;*
And there let him lye
Till he has paid his Taylor.
*Idem*, Act ii. Sc. ii. p. 15.

*Enter* BAYES.

BAYES. Why don't you come in?

*Enter Prince* Pretty-man *and* Tom Thimble.

*Pret.* But pr'ythee, *Tom Thimble*, why wilt thou needs marry? If nine Taylors make but one man; and one woman cannot be ſatisfi'd with nine men: what work art thou cutting out here for thy ſelf, trow we?

BAYES. Good.

*Thim.* Why, an't pleaſe your Highneſs, if I can't make up all the work I cut out, I ſhan't want Journey-men to help me, I warrant you.

BAYES. Good again.

*Pret.* I am afraid thy Journey-men, though, *Tom*, won't work by the day, but by the night.

BAYES. Good ſtill.

*Thim.* However, if my wife ſits but croſs-leg'd, as I do, there will be no great danger: not half ſo much as when I truſted you for your Coronation ſuit.

BAYES. Very good, i'faith.

*Pret.* Why, the times then liv'd upon truſt; it was the faſhion. You would not be out of time, at ſuch a time as that, ſure: A Taylor, you know, muſt never be out of faſhion.

BAYES. Right.

*Thim.* I'm ſure, Sir, I made your cloath in the Court-faſhion, for you never paid me yet.[1]

BAYES. There's a bob for the Court.

*Pret.* Why, *Tom*, thou art a ſharp rogue when thou art angry, I ſee: thou pay'ſt me now, methinks.

*Thim.* I, Sir, in your own coyn: you give me nothing but words.[2]

BAYES. Admirable, before gad.

*Pret.* Well, *Tom*, I hope ſhortly I ſhall have another coyn for thee; for now the Wars come on, I *ſhall grow to be a man of* mettal.

[1] Ay, 'tis pretty well; but he does not Top his Part.
A great Word with Mr. *Edward Howard.* . . . *Key* 1704.

[1] *See p.* 60.

M. *Edward Howard*'s Words. . . *Key* 1704. *See p.* 28.

BAYES. O, you did not do that half enough.

JOHNS. Methinks he does it admirably.

BAYES. I, pretty well; but he does not hit me in't: he does not top his part.[1]

*Thim.* That's the way to be ſtamp'd yourſelf, Sir. I ſhall ſee you come home, like an Angel for the Kings-evil, with a hole bor'd through you. [*Exeunt.*

BAYES. That's very good, i'faith: ha, ha, ha. Ha, there he has hit it up to the hilts, I gad. How do do you like it now, Gentlemen? is not this pure Wit?

SMI. 'Tis ſnip ſnap, Sir, as you ſay; but, methinks, not pleaſant, nor to the purpoſe, for the Play does not go on.

BAYES. Play does not go on? I don't know what you mean: why, is not this part of the Play?

SMI. Yes, but the Plot ſtands ſtill.

BAYES. Plot ſtand ſtill! why, what a Devil is the Plot good for, but to bring in fine things?

SMI. O, I did not know that before.

BAYES. No, I think you did not: nor many things more, that I am Maſter of. Now, Sir, I gad, this is the bane of all us Writers: let us ſoar never ſo little above the common pitch, I gad, all's ſpoil'd; for the vulgar never underſtand us, they can never conceive you, Sir, the excellencie of theſe things.

JOHNS. 'Tis a ſad fate, I muſt confeſs: but you write on ſtill?

BAYES. Write on? I gad, I warrant you. 'Tis not their talk ſhall ſtop me: if they catch me at that lock, I'll give 'em leave to hang me. As long as I know my things to be good, what care I what they ſay?[2] What, they are gone, and forgot the Song!

SMI. They have done very well, methinks, here's no need of one.

BAYES. Alack, Sir, you know nothing: you muſt ever interlard your Plays with Songs, Ghoſts and Idols, if you mean to——a——

JOHNS. Pit, Box and Gallery,[3] Mr. *Bayes.*

*BAYES. I gad, Sir,* and you have nick'd it. Hark you,

[1] *Alberto.* ***Curtius,*** I've ſomething to deliver to your Ear.

*Curtius.* Any thing from *Alberto* is welcom.

*Mr. A.* BEHN. *The Amorous Prince.* Act iii. Sc. ii. p. 39. Ed. 1671.

Mr. *Johnſon*, you know I don't flatter, a gad, you have a great deal of Wit.

JOHNS. O Lord, Sir, you do me too much honour.

BAYES. Nay, nay, come, come, Mr. *Johnſon*, Ifacks this muſt not be ſaid, amongſt us that have it. I know you have wit by the judgement you make of this Play; for that's the meaſure I go by: my Play is my Touch-ſtone. When a man tells me ſuch a one is a perſon of parts; is he ſo, ſay I? what do I do, but bring him preſently to ſee this Play: If he likes it, I know what to think of him; if not, your moſt humble Servant, Sir, I'l no more of him upon my word, I thank you. I am *Clara voyant*, a gad. Now here we go on to our buſineſs.

## SCÆNA II.

*Enter the two Uſurpers, hand in hand.*

*Uſh.* BUt what's become of *Volſcius* the great?
His preſence has not grac'd our Court of late.

*Phys.* I fear ſome ill, from emulation ſprung,
Has from us that Illuſtrious *Hero* wrung.

BAYES. Is not that Majeſtical?

SMI. Yes, but who a Devil is that *Volſcius*?

BAYES. Why, that's a Prince I make in love with *Parthenope*.

SMI. I thank you, Sir.

*Enter* Cordelio.

' *Cor.* My Leiges, news from *Volſcius* the Prince.

*Uſh.* His news is welcome, whatſoe'er it be.

SMI. *How, Sir, do you mean that? whether it be good or bad?*

BAYES. Nay, pray, Sir, have a little patience: Godſookers, you'l ſpoil all my Play. Why, Sir, 'tis impoſſible to anſwer every impertinent queſtion you ask.

SMI. Cry you mercie, Sir.

*Cor.* His Highneſs Sirs, commanded me to tell you,
That the fair perſon whom you both do know,
Deſpairing of forgiveneſs for her fault,
In a deep ſorrow, twice ſhe did attempt
Upon her precious life; but, by the care
Of ſtanders-by, prevented was.

SMI. 'Sheart, what ſtuff's here!

*Cor.* At laſt,
*Volſcius* the great, this dire reſolve embrac'd:
His ſervants he into the Country ſent,
And he himſelf to *Piccadillé* went.
Where he's inform'd, by Letters, that ſhe's dead!

*Uſh.* Dead! is that poſſible? Dead!

*Phys.* O ye Gods! [*Exeunt.*

BAYES. There's a ſmart expreſſion of a paſſion; O ye Gods! That's one of my bold ſtrokes, a gad.

SMI. Yes; but who is the fair perſon that's dead?

BAYES. That you ſhall know anon.

SMI. Nay, if we know it at all, 'tis well enough.

BAYES. Perhaps you may find too, by and by, for all this, that ſhe's not dead neither.

SMI. Marry, that's good news: I am glad of that with all my heart.

BAYES. Now, here's the man brought in that is ſuppos'd to have kill'd her. [*A great ſhout within.*

*Enter* Amarillis *with a Book in her hand and Attendants.*

*Ama.* What ſhout Triumphant's that?

*Enter a Souldier.*

*Sol.* Shie maid, upon the River brink, near *Twick'nam* Town, the aſſaſſinate is tane.

*Ama.* Thanks to the Powers above, for this deliverance.

[1] *Decio.* Now you ſhall tell me, who play'd at Cards with you?
*Pyramena.* None but my Lord *Iberio* and I plai'd.
*Dec.* Who waited?
*Py.* No body.
*Dec.* No Page?
*Py.* No Page.
*Dec.* No Groom?
*Py.* No Groom; I tell you no body.
*Dec.* What, not your Woman?
*Py.* Not my Woman, lack
How your tongue runs.
Sir R. STAPYLTON. *The Slighted Maid.* Act iii. pp. 46—7. Ed. 1663.

I hope its flow beginning will portend
A forward *Exit* to all future end.

BAYES. Pish, there you are out; to all future end? No, no; to all future end; you must lay the accent upon end, or else you lose the conceipt.

JOHNS. Indeed the alteration of that accent does a great deal, Mr. *Bayes*.

BAYES. O, all in all, Sir: they are these little things that mar, or set you off a Play.

SMI. I see you are perfect in these matters.

BAYES. I, Sir; I have been long enough at it to know something.

*Enter Souldiers dragging in an old Fisherman.*

'*Ama.* Villain, what Monster did corrupt thy mind
T'attaque the noblest soul of humane kind?
Tell me who set thee on.

*Fish.* Prince *Pretty-man.*

*Ama.* To kill whom?

*Fish.* Prince *Pretty-man.*

*Ama.* What, did Prince *Pretty-man* hire you to kill Prince *Pretty-man*?

*Fish.* No; Prince *Volscius.*

*Ama.* To kill whom?

*Fish.* Prince *Volscius.*

*Ama.* What, did Prince *Volscius* hire you to kill Prince *Volscius*?

*Fish.* No; Prince *Pretty-man.*

*Ama.* So, drag him hence.
Till torture of the Rack produce his sence.
[*Exeunt.*

BAYES. Mark how I make the horror of his guilt confound his intellects; for that's the design of this Scene.

SMI. I see, Sir, you have a several design for every Scene.

BAYES. I; that's my way of writing: and so I can dispatch you, Sir, a whole Play, before another man, *I gad, can make* an end of his Plot. So, now enter

Prince *Pretty-man* in a rage. Where the Devil is he? Why *Pretty-man*? why when, I ſay? O fie, fie, fie, fie; all's marr'd, I vow to gad, quite marr'd.

*Enter* Pretty-man.

Phoo, pox! you are come too late, Sir: now you may go out again, if you pleaſe. I vow to gad Mr.——a ——I would not give a button for my Play, now you have done this.

*Pret.* What, Sir?

BAYES. What, Sir? 'Slife, Sir, you ſhould have come out in choler, rous upon the Stage, juſt as the other went off. Muſt a man be eternally telling you of theſe things?

JOHNS. Sure this muſt be ſome very notable matter that he's ſo angry at.

SMI. I am not of your opinion.

BAYES. Piſh! come, let's hear your Part, Sir.

*Pret.* Bring in my Father, why d'ye keep him from me?
Although a Fiſherman, he is my Father,
Was ever Son, yet, brought to this diſtreſs,
To be, for being a Son, made fatherleſs?
Oh, you juſt Gods, rob me not of a Father.
The being of a Son take from me rather. [*Exit.*

SMI. Well, *Ned*, what think you now?

JOHNS. A Devil, this is worſt of all. Pray, Mr. *Bayes*, what's the meaning of this Scene?

BAYES. O, cry you mercie, Sir: I purteſt I had forgot to tell you. Why, Sir, you muſt know, that, long before the beginning of this Play, this Prince was taken by a Fiſherman.

SMI. How, Sir, taken Priſoner?

BAYES. Taken Priſoner! O Lord, what a queſtion's there! did ever any man ask ſuch a queſtion? Taken Priſoner! Godſookers, he has put the Plot quite out of my head, with this damn'd queſtion. What was I going to ſay?

JOHNS. Nay, the Lord knows: I cannot imagine.

BAYES. Stay, *let me ſee*; taken: O 'tis true. Why, *Sir, as I was going* to ſay, his Highneſs here, the

Prince, was taken in a Cradle by a Fiſherman, and brought up as his Child.

SMI. Indeed?

BAYES. Nay, pr'ythee hold thy peace. And ſo, Sir, this murder being committed by the River-ſide, the Fiſherman, upon ſuſpicion, was ſeiz'd; and thereupon the Prince grew angry.

SMI. So, ſo; now 'tis very plain.

JOHNS. But, Mr. *Bayes*, is not that ſome diſparagement to a Prince, to paſs for a Fiſhermans Son? Have a care of that, I pray.

BAYES. No, no, no; not at all; for 'tis but for a while: I ſhall fetch him off again preſently, you ſhall ſee.

*Enter* Pretty-man *and* Thimble.

*Pret.* By all the Gods, I'l ſet the world on fire
Rather than let 'em raviſh hence my Sire.
*Thim.* Brave *Pretty-man*, it is at length reveal'd,
That he is not thy Sire who thee conceal'd.

BAYES. Lo' you now, there he's off again.

JOHNS. Admirably done i'faith.

BAYES. Ay, now the Plot thickens very much upon us.

*Pret.* What Oracle this darkneſs can evince?
Sometimes a Fiſhers Son, sometimes a Prince.
It is a ſecret, great as is the world;
In which, I, like the ſoul, am toſs'd and hurl'd.
The blackeſt Ink of Fate, ſure, was my Lot.
And, when ſhe writ my name, ſhe made a blot.
[*Exit.*

BAYES. There's a bluſt'ring verſe for you now.

SMI. Yes, Sir; but pray, why is he ſo mightily troubled to find he is not a Fiſhermans Son?

BAYES. Phoo! that is not becauſe he has a mind to be his Son, but for fear he ſhould be thought to be nobodies Son at all.

SMI. I, that would trouble a man, indeed.

BAYES. So, let me ſee. Enter Prince *Volſcius*, going out of Town.

*SMI. I thought he had* been gone to *Piccadille*.

[1] In ridicule of Act iv. Sc. i. of *Engliſh Monſieur*, by the Hon. J. HOWARD, of which this is a portion.

*Enter* Comely *in a Riding Garb, with his ſervant.*

*Comely.* Let my Horſes be brought ready to the door, for i'le go out of Town this Evening. [*Exit ſervant.*

*Enter* Welbred.

*Well.* Why, how now Comely, booted and ſpur'd?

*Comely.* Marry am I.

*Wel.* For how long?

*Comely.* Why, for this ſeven years for ought I know, I am weary of this Town, and all that's in it, as for women I am in love with none, nor never ſhal, I find I have a pretty ſtrong defence about my heart againſt that folly. O here comes the Ladies very opportunely for me.

*Enter Lady* VVealthy *and two other Ladies.*

To take my leave of e'm

*L. Weal.* Mr. *Comely* your Servant—what in a Riding Garb.

*Comely.* A dreſs fitting for a Country Journey Madam.

[2]*L. Weal.* Why, can you ever leave this Town?

*Comely.* That I can truely madam, within this hour.

*L. Weal.* I can't believe it

. . . . . .

*Comely.* . . . . . So that for my future health i'le retire into the Countrey for Air, and there Hunt and Hawk, Eat and ſleep ſo ſound, that I will never dream of a woman, or any part about her —— This reſolution of mine has made me turn Poet, and therefore before I go you ſhall hear a Song called my farewell to London and women, boy ſing the ſong.

Of which song the third and laſt ſtanza runs thus:—

Therefore this danger to prevent
And ſtill to keep my hearts content:
[3]Into the country I'le with ſpeed,
With Hounds and Hawks my fancy feed!
Both ſafer pleaſures to purſue,
*Than* ſtaying to converſe with you.

BAYES. Yes, he gave out ſo; but that was onely to cover his deſign.

JOHNS. What deſign?

BAYES. Why, to head the Army, that lies conceal'd for him in *Knights-bridge.*

JOHNS. I ſee here is a great deal of Plot, Mr. *Bayes.*

BAYES. Yes, now it begins to break; but we ſhall have a world of more buſineſs anon.

[1] *Enter Prince* Volſcius, Cloris, Amarillis, *and* Harry *with a Riding-Cloak and Boots.*

[2] *Ama.* Sir, you are cruel, thus to leave the Town,
And to retire to Country ſolitude.

*Clo.* We hop'd this Summer that we ſhould at leaſt
Have held the honour of your company.

BAYES. Held the honour of your Company! prettily expreſt! Held the honour of your company! God-ſookers, theſe fellows will never take notice of any thing.

JOHNS. I aſſure you, Sir, I admire it extreamly; I don't know what he does.

BAYES. I, I, he's a little envious; but 'tis no great matter. Come.

*Ama.* Pray let us two this ſingle boon obtain,
That you will here with poor us ſtill remain.
Before your Horſes come pronounce our fate,
For then, alas, I fear 'twill be too late.

BAYES. Sad!

*Vols. Harry*, my Boots; for I'l go rage among
My Blades encamp'd, and quit this *Urban* throng.

SMI. But pray, Mr. *Bayes*, is not this a little difficult, that you were ſaying e'en now, to keep an Army thus conceal'd in *Knights-bridge.*

BAYES. In *Knights-bridge?* ſtay.

JOHNS. No, not if the Inn-keepers be his friends.

BAYES. His friends! Ay Sir, his intimate acquaintance: or elſe, indeed, I grant it could not be.

*SMI. Yes, faith, ſo it* might be very eaſily.

*Comely* ſees Elsba, a Country laſs, and falls ſuddenly in love with her.

[1] *Comely.* Set up my Horſes. What ſudden hath chang'd my mind! I feel my heart ſo reſ now as if it n'ere knew reſt, ſure I'me in love;
The Hon. J. HOWARD. *Engliſh Monſieur*, Act iv. Sc. i. p. Ed. 1

[2] And what's this maid's name?
*Idem*, Act iv. Sc. i. p. 40. Ed. 1

[3] *Muſtapha.* I bring the Morning pictur'd in a Clo
Sir W. D'AVENANT, *Siege of Rhodes.* P. I. 'The Second En p. 10. Ed. 1

[4] Mr. Comely in love!
*Engliſh Monſieur*, Act iv. Sc. ii. p. 49. Ed. 1

[3] "*Love and Honour*, Written by W. DAVENANT Kni *Preſented by* His Majeſties Servants at the *Black Frye London*, 1649, 4to.

BAYES. Nay, if I do not make all things eaſie, I gad, I'l give you leave to hang me. Now you would think that he is going out of Town; but you ſhall ſee how prettily I have contriv'd to ſtop him preſently.

SMI. By my troth, Sir, you have ſo amaz'd me, I know not what to think.

*Enter* Parthenope.

*Vols.* Bleſs me! how frail are all my beſt reſolves!
How, in a moment, is my purpoſe chang'd![1]
Too ſoon I thought my ſelf ſecure from Love.
Fair Madam, give me leave to ask her name[2]
Who does ſo gently rob me of my fame?
For I ſhould meet the Army out of Town,
And, if I fail, muſt hazard my renown.

*Par.* My Mother, Sir, ſells Ale by the Town-walls,
And me her dear *Parthenope* ſhe calls.

*Vols.* Can vulgar Veſtments high-born beauty ſhrowd?
[3]Thou bring'ſt the Morning pictur'd in a Cloud?

BAYES. The Morning pictur'd in a Cloud! A, Gad-ſookers, what a conceipt is there!

*Par.* Give you good Ev'n, Sir. [*Exit.*

*Vols.* O inauſpicious Stars! that I was born
To ſudden love, and to more ſudden ſcorn!

*Ama. Cloris,* How! [4]Prince *Volſcius* in love? Ha, ha, ha. [*Exeunt laughing.*

SMI. Sure, Mr. *Bayes,* we have loſt ſome jeſt here, that they laugh at ſo.

BAYES. Why did you not obſerve? He firſt reſolves to go out of Town, and then, as he is pulling on his Boots, falls in love. Ha, ha, ha.

SMI. O, I did not obſerve: that, indeed, is a very good jeſt.

BAYES. Here, now, you ſhall ſee a combat betwixt Love and Honour. An ancient Author has made a whole Play on't[5]; *but I* have diſpatch'd it all in this *Scene.*

[1] (*a*) *Felifbravo.* LOVE, and HONOUR, pull *two* ways;
And I ſtand doubtful *which* to take:
To *Arabia*, *Honour* ſays,
Love ſays no; thy ſtay *here* make.
Sir R. FANSHAWE's tranſlation of *Querer pro ſolo Querer.*

(*b*) *Alphonſo.* But Honour ſays, not ſo.
*Siege of Rhodes*, Part I. p. 19.

(*c*) *Ent.* Palladius *ſoftly reading* 2. *letters.*
*Pall.* I ſtand betwixt two minds! what's beſt to doe?
This bids me ſtay; This ſpurs me on to goe.
Once more let our impartiall eyes peruſe
Both t'one and t'other: Both may not prevaile.
*My Lord,*

PRize not your honour ſo much as to diſprize her that honours you, in chooſing rather to meet Death in the field, then *Pulchrella* in her deſires. Give my affection leave once more to diſſwade you from trying Conqueſt with ſo unequall a Foe: Or if a Combate muſt be tryed, make a Bed of Roſes the Field, and me your Enemie. The Intereſt I claim in you is ſufficient warrant to my deſires, which according to the place they find in your Reſpects, confirme me either the happieſt of all Ladies, or make me the moſt unfortunate of all women. PULCHRELLA.

A Charme too ſtrong for Honour to repreſſe.
*Mus.* A heart too poore for Honour to poſſeſſe.
*Pall.* Honour muſt ſtoop to Vows. But what ſaies this? [*Reads the other Letter.*
*My Lord,*

THE hand that guides this Pen, being guided by the ambition of your honour, and my owne affection, preſents you with the wiſhes of a faithfull ſervant, who deſires not to buy you ſafety with the hazard of your Reputation. Goe on with courage, and know, *Panthea* ſhall partake with you in either fortune: If conquer'd, my heart ſhall be your Monument, to preſerve and glorifie your honour'd aſhes; If a Conqueror, my tongue ſhall be your Herault to proclaime you the Champion of our Sex, and the Phœnix of your own, honour'd by all, equall'd by few, beloved by none more dearly then Your owne Panthea.

I ſayle betwixt two Rocks! What ſhall I doe?
What Marble melts not if *Pulchrella* wooe?
Or what hard-hearted eare can be ſo dead,
*As to be* deafe, if faire *Panthea* plead?

Volſcius *ſits down.*

*Vols.* How has my paſſion made me *Cupid*'s ſcoff!
This haſty Boot is on, the other off,
And ſullen lyes, with amorous deſign
To quit loud fame, and make that Beauty mine.
My Legs, the Emblem of my various thought,
Shew to what ſad diſtraction I am brought.
Sometimes, with ſtubborn Honour, like this Boot.
My mind is guarded, and reſolv'd to do't:
Sometimes, again, that very mind, by Love
Diſarmed, like this other Leg does prove.

JOHNS. What pains Mr. *Bayes* takes to act this ſpeech himſelf!

SMI. I, the fool, I ſee, is mightily tranſported with it.

*Vols.* Shall I to Honour or to Love give way?
Go on, cryes Honour; tender Love ſays, nay:
Honour, aloud, commands, pluck both boots on;
But ſofter Love does whiſper, put on none.
What ſhall I do? what conduct ſhall I find
To lead me through this twy-light of my mind?
For as bright Day with black approach of Night
Contending, makes a doubtful puzzling light;
So does my Honour and my Love together
Puzzle me ſo, I can reſolve for neither.

[*Exit with one Boot on, and the other off.*

JOHNS. By my troth, Sir, this is as difficult a Combat as ever I ſaw, and as equal; for 'tis determin'd on neither ſide.

BAYES. Ay, is't not, I gad, ha? For, to go off hip hop, hip hop, upon this occaſion, is a thouſand times better than any concluſion in the world, I gad. But, Sirs, you cannot make any judgement of this Play, becauſe we are come but to the end of the ſecond Act. Come, the Dance. [*Dance.*
Well Gentlemen, you'l ſee this Dance, if I am not miſtaken, take very well upon the Stage, when they *are perfect in their motions*, and all that.

Whom ſhall I pleaſe? Or which ſhall I refuſe?
*Pulchrella* ſues, and fair *Panthea* ſues:
*Pulchrella* melts me with her love-ſick teares,
But brave *Panthea* batters down my eares
With Love's Pettarre: *Pulchrellas* breaſt encloſes
A ſoft Affection wrapt in Beds of Roſes.
But in the rare *Pantheas* noble lines,
True Worth and Honour, with Affection joynes.
I ſtand even-balanc'd, doubtfully oppreſt,
Beneathe the burthen of a bivious breſt.
When I peruſe my ſweet *Pulchrellas* teares,
My blood growes wanton, and I plunge in feares:
But when I read divine *Pantheas* charmes,
I turne all fierie, and I grasp for armes.
Who ever ſaw, when a rude blaſt out-braves,
And thwarts the ſwelling Tide, how the proud wave
Rock the drencht Pinace on the Sea-greene breſt
Of frowning *Amphitrite*, who oppreſt
Betwixt two Lords, (not knowing which t' obey)
Remaines a Neuter in a doubtfull way.
So toſt am I, bound to ſuch ſtraht confines,
Betwixt *Pulchrella's* and *Panthea's* lines,
Both cannot ſpeed: But one that muſt prevaile.
I ſtand even poys'd: an Atome turnes the ſcale.

F. QUARLES. *The Virgin Widow.* Act iii. Sc. i. pp. 41-43. Ed. 164

SMI. I don't know 'twill take, Sir; but I am ſure you ſweat hard for't.

BAYES. Ay, Sir, it coſts me more pains, and trouble, to do theſe things, than almoſt the things are worth.

SMI. By my troth, I think ſo, Sir.

BAYES. Not for the things themſelves, for I could write you, Sir, forty of 'em in a day; but, I gad, theſe Players are ſuch dull perſons, that, if a man be not by upon every point, and at every turn, I gad, they'l miſtake you, Sir, and ſpoil all.

*Enter a Player.*

What, is the Funeral ready?

*Play.* Yes, Sir.

BAYES. And is the Lance fill'd with Wine?

*Play.* Sir, 'tis juſt now a doing.

BAYES. Stay then; I'l do it my ſelf.

SMI. Come, let's go with him.

BAYES. A match. But, Mr. *Johnſon*, I gad, I am not like other perſons; they care not what becomes of their things, ſo they can but get money for 'em: now, I gad, when I write, if it be not juſt as it ſhould be, in every circumſtance, to every particular, I gad, I am not able to endure it, I am not my ſelf, I'm out of my wits, and all that, I'm the ſtrangeſt perſon in the whole world. For what care I for my money? I gad, I write for Fame and Reputation. [*Exeunt.*

*Finis Actus Tertii.*

[1] Colonel *Henry Howard*, Son of *Thomas* Earl of *Berkſhire*, made a Play, call'd the *United Kingdoms*, which began with a Funeral; and had alſo two Kings in it. This gave the Duke a juſt occaſion to ſet up two Kings in *Brentford*, as 'tis generally believed; tho' others are of Opinion, that his grace had our two Brothers in his thoughts. It was Acted at the *Cock-Pit* in *Drury-Lane*, ſoon after the *Reſtoration*; but miſcarrying on the ſtage, the Author had the Modeſty not to Print it; and therefore, the Reader cannot reaſonably expect any particular Paſſages of it. Others ſay, that they are *Boabdelin* and *Abdalla*, the two contending Kings of *Granada*, and Mr. *Dryden* has in moſt of his ſerious Plays two contending Kings of the ſame Place. . . . . *Key*, 1704.

[1] Bp. Percy ſays :—
This is intended to ridicule the abſurd cuſtom of writing plays in ſeveral parts, as the *Siege of Rhodes*, Parts I. and II. Killigrew's *Bellamira* I and II. *Thomaſo* I. and II. *Cicilia* and *Clorinda*, I. and II. &c. ; but is principally levelled at the *Conqueſt of Granada* in 2 Parts : which is properly but one play of ten acts, neither the plot nor characters being compleat or intelligible in either without the other.

[2] Bp. Percy conſiders that this refers to *Conqueſt of Granada*, Part II. Act iv,

BAYES. That is my ſence. And therefore, Sir, whereas every one makes five Acts to one Play, what do me I, but make five Plays to one Plot: by which means the Auditors have every day a new thing.

JOHNS. Moſt admirably good, i' faith! and muſt certainly take, becauſe it is not tedious.

BAYES. I, Sir, I know that, there's the main point. And then, upon *Saturday*, to make a cloſe of all, (for I ever begin upon a *Monday*) I make you, Sir, a ſixth Play, that ſums up the whole matter to 'em, and all that, for fear they ſhould have forgot it.[1]

JOHNS. That conſideration, Mr. *Bayes*, indeed, I think, will be very neceſſary.

SMI. And when comes in your ſhare, pray Sir?

BAYES. The third week.

JOHNS. I vow, you'l get a world of money.

BAYES. Why, faith, a man muſt live: and if you don't, thus, pitch upon ſome new device, I gad, you'l never do it, for this Age (take it o' my word) is ſomewhat hard to pleaſe. There is one prettie odd paſſage, in the laſt of theſe Plays, which may be executed to ſeveral ways, wherein I'ld have your opinion, Gentlemen.

JOHNS. Well, what is't?

BAYES. Why, Sir, I make a Male perſon to be in Love with a Female.

SMI. Do you mean that, Mr. *Bayes*, for a new thing?

BAYES. Yes, sir, as I have order'd it. You ſhall hear. He having paſſionately lov'd her through my five whole Plays, finding at laſt that ſhe conſents to his love, juſt after that his Mother had appear'd to him like a Ghoſt, he kills himſelf. That's one way. The other is, that ſhe coming at laſt to love him, with as violent a paſſion as he lov'd her, ſhe kills her ſelf.[2] Now my queſtion is, which of theſe two perſons ſhould ſuffer upon this occaſion?

JOHNS. By my *troth*, it is a very hard caſe to decide.

*BAYES. The hardeſt* in the world, I gad; and has

[1] *The Ghoſt* [of his mother] *comes on, ſoftly, after the Conjuration; and* Almanzor *retires to the middle of the Stage.*

*Ghoſt.* I am the Ghoſt of her who gave thee birth:
The Airy ſhadow of her mouldring Earth.
Love of thy Father me through Seas did guide;
On Sea's I bore thee, and on Sea's I dy'd.
I dy'd, and for my Winding-ſheet, a Wave
I had; and all the Ocean for my Grave.

*J.* DRYDEN. *Conqueſt of Granada*, P. I. Act iv. p. 130. Ed. 1672.

[2] *Almanzor, in Conqueſt of Granada.*

puzzled this pate very much. What ſay you, Mr. *Smith?*

SMI. Why, truly, Mr. *Bayes*, if it might ſtand with your juſtice, I ſhould now ſpare 'em both.

BAYES. I gad, and I think——ha——why then, I'l make him hinder her from killing her ſelf. Ay, it ſhall be ſo. Come, come, bring in the Funeral.

[*Enter a Funeral, with the two Uſurpers and Attendants.*

Lay it down there: no, here, Sir. So, now ſpeak.

*K. Uſh.* Set down the Funeral Pile, and let our grief
Receive, from its embraces, ſome relief.

*K. Phys.* Was't not unjuſt to raviſh hence her breath,
And, in life's ſtead, to leave us nought but death?
The world diſcovers now its emptineſs,
And, by her loſs, demonſtrates we have leſs.

BAYES. Is not that good language now? is not that elevate? It's my *non ultra*, I gad. You muſt know they were both in love with her.

SMI. With her? with whom?

BAYES. Why, this is *Lardella*'s Funeral.

SMI. *Lardella!* I, who is ſhe?

BAYES. Why, Sir, the Siſter of *Drawcanſir*. A Ladie that was drown'd at Sea, and had a wave for her winding-ſheet.[1]

*K. Uſh. Lardella*, O *Lardella*, from above,
Behold the Tragick iſſue of our Love.
Pitie us, ſinking under grief and pain,
For thy being caſt away upon the Main.

BAYES. Look you now, you ſee I told you true.

SMI. I, Sir, and I thank you for it, very kindly.

BAYES. Ay, I gad, but you will not have patience; honeſt Mr.——a——you will not have patience.

JOHNS. Pray, Mr. *Bayes*, who is that *Drawcanſir*?[2]

BAYES. Why, Sir, a fierce *Hero*, that frights his Miſtriſs, ſnubs up Kings, baffles Armies, and does what he will, without regard to *good* manners, juſtice or numbers.

*JOHNS. A very prettie* Character.

I have form'd a Heroe [*i.e.* Almanzor], I confeſs; not abſolutely perfect; but of an exceſſive and overboyling courage, both *Homer* and *Taſſo* are my precedents. Both the Greek and the Italian Poet had well conſider'd that a tame Heroe who never tranſgreſſes the bounds of moral vertue, would ſhine but dimly in an Epick poem.

J. DRYDEN. Dedication to *Conquest of Granada.* See alſo the prefatory Eſſay to the ſame play; entitled *Of Heroique Playes.*

SMI. But, Mr. *Bayes*, I thought your *Heroes* had ever been men of great humanity and juſtice.

BAYES. Yes, they have been ſo; but, for my part, I prefer that one quality of ſingly beating of whole Armies, above all your moral vertues put together, I gad. You ſhall ſee him come in preſently. Zookers, why don't you read the papyr? [*To the Players.*

*K. Phys.* O, cry you mercie. [*Goes to take the papyr.*

BAYES. Piſh! nay you are ſuch a fumbler. Come, I'l read it my ſelf. [*Takes a papyr from off the coffin.* Stay, it's an ill hand, I muſt uſe my Spectacles. This, now, is a Copie of Verſes, which I make *Lardella* compoſe, juſt as ſhe is dying, with deſign to have it pin'd on her Coffin, and ſo read by one of the Uſurpers, who is her Couſin.

SMI. A very ſhrewd deſign that, upon my word, Mr. *Bayes.*

BAYES. And what do you think I fancie her to make Love like, here, in the papyr?

SMI. Like a woman: what ſhould ſhe make Love like?

BAYES. O' my word you are out though, Sir; I gad you are.

SMI. What then? like a man?

BAYES. No, Sir; like a Humble Bee.

SMI. I confeſs, that I ſhould not have fancy'd.

BAYES. It may be ſo, Sir. But it is, though in order to the opinion of ſome of your ancient Philoſophers, who held the tranſmigration of the ſoul.

SMI. Very fine.

BAYES. I'l read the Title. *To my dear Couz, King* Phys.

SMI. That's a little too familiar with a King, though, Sir, by your favour, for a Humble Bee.

BAYES. Mr. *Smith*, for other things, I grant your knowledge may be above me; but, as for Poetry, give me leave to ſay, I underſtand that better: it has been longer my practice; it has indeed, Sir.

SMI. Your ſervant, Sir.

BAYES. *Pray mark it.* [Reads.

[1] *Berenice.* My earthly part———
Which is my Tyrants right, death will remove,
I'le come all Soul and Spirit to your Love.
With ſilent ſteps I'le follow you all day;
Or elſe before you, in the Sun-beams, play.
I'le lead you thence to melancholy Groves,
And there repeat the Scenes of our paſt Loves.

At night, I will within your Curtains peep;
With empty arms embrace you while you ſleep.
In gentle dreams I often will be by;
And ſweep along, before your cloſing eye.

All dangers from your bed I will remove;
But guard it moſt from any future Love.
And when at laſt, in pity, you will dye,

I'le watch your Birth of Immortality:
Then, Turtle-like, I'le to my Mate repair;
And teach you your firſt flight in open Air.

JOHN DRYDEN. *Tyrannick Love.* Act iii. Sc. i. p. 28. Ed. 1670.

Since death my earthly part will thus remove
I'l come a Humble Bee to your chaſte love.
With ſilent wings I'll follow you, dear Couz;
Or elſe, before you, in the Sun-beams buz.
And when to Melancholy Groves you come,
An Airy Ghoſt, you'l know me by my Hum;
For ſound, being Air, a Ghoſt does well become.

SMI. (After a pauſe). Admirable!

BAYES. At night, into your boſom I will creep,
And Buz but ſoftly if you chance to ſleep:
Yet, in your Dreams, I will paſs ſweeping by,
And then, both Hum and Buz before your eye.

JOHNS. By my troth, that's a very great promiſe.
SMI. Yes, and a moſt extraordinary comfort to boot.

BAYES. Your bed of Love, from dangers I will free;
But moſt, from love of any future Bee.
And when, with pitie, your heart-ſtrings ſhall crack,
With emptie arms I'll bear you on my back.

SMI. A pick-a-pack, a pick-a-pack.
BAYES. Ay, I gad, but is not that *tuant* now, ha? is it not *tuant?* Here's the end.

Then, at your birth of immortality,
Like any winged Archer, hence I'l fly,
And teach you your firſt flutt'ring in the Sky.

JOHNS. O rare! it is the moſt natural, refin'd fancie this, that ever I heard, I'l ſwear.
BAYES. Yes, I think, for a dead perſon, it is a good enough way of making love: for being diveſted of her Terreſtrial part, and all that, ſhe is only capable of theſe little, pretty, amorous deſigns that are innocent, and yet paſſionate. Come, draw your ſwords.

*K. Phys.* Come ſword, come ſheath thy ſelf within this breaſt,
*That only in Lardella's* Tomb can reſt.

[1] See the Scene in the Villain: where the Hoſt furniſhes his gueſts with a collation out of his Cloaths; a Capon from his Helmet, a Tanſey out of the Lining of his Cap, Cream out of his Scabbard, &c. . . . . *Key* 1704.

The text of this Scene, which muſt have depended much more upon the acting than the ſpeeches for its ſucceſs, is as follows:

*Hoſt.* 'Tis the Sign of the Pig, and I'm the Maſter of the Cabaret, which ſhall give you moſt Excellent content.

*Colig.* Say'ſt thou ſo honeſt fellow? faith thou art a very merry honeſt fellow; Siſters, I'l treat you, and theſe Gentlemen, at this Cabaret he talks of; Prethee honeſt Friend where is this Cabaret? for I long to be in a Cabaret.

*Hoſt.* Why here Sir, ſit down at this Table,
And call for what you will.

*Delpe.* How's this, how's this? S'death are you one of *Urganda's* Squiers? pray friend whence ſhall the meat, and wine come?

*Lamar.* From *Tripoli* on a Broomſtick.

*Hoſt.* Pray Gentlemen, hinder me not the Cuſtom of the young gallant; Entreat but theſe Ladies to ſit down, and break my head If you be not well treated, I'l deſire no favour.

*Colig.* Nor no money neither, I hope Sir.

*Hoſt.* Truly I won't; if you be not pleaſ'd above expectation, Ne'r Truſt one again of my profeſſion.

*Delpe.* Faith Ladies this may prove worth our Curioſity; Come we will ſit down.

*Maria.* What you pleaſe Sir.

*Colig.* That's my good Siſter; Come, come, La Couvert, la Couvert.

*Lamar.* This begins to look like ſomthing, he's bravely ſtuft I'l warrant you, he is ſo well hung.

*Colig.* Now Sir, a cold breſt of your delicate white Veal.

*Hoſt.* Here you have it Sir.

*Colig.* Nay, nay, and a ſallet? good Sir, a ſallet?

*Hoſt.* Well Sir, I muſt untruſs a poynt.

*Colig.* How Sir, to give us a ſallet? why have you been at graſs?

*Delpe.* Why d'yee want a boyl'd ſallet Monſieur?

*Lamar.* Before St. *Lewis* an Excellent Trimming,
I'l ha' my next Suit, that I go into the Campaign with, trimm'd all with Saſages.

*Maria.* 'Twill make many a hungry Souldier aim at you.

*Colig.* Well thought on ifaith Sir.
Come friend, a Diſh of Saſages, a diſh of Saſages.

*Hoſt.* VVhy look you Sir, this Gentleman only miſtook the *placing, theſe do* better in a belt.

*Continued at pp.* 104, 106.

*K. Uſh.* Come, dagger, come, and penetrate this heart,
Which cannot from *Lardella*'s Love depart.

*Enter* Pallas.

*Pal.* Hold, ſtop your murd'ring hands
At *Pallaſes* commands:
For the ſuppoſed dead, O Kings,
Forbear to act ſuch deadly things.
*Lardella* lives: I did but try
If Princes for their Loves could dye.
Such Cœleſtial conſtancie
Shall, by the Gods, rewarded be:
And from theſe Funeral obſequies
A Nuptial Banquet ſhall ariſe.

[*The Coffin opens, and a Banquet is diſcover'd.*

BAYES. Now it's out. This is the very Funeral of the fair perſon which *Volſcius* ſent word was dead, and *Pallas*, you ſee, has turn'd it into a Banquet.

JOHNS. By my troth, now, that is new, and more than I expected.

BAYES. Yes, I knew this would pleaſe you: for the chief Art in Poetry is to elevate your expectation, and then bring you off ſome extraordinary way.

*K. Uſh.* Reſplendent *Pallas*, we in thee do find
The fierceſt Beauty, and a fiercer mind:
And ſince to thee *Lardella*'s life we owe,
We'l ſupple Statues in thy Temple grow.

*K. Phys.* Well, ſince alive *Lardella*'s found,
Let, in full Boles, her health go round.

[*The two Uſurpers take each of them a Bole in their hands.*

*K. Uſh.* But where's the Wine?

*Pal.* That ſhall be mine.
Lo, from this conquering Lance,
Does flow the pureſt wine of *France*:
And, to appeaſe your hunger, I
Have, in my Helmet, brought a Pye:
Laſtly, *to bear a part with theſe,*
*Behold a Buckler* made of Cheeſe. [*Vaniſh* Pallas.

Fills the Boles out of her Lance.

[1] *Enter* Almahide *with a taper.*
*Almahide.* My Light will ſure diſcover thoſe who talk,
Who dares to interrupt my private Walk?
*Almanzor.* He who dares love; and for that love muſt dye,
And, knowing this, dares yet love on, am I.
J. DRYDEN. *Conqueſt of Granada*, P. II. Act iv. p. 131. Ed. 1672.

[2] I will not now, if thou wouldſt beg me, ſtay;
But I will take my *Almahide* away.
*Idem*, P. I. Act v. p. 60. Ed. 1672.

[3] *Almanzor.* Thou darſt not marry her while I'm in ſight,
With a bent brow thy Prieſt and thee I'le fright,
And in that Scene
VVhich all thy hopes and wiſhes ſhould content,
The thought of me ſhall make thee impotent.
*He is led off by Guards.*
*Idem*, P. I. Act v. p. 61. Ed. 1672.

[4] *Almanzor.* Spight of my ſelf I'le Stay, Fight, Love, Despair,
And I can do all this, becauſe I dare.
*Idem*, P. II. Act ii. p. 99. Ed. 1672.

*Enter* Drawcanſir.

[1] *K. Phys.* What man is this that dares diſturb our feaſt?
*Draw.* He that dares drink, and for that drink dares die,
And, knowing this, dares yet drink on, am I.

JOHNS. That is as much as to ſay, that though he would rather die than not drink, yet he would fain drink for all that too.

BAYES. Right; that's the conceipt on't.

JOHNS. 'Tis a marveilous good one; I ſwear.

*K. Uſh.* Sir, if you pleaſe we ſhould be glad to know
How long you here will ſtay, how ſoon you'l go.

BAYES. Is not that now like a well-bred perſon, I gad? So modeſt, ſo gent!

SMI. O, very like.

[2] *Draw.* You ſhall not know how long I here will ſtay;
But you ſhall know I'l take my Boles away.
*Snatches the Boles out of the Kings hands, and drinks 'em off.*

SMI. But, Mr. *Bayes*, is that (too) modeſt and gent?

BAYES. No, I gad, Sir, but it's great.

*K. Uſh.* Though, Brother, this grum ſtranger be a Clown,
He'l leavé us, ſure, a little to gulp down.

[3] *Draw.* Who e'er to gulp one drop of this dares think
I'l ſtare away his very pow'r to drink.
*The two Kings ſneak off the Stage, with their Attendants.*

[4] I drink, I huff, I ſtrut, look big and ſtare;
And all this I can do, becauſe I dare. [*Exit.*

SMI. I ſuppoſe, Mr. *Bayes*, this is the fierce *Hero* you ſpoke of.

BAYES. Yes; but this is nothing: you ſhall ſee him, in the laſt Act, win above a dozen battels, one after another, I gad, as faſt as they can poſſibly be repreſented.

JOHNS. That will be a fight worth ſeeing, indeed.

SMI. But pray, Mr. *Bayes*, why do you make the *Kings let him uſe 'em ſo* ſcurvily?

*Continued from p.* 100.

*Franc.* A ſtrange fellow this.

*Delpe.* I, is it not? come Sir, wine we see you have: Prethee let's taſt the beſt.

*Hoſt.* That you ſhall Sir;
If you'l hear Muſick, and a Song with't,
I'm ready: you ſhall want nothing here.

Sings.

*Yee may Tipple, and Tipple, and Tipple all out,*
*Till yee baffle the Stars, and the Sun face about.*

*Delpe.* Away with your Drunken ſongs, have you nothing fitter to please the Ladies?

*Hoſt.* Yes Sir.

*Delpe.* Come away with it then.

Hoſt *Sings.*

*Colig.* Moſt Excellent ifaith! Here's to thee honeſt fellow with all my heart; nay ſtay a little, this is very good VVine; here's to thee again——heark you honeſt fellow, let me ſpeak with you aſide. D'ye Count here by pieces or d'ye treat by the head?

*Hoſt.* I'l treat by the head Sir, if you please; a Crown a head, and you ſhall have excellent cheer, VVine as much as you can drink.

*Colig.* That's honeſtly ſaid; you know my father friend, tis Monſieur *Cortaux.*

*Hoſt.* Yes Sir, the famous Scrivener here of *Tours.*

*Colig.* VVell, treat us very well, I'l ſee thee pay'd.

*Hoſt.* Nay Sir, I'l ſee myſelf pay'd, I'l warrant you, before you and I part.

*Colig.* I do mean it ſo honeſt friend, but prethee ſpeak not a word to the Gentlemen, for then you quite diſgrace, Sir, your moſt humble Servant.

*Hoſt.* Mum, a word to the wife is enough.

*Colig.* Come, come, Friend where's the Capon of *Bruges* you laſt ſpoke of?

*Hoſt.* Here at hand Sir, Wife undo my Helmet, this, Sir, Is my Creſt.

*Delp.* A very improper one for a marri'd man.

*Colig.* Yes faith and troth, he ſhould have had horns, ha, ha, ha, Here's to yee noble Captain; a very good jeſt As I am a Gentleman:

*D'elp.* I thank you Sir!

*Colig.* Me thinks you are melancholly, Sir!

*La'ma.* Not I Sir, I can aſſure you: Lady's how Like ye the ſport, an odd Collation, but well Contriv'd.

*Fran. The contrivance is all in all.*

*Concluded at p.* 106.

BAYES. Phoo! that is to raiſe the character of *Drawcanſir*.

JOHNS. O' my word, that was well thought on.

BAYES. Now, Sir, I'l ſhew you a Scene indeed; or rather, indeed, the Scene of Scenes. 'Tis an Heroick Scene.

SMI. And pray, Sir, what is your deſign in this Scene?

BAYES. Why, Sir, my deſign is *Roman* Cloaths, guilded Truncheons, forc'd conceipt, ſmooth Verſe, and a Rant: In fine, if this Scene does not take, I gad, I'l write no more. Come, come in, Mr.——a—— nay, come in as many as you can. Gentlemen, I muſt deſire you to remove a little, for I muſt fill the Stage.

SMI. Why fill the Stage?

BAYES. O, Sir, becauſe your Heroick Verſe never founds well, but when the Stage is full.

## SCÆNA II.

*Enter Prince* Pretty-man, *and Prince* Volſcius.

NAy, hold, hold; pray by your leave a little. Look you, Sir, the drift of this Scene is ſomewhat more than ordinary: for I make 'em both fall out becauſe they are not in love with the ſame woman.

SMI. Not in love? you mean, I ſuppoſe, becauſe they are in love, Mr. *Bayes?*

BAYES. No, Sir; I ſay not in love: there's a new conceipt for you. Now, ſpeak.

*Pret.* Since fate, Prince *Volſcius*, has found out the way
For our ſo long'd-for meeting here this day,
Lend thy attention to my grand concern.
*Vols.* I gladly would that ſtory of thee learn;
But thou to love doſt, *Pretty-man*, incline:
Yet love in thy breaſt is not love in mine.

BAYES. *Antitheſis!* thine and mine.

*Concluded from p.* 104.

*Maria.* What makes my Brother kneel, look, look Sifter.
*Colig.* Here's a health to our noble Colonel,
Gentlemen, ye fee 'tis a good one!
*D'elp.* Yes, and a large one, but if both drink it
How ſhall we lead your Sifters home!
*Colig.* No matter, Hem: here 'tis Gentlemen, *super Naculum.*
Come, come a Tanſey Sirrah quickly.
*D'elp.* Has pos'd ye there mine Hoſt.
*Hoſt.* That's as time ſhall try, look ye here Sir.
The lining of my Cap is good for something.
*La'mar.* Faith this was unlook'd for.
*D'elp.* S'fiſh I think all his apparel is made of commendable
Stuff; has he not Ginger-bread-ſhoes on.
*Hoſt.* No truly Sir: 'tis ſeldom call'd for in a Tavern,
. . . . . .
*Colig.* Nay I've no need on't, faith thou art a brave
Fellow: Here's mine Hoſt's health Gentlemen.
*D'elp.* Could you procure theſe Ladies a diſh of Cream
Sir, this will ſhew your Maſter-piece!
*Hoſt.* 'Tis the only weapon I fight at; look ye
Gentlemen the thunder has melted my ſword
In the ſcabbard, But 'tis good, taſte it.
*D'elp.* Th' aſt my Verdict to be the wonder of Hoſts,
Shalt have a Patent for't if I have any
Power at Court.

T. PORTER. *The Villain.* Act iii. Sc. i. pp. 47–50. Ed. 1663.

*Pret.* Since love it ſelf's the ſame, why ſhould it be
Diff'ring in you from what it is in me?

BAYES. Reaſoning; I gad, I love reaſoning in verſe.

*Vols.* Love takes, *Cameleon*-like, a various dye
From every Plant on which it ſelf does lye.

BAYES. *Simile*!

*Pret.* Let not thy love the courſe of Nature fright:
Nature does moſt in harmony delight.

*Vols.* How weak a *Deity* would Nature prove
Contending with the pow'rful God of Love?

BAYES. There's a great Verſe!

*Vols.* If Incenſe thou wilt offer at the Shrine
Of mighty Love, burn it to none but mine.
Her Roſie-lips external ſweets exhale;
And her bright flames make all flames elſe look pale.

BAYES. I gad, that is right.

*Pret.* Perhaps dull Incenſe may thy love ſuffice;
But mine muſt be ador'd with Sacrifice;
All hearts turn aſhes which her eyes controul:
The Body they conſume as well as Soul.

*Vols.* My love has yet a power more Divine;
Victims her Altars burn not, but refine:
Amid'ſt the flames they ne'er give up the Ghoſt,
But, with her looks, revive ſtill as they roaſt.
In ſpite of pain and death, they're kept alive:
Her fiery eyes makes 'em in fire ſurvive.

BAYES. That is as well as I can do.

*Vols.* Let my *Parthenope* at length prevail,

BAYES. Civil, I gad.

*Pret.* I'l ſooner have a paſſion for a Whale:
In whoſe vaſt bulk, though ſtore of Oyl doth lye,
We find more ſhape more beauty in a Fly.

SMI. That's uncivil, I gad.

BAYES. *Yes; but as far a fetch'd fancie, though, I gad, as ever you ſaw.*

[1] *Maximin.* Thou ly'ſt:—there's not a God inhabits there,
But for this Chriſtian would all Heav'n forſwear.
Ev'n *Jove* would try more ſhapes her Love to win:
And in new birds, and unknown beaſts would ſin;
At leaſt, if *Jove* could love like *Maximin.*

J. DRYDEN, *Tyrannick Love*, Act ii. p. 19. 1670. Ed. 1670.

[2](*a*) *Maximin.* Stay; if thou ſpeak'ſt that word, thou ſpeak'ſt thy laſt:
Some God now, if he dares, relate what's paſt:
Say but he's dead, that God ſhall mortal be.

*Idem*, Act i. p. 7. Ed. 1670.

(*b*) *Maximin.* Provoke my rage no further, leſt I be
Reveng'd at once upon the Gods and thee.

*Idem*, Act i. p. 9. Ed. 1670.

*Vols.* Soft, *Pretty-man*, let not thy vain pretence
Of perfect love, defame loves excellence.
*Parthenope*, is ſure as far above
All other loves, as above all is Love.

BAYES. Ah! I gad, that ſtrikes me.

*Pret.* To blame my *Cloris*, Gods would not pretend.

BAYES. Now mark.

[1] *Vols.* Were all God's joyn'd, they could not hope to mend.
My better choice: for fair *Parthenope*,
Gods would, themſelves, un-god themſelves to ſee.

BAYES. Now the Rant's a coming.

[2] *Pret.* Durſt any of the Gods be ſo uncivil,
I'ld make that God ſubſcribe himſelf a Devil.

BAYES. Ah, Godſookers, that's well writ!

*Vols.* Could'ſt thou that God from Heav'n to Earth tranſlate,
He could not fear to want a Heav'nly State,
*Parthenope*, on Earth, can Heav'n create.

*Pret. Cloris* does Heav'n it ſelf ſo far excel,
She can tranſcend the joys of Heav'n in Hell.

BAYES. There's a bold flight for you now! 'Sdeath, I have loſt my peruke. Well, Gentlemen, this is that I never yet ſaw any one could write, but my ſelf. Here's true ſpirit and flame all through, I gad. So, So; pray clear the Stage. [*He puts 'em off the Stage.*

JOHNS. But, Mr. *Bayes*, pray why is this Scene all in Verſe?

BAYES. O, Sir, the ſubject is too great for Proſe.

SMI. Well ſaid, i' faith; I'l give thee a pot of Ale for that anſwer: 'tis well worth it.

BAYES. Come, with all my heart.
I'l make that God ſubſcribe himſelf a Devil.
That ſingle line, I gad, is worth all that my brother Poets ever writ. So, now let down the Curtain.

[*Exeunt.*

*Finis Actus Quarti.*

## ACTUS V. SCÆNA I.

BAYES, *and the two Gentlemen.*

BAYES. Ow, Gentlemen, I will be bold to ſay, I'll ſhew you the greateſt Scene that ever *England* ſaw: I mean not for words, for thoſe I do not value; but for ſtate, ſhew, and magnificence. In fine, I'll juſtifie it to be as grand to the eye every whit, I gad, as that great Scene in *Harry* the Eight, and grander too, I gad; for, inſtead of two Biſhops, I have brought in two other Cardinals.

*The Curtain is drawn up, and the two uſurping Kings appear in State, with the four Cardinals,* *Prince* Pretty-man, *Prince* Volscius, Amarillis, Cloris, Parthenope, *&c. before them, Heralds and Serjeants at Arms with Maces.*

SMI. Mr. *Bayes*, pray what is the reaſon that two of the Cardinals are in Hats, and the other in Caps?

BAYES. Why, Sir, becauſe——By gad, I won't tell you.

SMI. I ask your pardon, Sir.

*K. Uſh.* Now, Sir, to the buſineſs of the day.

*Vols.* Dread Soveraign Lords, my zeal to you, muſt not invade my duty to your Son; let me intreat that great Prince *Pretty-man* firſt do ſpeak: whoſe high pre-eminence, in all things that do bear the name of good, may juſtly claim that priviledge.

*Pret.* Royal Father, upon my knees I beg
That the Illuſtrious *Volſcius* firſt be heard.

BAYES. Here it begins to unfold: you may perceive, *now, that he is his Son.*

[1] In Sept. 1656, Sir W. D'AVENANT publiſhed '*The Siege of Rhodes*, made a Repreſentation by the Art of Proſpective in Scenes, And the ſtory ſung in *Recitative* Muſic. At the back of *Rutland*-Houſe in the upper end of Alderſgate-Sreet, London.' Inſtead of Acts, there are five 'Entries.' This conſtituted Part I. The ſecond part was publiſhed in 1663.

In 'The first Entry,' p. 4.

Enter *Alphonſo.*

[1] *Alphon.* What various Noiſes do mine ears invade?
And have a Conſort of confuſion made?

[2] Nakar *and* Damilcar *deſcend in Clouds, and ſing.*

*Nakar.* Hark, my *Damilcar*, we are call'd below
*Dam.* Let us go, let us go!
Go to relieve the care
Of longing Lovers in deſpair!
*Nakar.* Merry, merry, merry, we ſail from the Eaſt
Half tippled at a Rain-bow Feaſt.
*Dam.* In the bright Moon-ſhine while winds whiſtle loud,
Tivy, tivy, tivy, we mount and we fly,
All racking along in a downy white Cloud:
*And leſt our* leap from the Skie ſhould prove too far,

JOHNS. Yes, Sir; and we are very much beholden to you for that diſcovery.

*Vols.* That preference is only due to *Amarillis*, Sir.

BAYES. I'l make her ſpeak very well, by and by, you ſhall ſee.

*Ama.* Invincible Soveraigns—— [*Soft Muſick.*
*K. Uſh.* But ſtay, what ſound is this invades our ears?
*K. Phys.* Sure 'tis the Muſick of the moving Spheres.
*Pret.* Behold, with wonder, yonder comes from far
A God-like-Cloud, and a triumphant Carr:
In which, our two right Kings ſit one by one,
With Virgin Veſts, and Laurel Garlands on.
*K. Uſh.* Then, Brother *Phys*', 'tis time that we were gone. | *The two Uſurpers ſteal out of the Throne, and go away.*

BAYES. Look you now, did not I tell you that this would be as eaſie a turn as the other?

SMI. Yes, faith, you did ſo; though I confeſs, I could not believe you; but you have brought it about, I ſee.

| *The two right Kings of* Brentford *deſcend in the Clouds, ſinging in white garments; and three Fidlers ſitting before them, in green.*

BAYES. Now, becauſe the two Right Kings deſcend from above, I make 'em ſing to the Tune and Stile of our modern Spirits.

1 *King.* Haſte, brother King, we are ſent from above.
2 *King.* Let us move, let us move:
Move to remove the Fate
Of *Brentford's* long united State.
1 *King.* Tara, tara, tara, full Eaſt and by South,
2 *King.* We fail with Thunder in our mouth,
In ſcorching noon-day, whil'ſt the traveller ſtayes,
Buſie, buſie, buſie, buſie, we buſtle along.
Mounted upon warm *Phœbus* his Rayes,
Through the Heavenly throng,
*Haſte to thoſe*

We ſlide on the back of a new-falling Star.
*Nakar.* And drop from above,
In a Gelly of Love!
*Dam.* But now the Sun's down, and the Element's red,
The Spirits of Fire againſt us make head!
*Nakar.* They muſter, they muſter, like Gnats in the Air,
Alas! I muſt leave thee, my Fair;
And to my light Horſe-men repair.
*Dam.* O ſtay, for you need not to fear 'em to night
The wind is for us, and blows full in their ſight:
And o're the wide Ocean we fight!
Like leaves in the Autumn our Foes will fall down;
And hiſs in the Water——
*Both.* And hiſs in the Water and drown!
*Nakar.* But their men lye ſecurely intrench'd in a Cloud:
And a Trumpeter-Hornet to battel ſounds loud.

*Dam.* Now Mortals that ſpie
How we tilt in the ſkie
With wonder will gaze;
And fear ſuch events as will ne're come to paſs!
*Nakar.* Stay you to perform what the man will have done
*Dam.* Then call me again when the Battel is won.
*Both.* So ready and quick is a Spirit of Air
To pity the Lover, and ſuccour the fair,
That, ſilent and ſwift, the little ſoft God
Is here with a wiſh, and is gone with a nod.

[*The Clouds part,* Nakar *flies up, and Damilcar down*

J. DRYDEN. *Tyrannick Love.* Act iv. Sc. i. pp 30—31 Ed. 167

Who will feaſt us, at night, with a Pigs Pretty-toes.

1 *King.* And we'l fall with our pate
In an *Ollio* of hate.

2 *King.* But now ſupper's done, the Servitors try,
Like Souldiers, to ſtorm a whole half-moon-pye.

1 *King.* They gather, they gather hot Cuſtard in ſpoons,
Alas, I muſt leave theſe half-moons,
And repair to my truſty Dragoons.

2 *King.* O ſtay, for you need not as yet go aſtray;
The Tyde, like a friend, has brought ſhips in our way,
And on their high ropes we will play.
Like Maggots in Filberds, we'l ſnug in our ſhell,
We'l friſk in our ſhell,
We'l firk in our ſhell,
And farewel.

1 *King.* But the Ladies have all inclination to dance,
And the green Frogs croak out a Coranto of *France.*

BAYES. Is not that pretty, now? The Fidlers are all in green.

SMI. I, but they play no Coranto.

JOHNS. No, but they play a Tune, that's a great deal better.

BAYES. No Coranto quoth a! that's a good one, with all my heart. Come, ſing on.

2 *King.* Now Mortals that hear
How we Tilt and Carrier,
With wonder will fear
The event of ſuch things as ſhall never appear.

1 *King.* Stay you to fulfil what the Gods have decreed.

2 *King.* Then call me to help you, if there ſhall be need.

1 *King.* So firmly reſolv'd is a true *Brentford* King
To ſave the diſtreſſed, and help to 'em bring,
That ere a Full-pot of good Ale you can ſwallow,
He's here with a whoop, and gone with a holla.

[BAYES *phillips his finger, and ſings after 'em.*

BAYES. He's here with a whoop, and gone with a holla. This, Sir, you muſt know, I thought once to have brought in with a Conjurer.

JOHNS. I, that would have been better.

BAYES. No, faith, not when you conſider it: for thus 'tis more compendious, and does the thing every whit as well.

SMI. Thing! what thing?

BAYES. Why, bring 'em down again into the Throne, Sir; what thing would you have?

SMI. Well; but, methinks, the Scene of this Song is not very plain.

BAYES. Plain? why, did you ever hear any people in Clouds ſpeak plain? They muſt be all for flight of fancie, at its full range, without the leaſt check, or controul upon it. When once you tye up ſpirits, and people in Clouds to ſpeak plain, you ſpoil all.

SMI. Bleſs me, what a Monſter's this!

*The two Kings light out of the Clouds, and ſtep into the Throne.*

1 *King.* Come, now to ſerious counſel we'l advance.

2 *King.* I do agree; but firſt, let's have a Dance.

BAYES. Right. You did that very well, Mr. *Cartwright.* But firſt, let's have a Dance. Pray remember that; be ſure you do it always juſt ſo: for it muſt be done as if it were the effect of thought, and premeditation. But firſt, let's have a Dance. Pray remember that.

SMI. Well, I can hold no longer, I muſt gag this rogue; there's no induring of him.

JOHNS. No, pr'ythee make uſe of thy patience a little longer: let's ſee the end of him now.

[*Dance a grand Dance.*

BAYES. This, now, is an ancient Dance, of right belonging to the Kings of *Brentford*; and ſince deriv'd, with a little alteration, to the Inns of Court.

*An Alarm. Enter two Heralds.*

[1] *Enter* Abdelmelech.
*Boabdelen.* What new misfortune do theſe Cries preſage?
JOHN DRYDEN.—*Conquest of Granada*, Part II. Act i. p. 78. Ed. 1670.

[2] *Enter a Second Meſſenger.*
*Sec. Meſſ.* Haſte all you can their fury to aſſwage.
You are not ſafe from their rebellious rage.
*Enter a Third Meſſenger.*
*Third Meſſ.* This Minute if you grant not their deſire
They'll ſeize your Perſon and your Palace Fire.
*Idem*, Part II, Act i. p 80. Ed. 1670.

1 *King.* What ſawcie Groom moleſts our privacies?
1 *Her.* The Army's at the door, and in diſguiſe,
Deſires a word with both your Majeſties:
2 *Her.* Having, from *Knights-bridge*, hither march'd by ſtealth.
2 *King.* Bid 'em attend a while, and drink our health.

SMI. How, Mr. *Bayes*, the Army in diſguiſe?

BAYES. Ay, Sir, for fear the Uſurpers might diſcover them that went out but juſt now.

SMI. Why, what if they had diſcover'd them?

BAYES. Why then they had broke this deſign.

SMI. That's true, indeed. I did not think of that.

1 *King.* Here, take five Guineys for thoſe warlike men.
2 *King.* And here's five more; that makes the ſum juſt ten.
1 *Her.* We have not ſeen ſo much the Lord knows when. [*Exeunt Heralds.*
1 *King.* Speak on, brave *Amarillis*.
*Ama.* Invincible Soveraigns, blame not my modeſty,
If at this grand conjuncture——
[*Drum beats behind the Stage.*
1 *King.* What dreadful noiſe is this that comes and goes?
*Enter a Soldier with his Sword drawn.*
*Sold.* Haſte hence, great Sirs, your Royal perſons ſave.
For the event of war no mortal knows:
The Army, wrangling for the gold you gave,
Firſt fell to words, and then to handy-blows.
[*Exit.*
2 *King.* O dangerous eſtate of Soveraign pow'r!
Obnoxious to the change of every hour.
1 *King.* Let us for ſhelter in our Cabinet ſtay:
Perhaps theſe threat'ning ſtorms may paſs away. [*Exeunt.*

JOHNS. But, Mr. *Bayes*, did not you promiſe us, juſt now, to make *Amarillis* ſpeak very well?

BAYES. Ay, and ſo ſhe would have done, but that *they hinder'd her.*

SMI. How, Sir? whether you would or no?

BAYES. Ay, Sir; the Plot lay ſo that, I vow to gad, it was not to be avoided.

SMI. Marry, that was hard.

JOHNS. But, pray, who hinder'd her?

BAYES. Why, the battel, Sir, that's juſt coming in at door. And I'l tell you now a ſtrange thing: though I don't pretend to do more than other men, I gad, I'l give you both a whole week to gheſs how I'l repreſent this Battel.

SMI. I had rather be bound to fight your Battel, Sir, I aſſure you.

BAYES. Why, there's it now: fight a Battel? there's the common error. I knew preſently where I ſhould have you. Why, pray, Sir, do but tell me this one thing, Can you think it a decent thing, in a battel before Ladies, to have men run their Swords through one another, and all that?

JOHNS. No, faith, 'tis not civil.

BAYES. On the other ſide; to have a long relation of Squadrons here, and Squadrons there: what is that but a dull prolixity?

JOHNS. Excellently reaſon'd, by my troth!

BAYES. Wherefore, Sir, to avoid both thoſe Indecorums, I ſum up my whole battel in the repreſentation of two perſons only, no more: and yet ſo lively, that, I vow to gad, you would ſwear ten thouſand men were at it, really engag'd. Do you mark me?

SMI. Yes, Sir; but I think I ſhould hardly ſwear, though, for all that.

BAYES. By my troth, Sir, but you would, though, when you ſee it: for I make 'em both come out in Armor, *Cap-a-pea*, with their Swords drawn, and hung, with a ſcarlet Ribbon at their wriſts, (which, you know, repreſents fighting enough) each of 'em holding a Lute in his hand.

SMI. How, Sir, inſtead of a Buckler?

BAYES. O Lord, O Lord! inſtead of a Buckler? *Pray, Sir, do you ask* no more queſtions. I make 'em,

[1] (*a*) Arm, Arm, *Villerius*, Arm !
Sir W. D'AVENANT. *Siege of Rhodes.* 'The first Entry.' p. 3. Ed. 1656.

(*b*) 'The Third Entry' thus begins.
Enter *Solyman*, *Pirrhus*, *Muſtapha.*
*Solym. Pirrhus.* Draw up our Army wide !
Then, from the Groſs two ſtrong Reſerves divide ;
And ſpread the wings ;
As if we were to fight
In the loſt *Rhodians* fight
With all the Weſtern Kings !
Each Wing with *Janizaries* line ;
The Right and Left to *Hally's* Sons aſſigne ;
The *Groſs* to *Zangiban.*
The Main Artillery
With *Muſtapha* ſhall be :
Bring thou the *Rear*, We lead the *Van.*
*Idem*, p. 14.

(*c*) At the beginning of 'The fifth Entry' is,
*Muſta.* Point well the Cannon, and play faſt !
Their fury is too hot to laſt.
That Rampire ſhakes ! they fly into the Town !
*Pirrh.* March up with thoſe Reſerves to that Redout,
Faint Slaves ! the *Janizaries* reel !
They bend, they bend ! and ſeem to feel
The terrors of a Rout.
*Muſta.* Old *Zanger* halts, and reinforcement lacks !
*Pirrh.* March on.
*Muſta.* Advance thoſe Pikes, and charge their Backs.
*Idem*, p. 38.

Sir, play the battel in *Recitativo*. And here's the conceipt. Juſt at the very ſame inſtant that one ſings, the other, Sir, recovers you his Sword, and puts himſelf in a warlike poſture: ſo that you have at once your ear entertain'd with Muſick, and good Language, and your eye ſatisfi'd with the garb, and accoutrements of war. Is not that well?

JOHNS. I, what would you have more? he were a Devil that would not be ſatisfi'd with that.

SMI. I confeſs, Sir, you ſtupifie me.

BAYES. You ſhall ſee.

JOHNS. But, Mr. *Bayes*, might not we have a little fighting for I love thoſe Plays, where they cut and ſlaſh one another, upon the Stage, for a whole hour together.

BAYES. Why, then, to tell you true, I have contriv'd it both ways. But you ſhall have my *Recitativo* firſt.

*Enter, at ſeveral doors, the General, and Lieutenant General, arm'd* Cap-a-pea, *with each of them a Lute in his hand, and his ſword drawn, and hung, with a ſcarlet Ribbon at his wriſt.*

*Lieut. Gen.* Villain, thou lyeſt.

*Gen.* Arm, arm, *Gonſalvo*, arm; what ho?
The lye no fleſh can brook, I trow.

*Lieut. Gen.* Advance, from *Acton*, with the Muſquetiers.

*Gen.* Draw down the *Chelſey* Curiaſiers,

*Lieut. Gen.* The Band you boast of, *Chelsey* Curiaſiers.
Shall, in my *Putney* Pikes, now meet their Peers.

*Gen.* *Chiſwickians*, aged, and renown'd in fight,
Joyn with the *Hammerſmith* Brigade.

*Lieut. Gen.* You'l find my *Mortlake* Boys will do them right,
Unleſs by *Fulham* numbers over-laid.

*Gen.* Let the left-wing of *Twick'nam* foot advance
*And line that* Eaſtern hedge.

*Lieut. Gen.* The Horſe I rais'd in *Petty-France*
Shall try their chance.
And ſcowr the Medows, over-grown with Sedge.
*Gen.* Stand : give the word.
*Lieut. Gen.* Bright Sword.
*Gen.* That may be thine.
But 'tis not mine.
*Lieut. Gen.* Give fire, give fire, at once give fire,
And let thoſe recreant Troops perceive mine ire.
*Gen.* Purſue, purſue ; they fly
That firſt did give the lye. [*Exeunt.*

BAYES. This, now, is not improper, I think, becauſe the Spectators know all theſe Towns, and may eaſily conceive them to be within the Dominions of the two Kings of *Brentford.*

JOHNS. Moſt exceeding well deſign'd !

BAYES. How do you think I have contriv'd to give a ſtop to this battel ?

SMI. How ?

BAYES. By an Eclipſe : Which, let me tell you, is a kind of fancie that was yet never ſo much as thought of, but by my ſelf, and one perſon more, that ſhall be nameleſs. Come, come in, Mr.——a——

*Enter Lieutenant General.*

*Lieut. Gen.* What mid-night darkneſs does invade the day,
And ſnatch the Victor from his conquer'd prey ?
Is the Sun weary of his bloudy fight,
And winks upon us with his eye of light ?
'Tis an Eclipſe. This was unkind, O Moon,
To clap between me, and the Sun ſo ſoon.
Fooliſh Eclipſe ! thou this in vain haſt done ;
My brighter honour had Eclips'd the Sun.
But now behold Eclipſes two in one. [*Exit.*

JOHNS. *This is an admirable repreſentation of a Battel, as ever I ſaw.*

[1] *Enter* Aurora *in a black Veil below.*
*Song in Dialogue.*

*Aur.* Phœbus?
*Phœb.* Who calls the World's great Light?
*Aur.* *Aurora*, that abhors the Night.
*Phœb.* Why does *Aurora* from her Clowd
To drowſie *Phœbus* cry ſo loud?
*Aur.* Put on thy Beams; riſe, (no regard
To a young Goddeſs, that lies hard
In th' old Man's boſome?) riſe for ſhame,
And ſhine my Clowd into a Flame.
*Phœb.* Oblige me not beyond my pow'r,
I muſt not riſe before my hour.
*Aur.* Before thy hour? look down, and ſee,
In vain the *Perſian* kneels to thee,
And I (mock'd by the glim'ring Shade)
A ſad mistake in *Naples* made;
Like *Pliny*, I had loſt my life,
If I had been a Mortal Wife.
*Phœb.* Thou cam'ſt too near the Burning Mount
*Veſuvio?*
*Aur.* Upon thy account,
For I took Clowds of Smoke and Fire,
(which here from *Vulcan*'s Court expire)
For Morning-ſtreaks, Blew, White, and Red,
That Rouſe me from cold *Tithon*'s Bed.
[Phœbus *enters with his Beams*
*Phœb.* Charge not upon me for a Crime,
That I ſtaid th' utmoſt point of time,
Before I would put off my Bays,
And on *Naples* ſhed my Rays,
where ſuch a miſchief they have done,
As will make *Venus* hate the Sun,
Diſcovering to *Vulcan*'s eye
Where She and *Mars* embracing lie.
*Aur.* I'm ſorry *Mars* and *Venus* had
Such privacy: but I am glad
that *Phœbus* does at laſt appear
To ſhine away *Aurora*'s Fear.
*Phœb.* What frighted thee?
*Aur.* I know not what:
But thou know'st all; what noiſe is that?
[*Within* Vulcan *roars out*, No work, Rogue
*Phœb.* 'Tis *Vulcan*, in a greater Heat
Than th' Irons by his *Cyclops* beat:
He makes the horrour of that noiſe,
Teaching and Knocking his great Boys,
(From hamm'ring out Jove's Thunder) ſet

BAYES. I, Sir. But how would you fancie now to repreſent an Eclipſe?

SMI. Why that's to be ſuppos'd.

BAYES. Suppos'd! Ay, you are ever at your ſuppoſe: ha, ha, ha. Why, you may as well ſuppoſe the whole Play. No it muſt come in upon the Stage, that's certain; but in ſome odd way, that may delight, amuſe, and all that. I have a conceipt for't, that I am ſure is new, and, I believe, to the purpoſe.

JOHNS. How's that?

BAYES. Why, the truth is, I took the firſt hint of this out of a Dialogue, between *Phœbus* and *Aurora*, in the *Slighted Maid*:[1] which, by my troth, was very pretty; though, I think, you'l confeſs this is a little better.

JOHNS. No doubt on't, Mr. *Bayes*.

BAYES. But, Sir, you have heard, I ſuppoſe, that your Eclipſe of the Moon, is nothing elſe, but an interpoſition of the Earth, between the Sun and Moon: as likewiſe your Eclipſe of the Sun is caus'd by an interlocation of the Moon, betwixt the Earth and Sun?

SMI. I have heard ſo, indeed.

BAYES. Well, Sir; what do me I, but make the Earth, Sun, and Moon, come out upon the Stage, and dance the Hey: hum? And, of neceſſity, by the very nature of this Dance, the Earth muſt be ſometimes between the Sun and the Moon, and the Moon between the Earth and Sun; and there you have both your Eclipſes. That is new, I gad, ha?

JOHNS. That muſt needs be very fine, truly.

BAYES. Yes, there is ſome fancie in't. And then, Sir, that there may be ſomething in it of a Joque, I make the Moon ſell the Earth a Bargain. Come, come out Eclipſe, to the tune of *Tom Tyler*.

*Enter* Luna.

*Luna. Orbis*, O *Orbis*,
Come to me thou little rogue *Orbis*.
*Enter the Earth.*
*Orb. What calls Terra firma*, pray?

To File and Poliſh *Vulcan*'s Net,
Which he'l catch *Mars* and *Venus* in.
*Aur.* What now? [*Laughing within.*
*Phœb.* To laugh the Smiths begin:
At furious *Vulcan* (halting off
To meaſure his wife's Bed) they ſcoff.
*Aur.* I'l leave the place; I can no more
Endure the Laughter than the Roar.
*Tuning within.*
*Phœb.* Heark, they record, they'l ſing anon;
'Tis time for *Phœbus* to be gone;
For when ſuch Lyrick Aſſes bray,
The God of Muſique cannot ſtay.
[*Exeunt* Phœbus *and* Aurora.

*The* Cyclops *Song* (*within*).

Cry our Ware, (Sooty Fellows
Of the Forge and the Bellows)
Has *Jove* any Okes to rend?
Has *Ceres* Sickles to mend?
Wants *Neptume* a Water-Fork?
All theſe are the *Cyclops* work;
But to Wire-draw Iron-rods,
To File Nets to catch the Gods,
What can make our fingers ſo fine?
Drink, drink, Wine, *Lippari*-wine.

Sir R. STAPYLTON. *The Slighted Maid*, pp. 80—83. Ed. 1663.

*Luna.* *Luna* that ne'er ſhines by day.
*Orb.* What means *Luna* in a veil?
*Luna.* *Luna* means to ſhew her tail.
*Enter* Sol.
*Sol.* Fie, Siſter, fie; thou mak'ſt me muſe,
Dery, dery down,
To ſee thee Orb abuſe.
*Luna.* I hope his anger 'twill not move;
Since I did it out of love.
Hey down, dery down.
*Orb.* Where ſhall I thy true love know,
Thou pretty, pretty Moon?
*Luna.* To morrow ſoon, ere it be noon,
On Mount *Veſuvio.* | *Bis.*
*Sol.* Then I will ſhine.
*Orb.* And I will be fine.
*Luna.* And we will drink nothing but Lipary wine.
*Omnes.* And we, *&c.*

BAYES. So, now, vaniſh Eclipſe, and enter t'other Battel, and fight. Here now, if I am not miſtaken, you will ſee fighting enough.

*A battel is fought between foot and great Hobby-horſes. At laſt,* Drawcanſir *comes in, and kills 'em all on both ſides. All this while the Battel is fighting,* BAYES *is telling them when to ſhout, and ſhouts with 'em.*

*Draw.* Others may boaſt a ſingle man to kill;
But I, the bloud of thouſands, daily ſpill.
Let petty Kings the names of Parties know:
Where e'er I come, I ſlay both friend and foe.
The ſwifteſt Horſmen my ſwift rage controuls,
And from their Bodies drives their trembling ſouls.
If they had wings, and to the Gods could flie,
I would purſue, and beat 'em, through the skie:
And make proud *Jove*, with all his Thunder, ſee.
This ſingle Arm more dreadful is, than he. [Exit.

*BAYES.* *There's a brave fellow for you now, Sirs. I have read of your Hector, your Achilles,* and a hundred

[1] *Valeria*, Daughter to *Maximin*, having kill'd her ſelf for the Love of *Porphyrius*, when ſhe was to be carry'd off by the Bearers, ſtrikes one of them a Box on the Ear, and ſpeaks to him thus—

Hold! are you mad? you damn'd confounded Dog,
I am to riſe, and ſpeak the Epilogue.

Epilogue to *Tyrannick Love*, Ed. 1672.
*Key*, 1704.

more; but I defie all your Hiſtories, and your Romances too, I gad, to ſhew me one ſuch Conqueror, as this *Drawcanſir.*

JOHNS. I ſwear, I think you may.

SMI. But, Mr. *Bayes*, how ſhall all theſe dead men go off? for I ſee none alive to help 'em.

BAYES. Go off! why, as they came on; upon their legs: how ſhould they go off? Why, do you think the people do not know they are not dead? He is mighty ignorant, poor man; your friend here is very ſilly, Mr. *Johnſon*, I gad, he is. Come, Sir, I'll ſhow you go off. Riſe, Sirs, and go about your buſineſs. There's go off for you. Hark you, Mr. *Ivory*. Gentlemen, I'll be with you preſently. [*Exit.*

JOHNS. Will you ſo? then we'l be gone.

SMI. I, pr'ythee let's go, that we may preſerve our hearing. One Battel more would take mine quite away. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* BAYES *and Players.*

BAYES. Where are the Gentlemen?

1 *Play.* They are gone, Sir.

BAYES. Gone! 'Sdeath, this laſt Act is beſt of all. I'l go fetch 'em again. [*Exit.*

3 *Play.* Stay, here's a foul piece of papyr of his. Let's ſee what 'tis.

[*Reads. The Argument of the Fifth Act.*

*Cloris* at length, being ſenſible of Prince *Pretty-man*'s paſſion, conſents to marry him; but, juſt as they are going to Church, Prince *Pretty-man* meeting, by chance, with old *Joan* the Chandlers widow, and remembring it was ſhe that brought him acquainted with *Cloris:* out of a high point of honour, break off his match with *Cloris*, and marries old *Joan.* Upon which, *Cloris*, in deſpair, drowns her ſelf: and Prince *Pretty-man*, diſcontentedly, walks by the River ſide.

1 *Play.* Pox on't, this will never do: 'tis juſt like the reſt. Come, let's be gone. [*Exeunt.*

[1] About the time of the Reſtoration and for ſome years after, the faſhionable hour of dining was twelve o'clock, and the play began at three. *Bp. Percy.*

At the end of Sir W. D'AVENANT'S "*The Cruelty of the Spaniards in Peru.* Expreſt by Inſtrumentall and Vocall Muſick, and by Art of Perſpective in Scenes, &c. Repreſented daily at the *Cockpit* in *Drury-Lane*, At Three afternoone punctually" London 1658: is the following notice:

'Notwithstanding the great expence neceſſary to Scenes, and other ornaments in this Entertainment, there is a good proviſion made of places for a ſhilling. And it ſhall begin certainly at 3 after noon.'

*The Rehearsal* is therefore ſupposed to take place in the morning.

*Enter* BAYES

BAYES. A plague on 'em both for me, they have made me ſweat, to run after 'em. A couple of fenceleſs raſcals, that had rather go to dinner, than ſee this Play out, with a pox to 'em. What comfort has a man to write for ſuch dull rogues? Come Mr.——a—— Where are you, Sir? come away quick, quick.

*Enter Players again.*

*Play.* Sir, they are gone to dinner.[1]

BAYES. Yes, I know the Gentlemen are gone; but I ask for the Players.

*Play.* Why, an't pleaſe your worſhip, Sir, the Players are gone to dinner too.

BAYES. How! are the Players gone to Dinner? 'Tis impoſſible: the Players gone to dinner! I gad, if they are, I'l make 'em know what it is to injure a perſon that does 'em the honour to write for 'em, and all that. A company of proud, conceited, humorous, croſs-grain'd perſons, and all that. I gad, I'l make 'em the moſt contemptible, deſpicable, inconſiderable perſons, and all that, in the whole world, for this trick. I gad, I'l be reveng'd on 'em; I'l ſell this Play to the other Houſe.

*Play.* Nay, good, Sir, don't take away the Book; you'l diſappoint the Town, that comes to ſee it acted here, this afternoon.

BAYES. That's all one. I muſt reſerve this comfort to my ſelf, my Book and I will go together, we will not part, indeed, Sir. The Town! why, what care I for the Town? I gad, the Town has us'd me as ſcurvily, as the Players have done: but I'l be reveng'd on them too: I will both Lampoon and print 'em too, I gad. Since they will not admit of my Plays, they ſhall know what a Satyriſt I am. And ſo farewel to this Stage for ever, I gad. [Exit.

1 *Play. What ſhall* we do now?

2 *Play.* Come then, let's ſet up Bills for another Play: We ſhall loſe nothing by this, I warrant you.

1 *Play.* I am of your opinion. But, before we go, let's ſee *Haynes*, and *Shirley* practiſe the laſt Dance; for that may ſerve for another Play.

2 *Play.* I'l call 'em: I think they are in the Tyring-room.

*The Dance done.*

1 *Play.* Come, come; let's go away to dinner.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

# EPILOGUE.

THe Play is at an end, but where's the Plot?
That circumſtance our Poet *Bayes* forgot,
And we can boaſt, though 'tis a plotting Age,
No place is freer from it than the Stage.
The Ancients Plotted, though, and ſtrove to pleaſe
With ſence that might be underſtood with eaſe;
They every Scene with ſo much wit did ſtore
That who brought any in, went out with more:
But this new way of wit does ſo ſurpriſe,
Men loſe their wits in wond'ring where it lyes.
If it be true, that Monſtrous births preſage
The following miſchiefs that afflicts the Age,
And ſad diſaſters to the State proclaim;
Plays, without head or tail, may do the ſame.
Wherefore, for ours, and for the Kingdoms peace,
May this prodigious way of writing ceaſe.
Let's have, at leaſt, once in our lives, a time
When we may hear ſome Reaſon, not all Rhyme:
We have theſe ten years felt its Influence;
Pray let this prove a year of Proſe and Sence.

*FINIS.*

*J. & W. Rider, Printers, London.*

# English Reprints.

## GEORGE GASCOIGNE, Esquire.

1. Certayne Notes of Inſtruction in Engliſh Verſe.
1575.

## 2. The Steele Glas.

[Commenced April 1575. Finished April 1576.]
April 1576.

## 3. The Complaynt of Philomene.

[Commenced Apr. 1562. Continued in Apr. 1575. Finished 3 Apr. 1576.]
April 1576.

PRECEDED BY

GEORGE WHETSTONE's

A Remembrance of the well imployed Life, and godly end of George Gaſcoigne Eſquire, &c.
[*Ent. Stat. Hall.* 11 Nov. 1577.]

CAREFULLY EDITED BY

EDWARD ARBER,
*Aſſociate, King's College, London, F.R.G.S., &c.*

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# CONTENTS.


CHRONICLE of the Life, Works, and Times of G. Gaſcoigne
INTRODUCTION, . . . . . .
BIBLIOGRAPHY, . . . . . .

George Whetstone.

*A REMEMBRANCE &c. OF G. GASKOIGNE, &c.*

(1) The wel employed life, and godly end of G. Gaſcoigne, Eſq. . . . . .
(2) Exhortatio . . . . . .
(3) An Epitaph, written by G. W. of the death of M. G. Gaſkoygne . . . . . .

George Gascoigne.

*CERTAYNE NOTES OF INSTRUCTION IN ENGLISH VERSE, &c.* . .

*THE STEELE GLAS* . . .

(1) The Epiſtle Dedicatorie [15 April. 1576] . .
(2) N. R. in commendation of the Author, and his works
(3) Walter [afterwards Sir Walter] Raleigh, of the Middle Temple, in commendation of *The Steele Glas* . .
(4) Nicholas Bowyer in commendation of this work .
(5) The Author to the Reader . . . . .
(6) THE STEELE GLAS . . . . . .
(7) Epilogus. . . . . .

*THE COMPLAYNT OF PHILOMENE* .

(8) The Epiſtle Dedicatorie [16 April. 1575] . .
(9) PHILOMENE . . . . . .
(10) The Fable of Philomela . . . . . .

# CHRONICLE

(to be taken in connection with Whetstone's *Remembraunce*, at *pp.* 15–30)

of

fome of the principal events

in the

LIFE, WORKS, and TIMES

of

GEORGE GASCOIGNE Eſquire,

Courtier, Soldier, Poet.

---

* Probable or approximate dates.

**1509, Apr. 22, Henry VIII. begins to reign.**

Youth.

* 1535–37. GEORGE GASCOIGNE was the son and heir of Sir J. Gascoigne, *p.* 18. The date or place of his birth is not known. If it might be safely assumed that he was somewhat over 20 years of age when he entered Gray's Inn in 1555, that would confirm the otherwise unsupported statement, that he was only 40 years when he died.

Gascoigne himself tells Queen Elizabeth [*see* 1576] that he had 'Suche Englishe as I stale in westmerland.' From which it is inferred he was either born or bred in that county.

**1547. Jan. 29. Edward VI ascends the throne.**

At Cambridge

He goes to Cambridge. 'Such lattyn as I forgatt at Cambridge,' [*see* 1576]

Pray for the nources of our noble Realme
I meane the worthy Vniuersitities,
(And *Cantabridge*, shal haue the dignitie,
Whereof I was vnworthy member once) *p.* 77.

**1553. July 6. Mary succeeds to the throne.**

A member of Gray's Inn.

*Harl. M.S.* 1912, is a nominal index of the Registers of all 'Admittances,' 'Ancients,' and 'Barresters' in the Society of Gray's Inn, down to 1671; together with a digest of such orders of the society which were looked upon as precedents. In the 16th century, four gentlemen of the name of Gascoigne were admitted into the society. John in 1536 [admitted to ye degree of Ancient, 24 May 1552; *fol.* 195], George in 1555, Edward in 1584, and John in 1590; *fol.* 33. None of these occur in the list of 'Barresters.'

1555. George Gascoigne admitted to Grays Inn. 43 admitted in the same year. *Harl. MS.* 1912, *fol.* 33.

1557. May 24. Among the names of 'Ancients' called on 24 May, 1557, is that of 'Gascoine,' *Idem, fol.* 204.

**1558. Nov. 17. Elizabeth begins to reign.**

'The lost time of my youth mispent,' *p.* 42. 'Disinherited,' *p.* 17.

1562. Apr. Gascoigne begins 'to deuise' *The Complaint of Philomene* 'riding by the high way betwene Chelmisford and London, and being ouertaken with a sodaine dash of Raine, I changed my copy, and stroke ouer into the *Deprofundis* which is placed amongst my other *Poesies*, leuing the complaint of *Phylomene* vnfinished.' *pp.* 86, 119.

In *The introduction to the Psalme of Deprofundis*, which

with the Psalm itself, is included in Gascoigne's *Flowers*, are the following lines.

The Skies gan scowle, orecast with misty clowdes,
When (as I rode alone by London waye,
Cloakelesse, vnclad) thus did I sing and say:
. . . . . .
Why doe not I my wery muses frame
(Although I bee well soused in this showre,)
To write some verse in honour of his name?

Among the precedential orders relating to 'Ancients,' at the end of *Harl. M.S.* 1912, is the following.

1555 Mr. Barkinge, Mr. Brand, Geo. Gascoigne, Tho.
1561 Michelborne, and William Clopton beinge called
1565 Ancients as of ye former Call paid their respectiue
1567 fines for their Vacacions past to compleate ye num-
1624 ber of nine Vacacions of ye said former call, *fol.* 238.

1565. Gascoigne pays the above fines. In his *Flowers*, are *Gascoignes Memories*, written vpon this occasion. Hee had (in myddest of his youth) determined to abandone all vaine delights and to returne vnto Greyes Inne, there to vndertake againe the studdie of the common Lawes. And being required by fiue sundry Gentlemen to write in verse somewhat worthye to bee remembred before he entered into their fellowshippe, hee compiled these fiue sundrie sortes of metre vppon fiue sundrye theames, which they deliuered vnto him, and the first was at request of Frauncis Kinwelmarshe who deliuered him this theame. *Audaces fortuna iuuat.* . . . . The next was at request of Antony Kinwelmarshe, who deliuered him this theame, *Satis sufficit.* . . . . John Vaughan deliuered him this theame. *Magnum vectigal parcimonia.* . . . . Alexander Neuile deliuered him this theame, *Sat cito. si sat bene*, wherevpon he compiled these seuen Sonets in sequence, therein bewraying his owne *Nimis cito*: and therwith his *Vix bene.* . . . . Richard Courtope (the last of the fiue) gaue him this theame *Durum æneum et miserabile æuum.* . . . . And thus an ende of these fiue Theames, admounting to the number of. CCLVIII. verses, deuised ryding by the way, writing none of them vntill he came at the ende of his Iourney, the which was no longer than one day in ryding, one daye, in tarying with his friend, and the thirde in returning to Greyes Inne: and therefore called Gascoigne's memories. *Posies*, 1575.

1565. Apr. 26. Date of his dedication of '*The Glasse of Gouernment.* A tragicall Comedie,' first printed in 1576. 'A piece in a dramatic form, the body of which is in prose, although it has four choruses and an epilogue in rhyme, besides two didactic poems in the third act.' *Collier, Hist. Dram. Poet. iii.* 7.

1566. Two plays are represented at Gray's Inn in this year.

(1) *The Supposes*—translated by Gascoigne from Ariosto's *Gli Suppositi*, Venice, 1525—the earliest 'existing specimen of a play in English *prose* acted, either in public or private.' *Collier, Hist. Dram. Poet.* iii. 6.

(2) *Jocasta*—adapted from the *Phenissæ* of Euripides—'the second dramatic performance in our language in blank verse, and the first known attempt to introduce a Greek play upon the English stage.' *Collier, Idem. p.* 8. Gascoigne contributes Acts ii, iii, v.; F. Kinwelmarsh, Acts i. and iv.; and C., afterwards Sir C., Yelverton, the Epilogue. Each Act was preceded by a dumb show. The Autograph copy of this play is in the Guilford MS.

In this year also was published The French Littleto

A member of Gray's Inn.

Nevvly set forth by C. Holiband [*i.e.* Desainliens], teaching in Paules Church yarde, by the signe of the Lucrece London, 1566." At the beginning is what is apparently Gascoigne's first *published* verse,

*George Gascoigne Squire in commendation of this booke.*

The pearle of price, whica englishmen haue sought
So farre abrode, and cost them there so dere
Is now founde out, within our contrey here
And better cheape, amongst vs may be bought
I meane the frenche: that pearle of pleasant speeche
Which some sought far, and bought it with their liues
With sickenesse some, yea some with bolts and gyues
But all with payne, this peerlesse pearle did seeche.
Now *Hollyband* (A frendly frenche in deede)
Hath tane such payne, for euerie english ease
That here at home, we may this language learne:
And for the price, he craueth no more neede
But thankful harts, to whome his perles msy please
Oh thank him then, that so much thank doth earne
Tam Marti quam Mercurio

? Marries.

? Goes a journey into the West of England.

*Gascoigne's Woodmanship* Written to the L. Grey of Wilton vpon this occasion, the sayd L. Grey delighting (amongst many other good quailities) in chusing of his winter deare, and killing the same with his bovve, did furnishe master Gascoigne with a croisebowe *cum Pertinencijs* and vouchsafed to vse his company in the said exercise, calling him one of his wodmen. Now master Gascoigne shooting very often, could neuer hitte any deare, yea and often times he let the heard passe by as though he had not seene them. Whereat when this noble Lord tooke some pastime, and had often put him in remembrance of his good skill in choosing, and readinesse in killing of a winter deare, he thought good thus to excuse it in verse. [This poem was published in 1572.]

Principal occupation not known.

1572. Is published Gascoigne's first book, *A Hundreth sundrie Floures bound up in one small Poesie:* respecting which he afterwards says. "It is verie neare two yeares past, since (I being in Hollande in seruice vvith the vertuous Prince of Orange) the most part of these Posies were imprinted. . . . I neuer receyued of Printer, or of anye other, one grote or pennie for the firste Copyes of these Posies. 'Trueit is that I vvas not vnwillinge the same shoulde be imprinted:" for which he assigns four reasons. *1st Pref. to 'Posies,'* 1575.

In the dedication to Lord Grey of Wilton, of a poem entitled *The fruites of Warre,* 'begon at *Delfe* in *Hollande*'; Gascoigne says, 'I am of opinion that long before this time your honour hath throughly perused the booke, which I prepared to bee sent vnto you somewhat before my comming hyther, and therewithall I doe lykewise coniectour that you haue founde therein iust cause to to laugh at my follies forepassed. This first edition was therefore prepared and anonymously published by its author; not surreptitiously by the printer as sometimes supposed.

*O. G. G*[ilchrist] in *Cens. Lit.* i. 110—112. Ed. 1805, has gleaned from his works, the following account of Gascoigne's trip abroad.

"He afterwards entered at Grays Inn for the purpose

of studying the law. The connexions which his situation now procured him drew him to court, where he lived with a splendour of expence to which his means were inadequate, and at length being obliged to sell his patrimony (which it seems was unequal) to pay his debts, he left the court and embarked on the 19th of March, 1572, at Gravesend; the next day he reached the ship and embarked for the coast of Holland. The vessel was under the guidance of a drunken Dutch pilot, who, from inexperience and intoxication, ran them aground, and they were in imminent danger of perishing. Twenty of the crew who had taken to the long boat were swallowed by the surge: but Gascoigne and his friends (Rowland) Yorke and Herle resolutely remained at the pumps, and by the wind shifting they were again driven to sea. At length

*Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum,*

they landed in Holland, where Gascoigne obtained a captain's commission, under the gallant William Prince of Orange, who was then (successfully) endeavouring to emancipate the Netherlands from the Spanish yoke. In this service he acquired considerable military reputation, but an unfortunate quarrel with his colonel retarded his career. Conscious of his deserts he repaired immediately to Delf, resolved to resign his commission to the hands from which he received it; the Prince in vain endeavouring to close the breach between his officers.

In Holland, fighting for the Dutch.

While this negociation was mediating, a circumstance occurred which had nearly cost our poet his life. A lady at the Hague (then in the possession of the enemy) with whom Gascoigne had been on intimate terms, had his portrait in her hands (his "counterfayt," as he calls it), and resolving to part with it to himself alone, wrote a letter to him on the subject, which fell into the hands of his enemies in the camp; from this paper they meant to have raised a report unfavourable to his loyalty; but upon its reaching his hands Gascoigne, conscious of his fidelity, laid it immediately before the prince, who saw through their design, and gave him passports for visiting the lady at the Hague: the burghers, however, watched his motions with malicious caution, and he was called in derision "The Green Knight." Although disgusted with the ingratitude of those on whose side he fought, Gascoigne still retained his commission, till the prince, coming personally to the siege of Middleburg, gave him an opportunity of displaying his zeal and courage, when the prince rewarded him with 300 guilders beyond his regular pay, and a promise of future promotion. He was (however) surprized soon after by 3000 Spaniards when commanding, under Captain Sheffield, 500 Englishmen lately landed, and retired in good order, at night, under the walls of Leyden; the jealousy of the Dutch then openly was displayed by their refusing to open their gates; our military bard with his band were in consequence made captives. At the expiration of twelve days his men were released, and the officers, after an imprisonment of four months, were sent back to England."

1575. Feb. He published '*The Posies of George Gascoigne, Esquire.* Corrected, perfected, and augmented by the Author.' [3nd Dedication dated Feb. 2]. It consists of 3 prefaces; and 4 parts, FLOWERS, HERBS, WEEDS, and the NOTES OF INSTRUCTION. In the second preface, he thus explains the three principal divisions. "I haue here presented you

with three sundrie sorts of Posies: *Floures, Herbes* and *Weedes*. . . . . I terme some Floures, bycause being indeed innented vpon a verie light occasion, they haue yet in them (in my iudgement) some rare inuention and Methode before not commonly vsed. And therefore (beeing more pleasant then profitable) I haue named them Floures. The seconde (being indeede moral discourses and reformed inuentions, and therefore more profitable then pleasant) I haue named Hearbes. The third (being Weedes, might seeme to some iudgements neither pleasant nor yet profitable, and therefore meete to bee cast awaie. But as manie weedes are right medicinable, so may you finde inthis none so vile, or stinking, but that it hath in it some vertue if it be rightly handled."

1575. April. Gascoigne begins *The Steele Glas*: and continues a little further *The Complaint of Philomene, pp.* 86, 119.

1575. *The Noble Arte of Venerie or Hvnting* is published 'The Translator [George Turberville] to the Reader' is dated 16 June 1575. After which comes a poem of 58 lines *George Gascoigne, in the commendation of the noble Arte of Venerie.* This work is generally attached to Turberville's *The Booke of Faulconrie or Hawking.*

In her summer progress, the Queen makes her famous visit to Kenilworth.

1575. July 9–27. Leicester commissioned Gascoigne to devise masks &c. for her entertainment. These were printed the next year under the title of *The Princelye pleasures, at the Courte at Kenelworth*; and with R. Laneham or Langham's published *Letter* of date of 20 Aug. 1575: constitute the best accounts of that splendid reception.

Sept. 11. The Queen continuing arrives at Woodstock, and is greeted with Gascoigne's *The tale of Hemetes.*

1576. Jan. 1. He presents, as a New Year's gift, to Queen Elizabeth, and apparently in his own handwriting the manuscript of *The tale of Hemetes the hermyte pronounced before the Queenes Maiesty att Woodstocke.* This is now in the British Museum. *MS. Reg.* 18. *A. xlviiii, p.* 27. The frontispage is a finished drawing representing the presentation of his work. Then comes, in English verse, the Dedication, 1 p: after which is an English address 'to the Queenes most excellent Majestye; 8 pp. Then follows the tale in four languages. English, 9 *pp*; Latin, 15 *pp*; Italian 15 *pp*; French 13 *pp*; concluding the whole with Epilogismus, 1 *p.*

In his address at *fol.* 6 of the book, he says, 'But yet suche Italiyan as I haue learned in London, and such lattyn as I forgatt att Cambridge, such frenche as I borrowed in Holland, and such Englyshe as I stale in westmerland, even such and no better (my worthy soueraigne haue I poured forth before you,' &c.

1576. Apr. 3. He finishes *The Complaint of Philomene. p.* 119. Apparently in the same month, he finishes *The Steele Glas*, the dedication of which is dated Apr. 15.

1576. Apr. 12. In an Epistle dated 'From my lodging, where I march amongst the Muses for lacke of exercise in martial exploytes, the 12 of April, 1576 to *A Discourse of a new Passage to Catata.* Written by Sir Humfrey Gilbert, Knight, *Quid non?*" Gascoigne gives the following account of his publication of this Letter to Sir John Gilbert, dated 'the last of June, 1566,' and therein incidentally reveals his relationship to Sir Martin Frobisher:

*You must herewith vnderstand (good Reader) that the author hauinge a worshipfull Knight to his brother, who abashed at this enterprise (aswell for that he himselfe had*

Leading a literary life.

none issue, nor other heier whome he ment to bestow his lands vpon, but onely this Authour, and that this voyage the seemed strang and had not beene commonly spoken before, as also because it seemed vnpossible vnto the common capacities) did seeme partly to mislike his resolutions, and to disuade him from the same: there-upon he wrote this Treatise vnto his saide Brother, both to excuse and cleare himselfe from the note of rashnesse, and also to set downe such Authorities, reasons, and experiences, as had chiefly encouraged him vnto the same, as may appeare by the letter next following, the which I haue here inserted for that purpose. And this was done about vii. yeares now [past, sithence which time the originall copies of the same haue lien by the authour as one rather dreading to hazarde the Iudgement of curious perusers, then greedie of glorie by hasty publication.

Now it happened that my selfe being one (amongst manie) beholding to the said *S. Humfrey Gilbert* for sundrie curtesies, did come to visit him in Winter last passed at his house in *Limehouse*, and beeing verie bolde to demaunde of him howe he spente his time in this loytering vacation from martiall stratagemes, he curteously tooke me vp into his Studie, and there shewed me sundrie profitable and verie commendable exercises, which he had perfected painefully with his owne penne: And amongst the rest this present *Discourse*. The which as well because it was not long, as also because I vnderstode that *M. Fourboiser* (a kinsman of mine) did pretend to trauaile in the same *Discouerie*, I craued at the said *S. Humfreyes* handes for two or three dayes to reade and to peruse. And hee verie friendly granted my request, but stil seming to doubt that therby the same might, contrarie to his former determination be Imprinted.

And to be plaine, when I had at good leasure perused it, and therwithall conferred his allegations by the *Tables* of *Ortelius*, and by sundrie other *Cosmographicall Mappes* and *Charts*, I seemed in my simple iudgement not onely to like it singularly, but also thought it very meete (as the present occasion serueth) to giue it out in publike. Whereupon I haue (as you see) caused my friendes great trauaile, and mine owne greater presumption to be registred in print. [For which act, he offers five excuses.]

In a dedication to the Francis, second Earl of Bedford [b. 1528—d. 1585], dated, 'From my lodging where I finished this trauvayle in weake plight for health as your good L.
1576. May 2. well knoweth, this second day of *Maye* 1576,' Gascoigne writes,

(Not manye monethes fince) tossing and retossing in my small Lybarie, amongest some bookes which had not often felte my fyngers endes in. xv yeares before, I chaunced to light vpon a small volume skarce comely couered, and wel worse handled. For to tell a truth vnto your honour, it was written in an old kynd of Caracters, and so torne as it neyther had the beginning perspycuous, nor the end perfect. So that I cannot certaynly say who shuld be the Author of the same. And therevpon haue translated and collected into some ordre these sundry parcells of the same The whiche . . . . I haue thought meete to entytle *The Droome of Doomes daye*. [The work is divided into three parts, *The view of worldly Vanities*, *The shame of sinne*, *The Needels eye*.] Vnto these three parts thus collected and ordred I haue thought

2 In the Queen's service.

good to adde an old letter which teacheth *Remedies against the bitterness of Death.*"

[The unknown Latin work thus Englished by Gascoigne, was *De miseria humanæ conditionis* of Lothario Conti, Pope Innocent III. [b. 1160—d. 16 July, 1216], which appeared in print so early as 1470, and was frequently reprinted.]

"While this worke was in the presse, it pleased God to visit the translatour thereof with sicknesse. So that being vnable himselfe to attend the dayly proofes, he apoynted a seruant of his to ouersee the same." *Printer to the Reader.*

1576. Aug. 22. He publishes *A delicate Diet for daintie mouthde Droonkards.*

1577. Jan. 1. He presents the Queen with another poem, which is now in the British Museum *Reg. MS.* 18 *A. lxi. f.* 275. '*The Grief of Ioy.* Certayne Elegies: wherein the doubtfull delightes of mannes lyfe are displaied.' It is on 38 folios, 4to: each full page having three stanzas of 7 lines each. The royal titles and name are throughout written in gold. From the following portion of the dedication, it would appear that at this date he was in some way in the Queen's service.

? In the Queen's service.

"Towching the *Methode* and *Inuention*, euen as Petrark in his woorkes *De remedys vtriusque fortunæ*, dothe recowmpt the vncerteine Ioyes of men in seuerall dialogues, so haue I in these *Elegies* distributed the same into sundrie songes and haue hetherto perfected but foure of the first, the which I humbly commend vnto your noble sensure and gracious correction And therewithall I proffer in like manner that if your Maiestie shall lyke the woorke, and deeme yt worthy of publication I will then shrinke for no paynes vntill I haue (in suche songs) touched all the common places of mans perylous pleasures.

But withowt the confirmation of your fauorable acceptanns (your Maiestie well knoweth) I will neuer presume to publishe any thing hereafter, and that being well considered (compared also withe the vnspeakeable comfort which I haue conceiued in your Maiesties vndeserued fauor) may sufficientlie witnes without further triall, that doubtful greeues and greuous doubtes, do often accompany oure greattest ioyes.

Howsoeuer it be, I right humbly beseeche youre heighnes to accept this Nifle for a new yeares gyfte. . . . . Whome God preserue thes first of January, 1577, and euer. Amen."

After this come The Preface; then the *l'enuoie;* then the four Songs. (1) *The greeues or discommodities of Iustie youth;* (2) *The vanities of Bewtie;* (3) *The faults of force and Strength;* (4) *The vanities of Actiuityes;* which terminates with 'Left vnperfect for feare of Horsmen.'

1577. Oct. 7. George Gascoigne dies at Stamford, see Whetstone's *Remembraunce.*

Death.

O. G[ilchrist], in *Cens. Lit. ii.* 238, states, 'In order to ascertain if George Gascoigne was buried at Walthamstow, I went purposely to search the parish register, and found no entry anterior to 1650.'

Mr. Gilchrist also informed Dr. Bliss "I have searched the registers of the six parishes for his interment without success. The result is this: Geo. Whetstones had wealthy relations, possessors of the manor of Walcot (four miles

distant from Stamford), which parishes to Bernack, where the family of Whetstones usually buried and where a monument of the Elizabethan style of architecture still remains: and I conjecture that Geo. Gascoigne dying at Stamford was carried to Bernack by his friend Geo. Whetstones, . . . and interred there in the family vault. I haue endeavoured to ascertain this, but no old register of the parish of Bernack is to be found."—*Ath. Oxon. ii.* 437. Ed. 1813.

The following criticisms were bestowed by contemporaries on our Author.

WILLIAM WEBBE, in *A Discourse of English Poetrie*, writes.

Master George Gaskoyne a wytty Gentleman, and the very cheefe of our late rymers, who and if some partes of learning wanted not (albeit is well knowne he altogether wanted not learning) no doubt would haue attayned to the excellencye of those famous Poets. For gyfts of wytt, and naturall promptnes appeare in him aboundantly. *Ed.* 1815, *p.* 34.

2. GEORGE PUTTENHAM, in *The Arte of Englishe Poesie*, 1589, notices 'Gascon for a good meeter and for a plentifull vayne.' *Book i. p.* 51.

3. THOMAS NASH in a prefatory address 'To the Gentlemen Students' in R. Greene's *Menaphon*, 1589, writes,

Who euer my priuate opinion condemns as faultie, Master *Gascoigne* is not to bee abridged of his deserued esteeme, who first beat the path to that perfection which our best Poets haue aspired too since his departure; whereto hee did ascend by comparing the Italian with the English, as Tully did *Græcæ cum Latinis*.

# THE STEELE GLAS, &c.

## *INTRODUCTION.*

ONE of the principal poets in the firſt half of Elizabeth's reign; one of our earlieſt dramatiſts; the firſt Engliſh ſatiriſt; and the firſt Engliſh critic in poeſy: Gaſcoigne takes rank among the minor poets of England. An Eſquire by birth, but an Eſquire in good hap in life, he was alſo an Eſquire in poetry.

No complete edition of his works has ever been publiſhed. Indeed copies of any of them, whether original or reprinted, are not of frequent occurrence. Still leſs are his character and career known. There exist conſiderable materials in the numerous perſonal alluſions in his works, in his praiſeworthy habit of frequently dating them, and in contemporary writers; towards a worthy account of himſelf and his aſſociates: which, from their very early date in the Queen's reign, and their connection with the then incipient ſtage of our Drama; could not fail to be new and intereſting to Engliſh ſtudents. Meanwhile, to moſt readers, the name of George Gaſcoigne or of any of his productions, are alike unknown.

In our attempt to make the preſent ſeries of works repreſentative of Engliſh Literature, we now preſent three idioſyncratic ſpecimens of Gaſcoigne's powers, as a poetical critic, as a ſatiriſt, and as an elegiſt. To theſe we have prefixed—accurately reprinted, it is to be hoped, this time—Whetſtone's *Remembrance* of his life and death: a book once thought to have periſhed, and of which but a ſingle copy now exiſts:—that in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. A conſideration of theſe four works in connection with his time, will doubtleſs create a favourable opinion both of the genius and character of George Gaſcoigne.

The earlieſt portion of the publications here reprinted, is the commencement of *The Complaint of Philomene*, begun in April 1562, on a journey on horſeback from Chelmsford to London: wherein

as I rode by London waye,
Cloakleſſe; vnclad.

he was 'ouertaken with a ſodaine daſh of Raine,' and

well ſouſed in this ſhowre.

he changed the ſubject of his thought, and wrote the Pſalm *De Profundis*, preſerved in his *Flowers*.

The *Notes of inſtruction &c.*, muſt have been written between 1572—the date of his poem to Lord Grey of Wilton, entitled 'Gaſcoigne's *Voyage into Holland*, An. 1572,' to which he alludes therein—and 1575, when he firſt publiſhed them in his *Poſies*.

His old poem lay by him till April 1575, when, having juſt ſeen through the preſs, the corrected edition of his *Poſies*, he begins *The Steele Glas* 'with the Nightingales notes': and makes further progreſs in the Elegy.

Then comes abſence from home during the ſummer, in connection with great literary occupation. He is away at Kenilworth deviſing *The Princely pleaſures:* and afterwards at Woodſtock preparing *The tale of Hemetes the hermit.* Then in the following winter, he goes on a viſit to the unfortunate Sir Humphrey Gilbert, 'at his houſe in *Limehouſe*,' and is in conſequence led into the ſtudy of the North-weſt paſſage and 'the *Tables* of *Ortelius* and ſundrie other *Coſmographicall Mappes* and *Charts*.' So the two poems progreſs together at intervals, and at laſt are ſimultaneouſly finiſhed in April 1576.

The author calls *The Complaint*, 'April ſhowers': Both the Satire and the Elegy may be ſaid to be Spring ſongs. There reſounds all through them the ſinging of birds. This diſcovers itſelf as much in the general imagery as in ſuch paſſages as this.

*In ſweet* April, the Meſſenger to May,
*When hoonie* drops, do melt in golden ſhowres,
*When euery* byrde, records his louers lay,

And weſterne windes, do ſofter forth our floures,
Late in an euen, I walked out alone,
To heare the deſcant of the Nightingale,
And as I ſtoode, I heard hir make great moane,
Waymenting much *p.* 87.

In *The Steele Glas* however, Gaſcoigne has a ſerious purpoſe. As Whetſtone reports.

(laboring ſtil, by paines, to purchaſe praiſe)
I wrought a Glaſſe, wherein eche man may ſee:
Within his minde; what canckred vices be. *p.* 19.

It was a firſt experiment in Engliſh ſatire; and though it does not ſang like Dryden's *Abſalom and Achitophel*: it is a vigorous effort in favour of truth, right, and juſtice. Its central thought and fancy are thus expreſſed:

That age is deade, and vaniſht long ago,
Which thought that ſteele, both truſty was and true,
And needed not, a foyle of contraries,
But ſhewde al things, euen as they were in deede.
In ſteade whereof, our curious yeares can finde
The chriſtal glas, which glimſeth braue and bright,
And ſhewes the thing, much better than it is,
Beguylde with foyles, of ſundry ſubtil ſights,
So that they ſeeme, and couet not to be. *p.* 54.

I haue preſumde, my Lord for to preſent
With this poore glaſſe, which is of truſtie Steele,
And came to me, by wil and teſtament
Of one that was, a Glaſſemaker in deede.
*Lucylius*, this worthy man was namde,
Who at his death, bequeathd the chriſtal glaſſe,
To ſuch as loue, to ſeme but not to be,
And vnto thoſe, that loue to ſee themſelues,
How foule or fayre, ſoeuer that they are,
He gan bequeath, a glaſſe of truſtie Steele,
Wherein they may be bolde alwayes to looke,
Bycauſe it ſhewes, all things in their degree.
And ſince myſelfe (now pride of youth is paſt)
Do loue to be, and let al ſeeming paſſe,
*Since I deſire*, to ſee my ſelfe in deed,
*Not what I would*, but what I am or ſhould,
*Therfore I like* this truſtie glaſſe of Steele. pp. 55, 56

# BIBLIOGRAPHY.

## GEORGE WHETSTONE.

### A REMEMBRAUNCE OF THE WEL IMPLOYED LIFE &c.

#### (a) Issues in the Author's life time.

I. *As a separate publication.*

1. 1577. London. 1 Vol. 4to. *Editio princeps*: see title on opposite page. Edmond Malone has inserted the following note in the only extant copy, formerly his but now in the Bodleian. 'This piece is of such rarity, that it was for near a century not supposed to exist, No other copy is known. Bishop Tanner had one; but it has been long lost.' W. C. Hazlitt, in *Handbook*, p. 650, Ed. 1867, states 'The history of this book, of which it seems that only one copy has ever been seen, is rather curious. It had been Bishop Tanner's, and was formerly with his books at Oxford, but had been missed for many years, when it occurred at the sale of Mr. Voigt's [of the Custom House] books in 1806, and was bought by Malone for £42 10s. 6d. With his library it returned to its old resting place.'

#### (b) Issues since the Author's death.

II. *With other works.*

2. 1810. London. 21 Vols. 8vo. *The Works of the English Poets.* Ed. by A. CHALMERS, F.S.A. *A Remembraunce &c*, occupies ii. 457–466.

I. *As a separate publication.*

3. 1815. Bristol. 1 Vol. 4to. Whetstone's Metrical Life of Gascoigne. Only 10 copies printed; 5s. each.

4. 1821. London. 1 Vol. 8vo. Gascoigne's *Princely Pleasures*, &c. With an introductory Memoir and notes. *A Remembravnce* occupies pp. xx.–xxxviii.

5. 18 Nov. 1868. London. 1 Vol. 8vo. *English Reprints:* see title at p. 1.

## GEORGE GASCOIGNE.

### CERTAYNE NOTES OF INSTRUCTION &c.

#### a) Issues in the Author's life time.

II. *With other works.*

1. 1575. London. 1 Vol. 4to. 'The Posies of George Gascoigne Esquire.' The *Notes* form the fourth and last section of the book: the other three being *Flouers*, *Hearbes*, and *Weedes*.

#### (b) Issues since the Author's death.

II. *With other works.*

2. 1587. London. 1 Vol. 4to. 'The whole woorkes of George Gascoigne Esquyre.' The *Notes* are at the end, and have no pagination.

3. 1815. London. 2 vols. 4to. *Ancient Critical Essays upon English Poets and Poesy.* Ed. by J. HASLEWOOD. The *Notes* occupy ii. 1—12.

4. 18 Nov. 1868. London. 1 vol. 8vo. *English Reprints*: see title at p. 1.

### THE STEELE GLAS. and THE COMPLAYNT OF PHILOMENE.

#### (a) Issues in the Author's life time.

I. *As a separate publication.*

1. 1576. London. 1 vol. 4to. *Editio princeps:* see the titles at pp. 41, 85.

#### (b) Issues since the Author's death.

II. *With other works.*

2. 1587. London. 1 vol. 4to. 'The whole woorkes of George Gascoigne, Esquyre.' The two poems occupy nominally folios 287—351, but actually folios 189—252.

3. 1810. London. 21 vols. 8vo. *The Works of the English Poets.* Ed. by A. CHALMERS, F.S.A. The two poems occupy ii. 548—568.

4. *18 Nov. 1868.* London. 1 vol. 8vo. *English Reprints*: see title at p. 1.

# A REMEMBRAVNCE

of the wel imployed life, and godly end, of
*George Gaſkoigne Eſquire, who*
deceassed at Stalmford in Lincolne Shire the 7. of October.
1577.

*The reporte of Geor. Whetſtons*
Gent. an eye witnes of his
Godly and charitable
end in this world.

*Formæ nulla Fides.*

IMPRINTED AT LON
don for Edward Aggas, dwelling
in Paules Churchyard and
are there to be solde.

## *The wel imployed life, and godly end of G. Gaſcoigne, Eſq.*

AND is there none, wil help to tel my tale !
who (ah) in helth, a thouſand plaints haue ſhone?
feeles all men joy? can no man ſkil of bale?
o yes I ſee, a comfort in my mone.
Help me good *George*, my life and death to touch
ſome man for thee, may one day doo aſmuch.

Thou ſeeſt my death, and long my life didſt knowe,
my life : nay death, to liue I now begin :
But ſome wil ſay. *Durus eſt hic ſermo*,
Tis hard indeed, for ſuch as feed on ſin.
Yet truſt me frends (though fleſh doth hardly bow)
I am reſolu'd, I neuer liu'd til now.

And on what cauſe, in order ſhall enſue,
My worldly life (is firſt) muſt play his parte :
Whoſe tale attend, for once the ſame is true,
Yea *Whetſton* thou, haſt knowen my hidden hart
And therfore I coniure thee to defend :
(when I am dead) my life and godly end.

Firſt of my life, which ſome (amis) did knowe,
I leue mine armes, my acts ſhall blaſe the ſame
Yet on a thorne, a Grape wil neuer growe,
no more a Churle, dooth breed a childe of fame.
but (for my birth) my birth right was not great
my father did, his forward ſonne defeat.

He was Sir Iohn G. ſonne and Heire Diſinherited.

This froward deed, could ſcarce my hart diſmay,
Vertue (quod I) wil ſee I ſhall not lacke:
And wel I wot *Domini eſt terra*,
Beſides my wit can guide me from a wrack.
Thus finding cauſe, to foſter hye deſire:
I clapt on coſt (a help) for to aſpire.

But fooliſh man deƈt in my Pecocks plumes,
my wanton wil commaunded ſtrait my wit:
Yea, brainſick I, was, drunk with fancies fumes,
But, *Nemo ſine crimine viuit.*
For he that findes, himſelf from vices free
I giue him leue, to throwe a ſtone at me.

It helps my praiſe, that I my fault recite,
The loſt ſheep found, the feaſt was made for ioy:
Euil ſets out good, as far as black dooth white.
The pure delight, is drayned from anoy.
But (that in cheef, which writers ſhould reſpeƈt)
trueth is the garde, that keepeth men vncheƈt.

And for a trueth begilde with ſelf conceit,
I thought yat men would throwe rewards on me
But as a fiſh, ſeld bites with out a baight,
So none vnforſt, men needs will hear or ſee.
and begging ſutes, from dunghil thoughts proceed:
the mounting minde, had rather ſterue in need.

Wel leaue I hear, of thriftles wil to write,
wit found my rents, agreed not with my charge:
The ſweet of war, ſung by the carpet knight,
In poſte haſte then ſhipt me in Ventures Barge.
*Theſe* luſty lims, *Saunce vſe* (quod, I) will ruſt:
*That pitie* were, for I to them muſt truſt.

Wel plaſte at length, among the drunken Dutch,
(though rumours lewd, impayred my deſert) He serued in Holland.
I boldely vaunt, the blaſt of Fame is ſuch,
As prooues I had, a froward ſowrs hart.
My ſlender gaine a further witnes is:
For woorthieſt men, the ſpoiles of war do mis.

Euen there the man, that went to fight for pence, Prisoner in Hol.
Cacht by ſly hap, in priſon vile was popt:
Yea had not woordes, fought for my liues defence, He had the Latin, Italian, French, and Dutch languages.
For all my hands, my breth had there been ſtopt
But I in fine, did ſo perſwade my foe:
as (ſcot free) I, was homewards ſet to goe.

Thus wore I time, the welthier not a whit,
Yet awckward chance, lackt force, to beard my hope
In peace (quod I) ile truſt unto my wit,
the windowes of my muſe, then ſtraight I ope His bookes publ.
And firſt I ſhowe, the trauail of ſuch time:
as I in youth, imployd in loouing rime.

Some ſtraight way ſaid (their tungs with enuy fret),
thoſe wanton layes, inductions were to vice:
Such did me wrong, for (*quod nocet, docet*) Poyses.
our neyghbours harms, are Items to the wiſe.
And ſure theſe toyes, do ſhowe for your behoof:
The woes of looue, and not the wayes to loue.

And that the worlde might read them as I ment,
I left this vaine, to path the vertuous waies: Glasse of gouerment.
The lewd I checkt, in Glas of gouerment,
And (laboring ſtil, by paines, to purchace praiſe)
I wrought a Glaſſe, wherin eche man may ſee: Steele Glasse.
Within his *minde, what* canckred vices be.

The druncken ſoule, tranſformed to a beaſt, Diet for drunkers.
my diet helps, a man, again to make:
But (that which ſhould, be praiſd abooue the reſt)
My Doomes day Drum, from ſin dooth you awake
For honeſt ſport, which dooth refreſh the wit: Drum of doomsday
I haue for you, a book of hunting writ. Hunting.

Theſe few books, are dayly in your eyes, He hath books to publish.
Parhaps of woorth, my fame aliue to keep:
Yet other woorks, (I think) of more empriſe,
Coucht cloſe as yet, within my cofers ſleep.
yea til I dy, none ſhall the fame reuele:
So men wil ſay, that *Gaſkoign* wrote of *Zeale.*

O *Enuy* vile, foule fall thee wretched ſot, Enuy.
Thou mortall foe, vnto the forward minde:
I curſe thee wretch, the onely cauſe godwot,
That my good wil, no more account did finde.
And not content, thy ſelf to doo me ſcar:
Thou nipſt my hart, with *Spight*, *Suſpect* and *Care.*

And firſt of *Spight* foule *Enuies* poyſoned pye,
To *Midas* eares, this As hath *Lyntius*, eyes: Spight.
With painted ſhewes, he heaues him ſelf on hie,
Ful oft this Dolte, in learned authors pries,
But as the Drone, the hony hiue, dooth rob:
with woorthy books, ſo deales this idle lob.

He filcheth tearms, to paint a pratling tung.
When (God he knowes) he knows not what he ſaies
And leſt the wife ſhould finde his wit but yung,
He woorks all means, their woorks for to diſpraiſe.
*To ſmooth* his ſpeech, ye beaſt this patch doth crop
*He ſhowes* the bad, the writers mouthes to ſtop.

Ye woorſe then this, he dealeth in offence,
(Ten good turnes, he with ſilence ſtriketh dead);
A ſlender fault, ten times beyond pretence,
This wretched *Spight* in euery place dooth ſpread.
And with his breth, the *Viper* dooth infect:
The hearers heads, and harts with falſe ſuſpect.

Now of *Suſpect*: the propertie to ſhowe, Suspect.
He hides his dought, yet ſtil miſtruſteth more:
The man ſuſpect, is ſo debard to knowe,
The cauſe and cure of this his ranckling ſore.
And ſo in vain, hee good account dooth ſeek,
Who by this *Feende*, is brought into miſlike.

Now hear my tale, or cauſe which kild my hart,
Theſe priuy foes, to tread me vnder foot:
My true intent, with forged faults did thwart:
ſo that I found, for me it was no boot.
to woork as Bees, from weeds, which hony dranes,
When Spiders turnd, my flowers vnto banes.

When my plain woords, by fooles miſconſtred were
by whoſe fond tales reward hild his hands back
To quite my woorth, a cauſe to ſettle care:
within my breſt, who wel deſeru'd, did lack.
for who can brook, to ſee a painted crowe:
Singing a loft, when Turtles mourn belowe.

What man can yeld, to ſtarue among his books, Care.
and ſee pied Doultes, vppon a booty feed?
What honeſt minde, can liue by fau'ring looks,
and ſee the lewd, to rech a freendly deed?
What hart can bide, in bloody warres to toile:
when *carpet ſwads*, deuour ye Soldiers ſpoile?

I am the wretch, whom Fortune ſlirted ſoe,
Theſe men, were brib'd, ere I had breth to ſpeak:
Muſe then no whit, with this huge ouerthrowe,
though cruſſhing care, my giltles hart doth break
But you wil ſay, that in delight doo dwell:
my outward ſhowe, no inward greef did tel.

I graunt it true; but hark vnto the reſt,
The Swan in ſongs, dooth knolle ner paſſing bel:
The Nightingale, with thornes againſt her breſt
when ſhe might mourn, her ſweeteſt layes doth yel
The valiant man, ſo playes a pleaſant parte:
When mothes of mone, doo gnaw vppon his hart.

For proofe, my ſelf, with care not ſo a feard,
But as hurt Deere waile, (through their wounds alone)
When ſtoutly they doo ſtand among yat heard.
So that I ſaw, but few hark to my mone.
made choiſe to tel deaf walles, my wretched plaint:
in ſight of men, who nothing ſeemd to faint.

No Phiſicion could find out his greeſe.

But as oft vſe, dooth weare an iron cote,
as miſling drops, hard flints in time doth pearſe
By peece meales, care ſo wrought me vnder foot
but more then ſtraunge is that I now rehearſe,
Three months I liued, and did digeſt no food:
when none by arte my ſicknes vnderſtood.

What helpeth then? to death I needs muſt pine,
yet as the horſe, the vſe of warre which knowes:
If he be hurt, will neither winch nor whine,
but til he dye, poſte with his Rider goes.
*Euen ſo my* hart, whilſt lungs may lend me breth:
*Bares vp my* limmes, who liuing go like death.

But what auailes, *Achilles* hart, to haue,
King *Creſſus* welth, the ſway of all the world:
The Prince, the Peere, ſo to the wretched ſlaue,
when death aſſaults, from earthly holdes are whorld.
Yea oft he ſtrikes ere one can ſtir his eye:
Then good you liue, as you would dayly dye.

You ſee the plight, I wretched now am in,
I looke much like a threſhed ear of corne:
I holde a forme, within a wrimpled ſkin,
but from my bones, the fat and fleſh is worne
See, ſee the man, late pleſures Minion:
pinde to the bones, with care and wretched mone

See gallants ſee, a picture worth the ſight,
(as you are now, my ſelf was heertofore)
My body late, ſtuft ful of manly might,
As bare as *Iob*, is brought to Death his doore.
My hand of late, which fought to win me fame:
Stif clung with colde, wants forſe to write my name.

My legges which bare, my body ful of fleſh,
Vnable are, to ſtay my bones vpright:
My tung (God wot) which talkt as one would wiſh,
In broken woords, can ſcarce my minde recite.
My head late ſtuft, with wit and learned ſkil:
may now conceiue, but not conuay my wil.

What ſay you freends, this ſudain chaunge to ſee?
You rue my greef, you doo like fleſh and blood:
But mone your ſinnes, and neuer morne for me,
And to be plain, I would you vnderſtood.
My hart dooth ſwim, in ſeas of more delight:
Then your *who ſeems*, to rue my wretched plight.

What is this world? a net to ſnare the ſoule,
A mas of ſinne, a deſart of deceit:
A moments ioy, an age of wretched dole,
A lure from grace, for fleſh a toothſome baight.
Vnto the minde, a cankerworm of care:
Vnſure, vniuſt, in rendring man his ſhare.

A place where pride, oreruns the honeſt minde,
Wheer richmen ioynes, to rob the ſhiftles wretch:
where bribing miſts, the iudges eyes doo blinde,
Where *Paraſites*, the fatteſt crummes doo catch.
Where good deſerts (which chalenge like reward)
Are ouer blowen, with blaſts of light regard.

And what is man? Duſt, Slime, a puf of winde,
Conceiu'd in ſin, plaſte in the woorld with greef,
Brought vp with care, til care hath caught his minde,
And then (til death, vouchſafe him ſome releef)
Day yea nor night, his care dooth take an end:
To gather goods, for other men to ſpend.

O fooliſh man, that art in office plaſte,
Think whence thou cam'ſt, and whether ye ſhalt goe:
The huge hie Okes, ſmall windes have ouer caſt,
when ſlender reeds, in rougheſt wethers growe.
Euen ſo pale death, oft ſpares the wretched wight:
And woundeth you, who wallow in delight.

You luſty youths, that nuriſh hie deſire,
Abaſe your plumes, which makes you look ſo big:
The Colliers cut, the Courtiars Steed wil tire,
Euen ſo the Clark, the Parſones graue dooth dig.
Whoſe hap is yet, heer longer life to win:
*Dooth heap* (God wot) but ſorowe vnto ſinne.

And to be ſhort, all ſortes of men take heede,
the thunder boltes, the loftye Towers teare:
The lightning flaſh, conſumes the houſe of reed,
yea more in time, all earthly things will weare.
Saue only man, who as his earthly liuing is:
Shall liue in wo, orels in endles blis.

More would I ſay, if life would lend me ſpace,
but all in vain: death waites of no mans will:
The tired Iade, dooth trip at euery pace,
when pampered horſe, will praunce againſt the hil.
So helthfull men, at long diſcourſes ſporte:
When few woords, the ſick, would fain reporte.

The beſt is this, my will is quickly made,
my welth is ſmall, the more my conſcience eaſe:
This ſhort accompt (which makes me ill apaid)
my louing wife and ſonne, will hardly pleaſe.
But in this caſe, ſo pleaſe them as I may:
Theſe folowing woords, my teſtament do wray.

My ſoule I firſt, bequeath Almighty God, The effect of his wil.
and though my ſinnes are greuous in his ſight:
I firmly truſt, to ſcape his firy rod,
when as my faith his deer Sonne ſhall recite.
Whoſe precious blood (to quench his Fathers ire)
Is ſole the cauſe, that ſaues me from hel fire.

My Body now which once I decked braue
(from whence it cam) vnto the earth I giue:
I wiſh no pomp, the ſame for to ingraue,
once buried corn, dooth rot before it liue.
And fleſh and blood in this ſelf ſorte is tryed:
Thus *buriall coſt, is* (with out proffit) pride.

I humbly giue, my gratious ſoueraign Queene
(by ſeruice bound) my true and loyall hart:
And trueth to ſay, a ſight but rarely ſeene,
as Iron greues from th'adamant to parte.
Her highnes ſo, hath reacht the Grace alone:
To gain all harts, yet giues her hart to none.

My louing wife, whoſe face I fain would ſee,
my loue I giue, with all the welth I haue:
But ſence my goods (God knoweth) but ſlender bee
moſt gratious Queene, for Chriſt his ſake I craue
(not for any ſeruice that I haue doon)
you will vouchſafe, to aid her and my Sonne.

Come, come deer Sonne, my bleſſing take in parte.
and therwithall I giue thee this in charge:
Firſt ſerue thou God, then vſe bothe wit and arte,
thy Fathers det, of ſeruice to diſcharge.
which (forſte by death) her Maieſtie he owes:
beyond deſarts, who ſtill rewardes beſtowes.

I freely now all ſortes of Men forgiue
Their wrongs to me, and wiſh them to amend:
And as good men, in charitie ſhould liue,
I craue my faults may no mans minde offend.
Lo heer is all, I haue for to bequeſt:
And this is all, I of the world requeſt.

Now farwell Wife, my Sonne, and Freends farwel.
Farwell O world, the baight of all abuſe:
Death where is thy ſting? O Deuil where is thy hel?
I little forſe, the forſes you can vſe;
*Yea to your* teeth, I doo you both defye:
*Vt eſſem Chriſto, cupio diſſolui.*

In this good mood, an end woorthy the ſhowe,
Bereft of ſpeech, his hands to God he heau'd:
And ſweetly thus, good *Gaskoigne* went *a Dio,*
Yea with ſuch eaſe, as no man there perceiu'd,
By ſtrugling ſigne, or ſtriuing for his breth:
That he abode, the paines and pangs of Death.

## *Exhortatio.*

His *Sean* is playd, you folowe on the act,
Life is but death, til fleſh, and blood be ſlain: Good men.
God graunt his woords, within your harts be pact
As good men doo, holde earthly pleaſures vain.
The good for ther needs, *Vtuntur mundo:*
And vſe good deeds, *Vt fruantur Deo.*

Contemne the chaunge, (vſe nay abuſe) not God,
Through holy ſhowes, this wordly muck to ſcratch:
To deale with men and Saints is very od. Ipocrites
Hypocriſie, a man may ouer catch.
But Hypocrite, thy hart the Lord dooth ſee:
Who by thy thoughts (not thy words) wil iudge thee.

Thou ieſting foole, which mak'ſt at ſin a face,
Beware that God, in earneſt plague thee not: Careles liuers.
For where as he, is coldeſt in his grace,
Euen there he is, in vengeance very hot.
Tempt not to far, the lotheſt man to fight:
When *he is forſte,* the luſtieſt blowes dooth ſmight.

You Courtiers, check not, Merchants for their gain,
you by your loſſe, do match with them in blame: Courtiers.
The Lawyers life, you Merchants doo not ſtaine,
The blinde for ſlouth, may hardly check the lame.
I meane that you, in Ballance of deceit: Merchants.
wil Lawyers payze, I feare with ouer waight.

You Lawyers now who earthly Iudges are, Lawyers.
you ſhalbe judg'd, and therfore iudge aright:
you count *Ignorantia Iuris* no bar,
Then ignorance, your ſinnes wil not acquite.
Read, read God's law, with which yours ſhould agre:
That you may iudge, as you would iudged bee.

You Prelats now, whoſe woords are perfect good,
Make ſhowe in woorks, yat you your woords inſue:
A Diamond, holdes his vertue ſet in wood, Prelats.
but yet in Golde, it hath a freſher hue,
Euen ſo Gods woord, tolde by the Deuil is pure:
Preacht yet by Saints, it doth more heed procure.

And Reader now, what office ſo thou haue,
to whoſe behoofe, this breef diſcourſe is tolde: Readers in generall.
Prepare thy ſelf, eche houre for the graue,
the market eats aſwel yong ſheep as olde.
Euen ſo, the Childe, who feares the ſmarting rod:
The Father oft dooth lead the way to God.

And bothe in time, this wordly life ſhall leaue,
thus ſure thou art, but know'ſt not when to dye:
Then good thou liue, leaſt death doo the deceiue,
as through good life, thou maiſt his force defye.
For truſt me man, no better match can make:
Then leaue vnſure, for certain things to take.

*Viuit poſt funera Virtus.*

## *An Epitaph, written by G. W. of the death, of M. G. Gaſkoygne.*

For Gaſkoygnes death, leaue of to mone, or morne
You are deceiued, aliue the man is ſtil:
Aliue? O yea, and laugheth death to ſcorne,
In that, that he, his fleſhly lyfe did kil.

For by ſuch death, tvvo lyues he gaines for one,
His Soule in heauen dooth liue in endles ioye
His vvoorthy vvoorks, ſuch fame in earth haue ſovvne,
As ſack nor vvrack, his name can there deſtroy.

But you vvill ſay, by death he only gaines.
And hovv his life, vvould many ſtand in ſtead:
O dain not Freend (to counterchaunge his paynes)
If novv in heauen, he haue his earneſt meade.
For once in earth, his toyle vvas paſſing great:
And vve deuourd the ſvveet of all his ſvveat.

*FINIS.*

*Nemo ante obitum beatus.*

# ¶ Certayne notes of Instruction.

## *concerning the making of verſe or*

## ryme in Engliſh, vvritten at the requeſt

## of Maſter *Edouardo Donati.*

S*Ignor Edouardo*, ſince promiſe is debt, and you (by the lawe of friendſhip) do burden me with a promiſe that I ſhoulde lende you inſtructions towards the making of Engliſh verſe or ryme, I will aſſaye to diſcharge the ſame, though not ſo perfectly as I would, yet as readily as I may: and therwithall I pray you conſider that *Quot homines, tot Sententiæ*, eſpecially in Poetrie, wherein (neuertheleſſe) I dare not challenge any degree, and yet will I at your requeſt aduenture to ſet downe my ſimple ſkill in ſuch ſimple manner as I haue vſed, referring the ſame hereafter to the correction of the *Laureate.* And you ſhall haue it in theſe few poynts followyng.

THe firſt and moſt neceſſarie poynt that euer I founde meete to be conſidered in making of a delectable poeme is this, to grounde it upon ſome fine inuention. For it is not inough to roll in pleaſant woordes, nor yet to thunder in *Rým, Ram, Ruff*, by letter (quoth my maſter *Chaucer*) nor yet to abounde in apt vocables, or epythetes, vnleſſe the Inuention haue in it alſo *aliquid ſalis.* By this *aliquid ſalis*, I meane ſome good and fine deuiſe, the wing the quicke capacitie of a writer and where I ſay ſome *good and fine inuention*, I meane that I would haue it both fine and good. For many inuentions are ſo ſuperfine, that they are *Vix good.* And againe many Inuentions are good, and yet not finely handled. And for a general forwarning: what Theame ſoeuer you do take in hande, *if you do* handle it but *tanquam in oratione*

*perpetua*, and neuer ſtudie for ſome depth of deuiſe in ve Inuention, and ſome figures alſo in the handlyng thereof: it will appeare to the ſkilfull Reader but a tale of a tubbe. To deliuer vnto you generall examples it were almoſt vmpoſſible, ſithence the occaſions of Inuentions are (as it were) infinite: neuertheleſſe take in worth mine opinion, and perceyue my furder meanyng in theſe few poynts. If I ſhould vndertake to wryte in prayſe of a gentlewoman, I would neither praiſe hir chriſtal eye, nor hir cherrie lippe, etc. For theſe things are *trita et obuia*. But I would either finde ſome ſupernaturall cauſe wherby my penne might walke in the ſuperlatiue degree, or els I would vndertake to aunſwere for any imperfection that ſhee hath, and therevpon rayſe the prayſe of hir commendation. Likewiſe if I ſhould diſcloſe my pretence in loue, I would eyther make a ſtrange diſcourſe of ſome intollerable paſſion, or finde occaſion to pleade by the example of ſome hiſtorie, or diſcover my diſquiet in ſhadowes *per Allegoriam*, or vſe the couerteſt meane that I could to anoyde the vncomelye cuſtomes of common writers. Thus much I aduenture to deliuer vnto you (my freend) vpon the rule of Inuention, which of all other rules is moſt to be marked, and hardeſt to be preſcribed in certayne and infallible rules, neuertheleſs to conclude therein, I would haue you ſtand moſt vpon the excellencie of your Inuention, and ſticke not to ſtudie deepely for ſome fine deuiſe. For that beyng founde, pleaſant woordes will follow well inough and faſt inough.

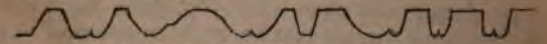
2. Your Inuention being once deuiſed, take heede that neither pleaſure of rime, nor varietie of deuiſe, do carie you from it: for as to vſe obſcure and darke phraſes in a pleaſant Sonet, is nothing delectable, ſo to entermingle merie ieſts in a ſerious matter is an *Indecorum*.

3. I will next aduiſe you that you hold the iuſt meaſure wherwith you begin your verſe, I will not denie but this may ſeeme a prepoſterous ordre: but

bycauſe I couet rather to ſatiſſie you particularly, than to vndertake a generall tradition, I wil not ſomuch ſtand vpon the manner as the matter of my precepts. I ſay then, remember to holde the ſame meaſure wher with you begin, whether it be in a verſe of ſixe ſyllables, eight, ten, twelue, etc. and though this precept might ſeeme ridiculous vnto you, ſince euery yong ſcholler can conceiue that he ought to continue in the ſame meaſure wherwith he beginneth, yet do I ſee and read many mens Poems now adayes, whiche beginning with the meaſure of xij. in the firſt line, and xiiij. in the ſecond (which is the common kinde of verſe) they wil yet (by that time they haue paſſed ouer a few verſes) fal into xiiij. and fourtene, *et ſic de ſimilibus*, the which is either forgetfulnes or careleſnes.

4. And in your verſes remembre to place euery worde in his natural *Emphaſis* or ſound, that is to ſay in ſuch wiſe, and with ſuch length or ſhortneſſe, eleuation or depreſſion of ſillables, as it is commonly pronounced or vſed: to expreſſe the ſame we have three maner of accents, *grauis*, *lenis*, *et circumflexa*, the whiche I would engliſh thus, the long accent, the ſhort accent, and that which is indifferent: the graue accent is marked by this caracte, / the light accent is noted thus, \ and the circumflexe or indifferent is thus ſignified ~ the graue accent is drawen out or eleuate, and maketh that ſillable long wherevpon it is placed: the light accent is depreſſed or ſnatched vp, and maketh that ſillable ſhort vpon the which it lighteth: the circumflexe accent is indifferent, ſometimes ſhort, ſometimes long, ſometimes depreſſed and ſometimes eleuate. For example of th' emphaſis or natural ſound of words, this word *Treaſure*, hath the graue accent vpon the firſt ſillable; whereas if it ſhoulde be written in this ſorte, *Treaſure*, nowe were the ſecond ſillable long, and that were cleane contrarie to the *common vſe* wherwith it is pronounced. For further *explanation hereof*, note you that commonly now a *dayes in engliſh rimes* (for I dare not cal them Engliſh

verſes) we vſe none other order but a ſoote of two ſillables, wherof the firſt is depreſſed or made ſhort, and the ſecond is eleuate or made long: and that ſound or ſcanning continueth throughout the verſe. We have vſed in times paſt other kindes of Méeters as for example this following:



*No wight in this world, that wealth can attayne,*

*Vnleſſe he beleue, that all is but vayne.*

Alſo our father *Chaucer* hath vſed the ſame libertie in feete and meaſures that the Latiniſts do vſe: and who ſo euer do peruſe and well conſider his workes, he ſhall finde that although his lines are not alwayes of one ſelfe ſame number of Syllables, yet beyng redde by one that hath vnderſtanding, the longeſt verſe and that which hath moſt Syllables in it, will fall (to the eare) correſpondent vnto that whiche hath feweſt ſillables in it, and like wiſe that whiche hath in it feweſt ſyllables: ſhalbe founde yet to conſiſt of woordes that haue ſuche naturall ſounde, as may ſeeme equall in length to a verſe which hath many moe ſillables of lighter accentes. And ſurely I can lament that wee are fallen into ſuche a playne and ſimple manner of wryting, that there is none other ſoote vſed but one: wherby our Poemes may iuſtly be called Rithmes, and cannot by any right challenge the name of a Verſe. But ſince it is ſo, let vs take the forde as we finde it, and lette me ſet downe vnto you ſuche rules and precepts that euen in this playne foote of two ſyllables you wreſte no woorde from his natural and vſuall ſounde, I do not meane hereby that you may vſe none other wordes but of twoo ſillables, for therein you may vſe diſcretion according to occaſion of matter: but my meaning is, that all the wordes in your verſe be ſo placed as the *firſt ſillable* may ſound ſhort or be depreſſed, the ſecond *long or* eleuate, the third ſhorte, the fourth long, the *fifth* ſhorte, etc. For example of my meaning in this

point marke theſe two verſes:

*I vnderſtand your meanying by your eye.*

\ / \ / \ / \ / \ /

*Your meaning I vnderſtand by your eye.*

In theſe two verſes there ſeemeth no difference at all, ſince the one hath the very ſelfe ſame woordes that the other hath, and yet the latter verſe is neyther true nor pleaſant, and the firſt verſe may paſſe the muſters. The fault of the latter verſe is that this worde *vnderſtand* is therein ſo placed as the graue accent falleth upon *der*, and thereby maketh *der*, in this word vnderſtand to be eleuated: which is contrarie to the naturall or vſual pronunciation: for we ſay

\ \ / \ / \

*vnderſtand*, and not *vnderſtand*.

5. Here by the way I thinke it not amiſſe to forewarne you that you thruſt as few wordes of many ſillables into your verſe as may be: and herevnto I might alledge many reaſons: firſt the moſt auncient Engliſh wordes are of one ſillable, ſo that the more monaſyllables that you vſe, the truer Engliſhman you ſhall ſeeme, and the leſſe you ſhall ſmell of the Inkehorne. Alſo wordes of many ſyllables do cloye a verſe and make it vnpleaſant, whereas woordes of one ſyllable will more eaſily fall to be ſhorte or long as occaſion requireth, or wilbe adapted to become circumflexe or of an indifferent ſounde.

6 I would exhorte you alſo to beware of rime without reaſon: my meaning is hereby that your rime leade you not from your firſte Inuention, for many wryters when they haue layed the platforme of their inuention, are yet drawen ſometimes (by ryme) to forget it or at leaſt to alter it, as when they cannot readily finde out a worde whiche maye rime to the firſt (and yet continue their determinate Inuention) they do then either botche *it vp with* a worde that will ryme (howe *ſmall reaſon ſoeuer it* carie with it) or els they alter

their firſt worde and ſo percaſe decline or trouble their former Inuention: But do you alwayes hold your firſt determined Inuention, and do rather ſearche the the bottome of your braynes for apte words, than chaunge good reaſon for rumbling rime.

7 To help you a little with ryme (which is alſo a plaine yong ſchollers leſſon) worke thus, when you haue ſet downe your firſt verſe, take the laſt worde thereof and coumpt ouer all the wordes of the ſelfe ſame ſounde by order of the Alphabete: As for example, the laſte woorde of your firſte line is *care*, to ryme therwith you haue *bare, clare, dare, fare, gare, hare, and ſhare, mare, ſnare, rare, ſtare*, and *ware &c.* Of all theſe take that which beſt may ſerue your purpoſe carying reaſon with rime: and if none of them will ſerue ſo, then alter the laſte worde of your former verſe, but yet do not willingly alter the meanyng of your Inuention.

8 You may vſe the ſame Figures or Tropes in verſe which are vſed in proſe, and in my iudgement they ſerue more aptly, and haue greater grace in verſe than they haue in proſe; but yet therein remembre this old adage, *Ne quid nimis*, as many wryters which do know they vſe of any other figure than that whiche is expreſſed in repeticion of ſundrie wordes beginning all with one letter, the whiche (beyng modeſtly vſed) lendeth good grace to a verſe: but they do ſo hunte a letter to death, that they make it *Crambé*, and *Crambe bis poſitum mors eſt:* therfore *Ne quid nimis.*

9 Alſo aſmuche as may be, eſchew ſtraunge words, or *obſoleta et inuſitata*, vnleſſe the Theame do giue iuſt occaſion: marie in ſome places a ſtraunge worde doth drawe attentiue reading, but yet I would haue you therein to vſe diſcretion.

10 And aſmuch as you may, frame your ſtile to *perſpicuity* and to be ſenſible: for the haughty obſcure verſe doth not much delight, and the verſe that is to eaſie is like a tale of a roſted horſe: but let your Poeme be ſuch as may both delight and drawe attentiue readyng, and therewithal may deliuer ſuch matter as be worth the marking.

11. You ſhall do very well to vſe your verſe after th[e] engliſhe phraſe and not after the manner of other languages: The Latiniſts do commonly ſet the adiectiue after the Subſtantiue: As for example *Femina pulchra, ædes altæ, &c.* but if we ſhould ſay in Engliſh a woman fayre, a houſe high, etc. it would haue but ſmall grace: for we ſay a good man, and not a man good, etc. And yet I will not altogether forbidde it you, for in ſome places, it may be borne, but not ſo hardly as ſome vſe it which wryte thus:

*Now let vs go to Temple ours,*
*I will go viſit mother myne &c.*

Surely I ſmile at the ſimplicitie of ſuch deuiſers which might aſwell haue ſayde it in playne Engliſhe phraſe and yet haue better pleaſed all eares, than they ſatiffie their owne fancies by ſuch *ſuperfineſſe.* Therefore euen as I haue aduiſed you to place all wordes in their naturall or moſt common and vſuall pronunciation, ſo would I wiſhe you to frame all ſentences in their mother phraſe and proper *Idióma*, and yet ſometimes (as I haue ſayd before) the contrarie may be borne, but that is rather where rime enforceth, or per *licentiam Poëticam*, than it is otherwiſe lawfull or commendable.

12. This poeticall licenſe is a ſhrewde fellow, and couereth many faults in a verſe, it maketh wordes longer, ſhorter, of mo ſillables, of fewer, newer, older, truer, falſer, and to conclude it turkeneth all things at pleaſure, for example, *ydone* for *done*, *adowne* for *downe*, *orecome* for *ouercome*, *tane* for *taken*, *powre* for *powre*, *heauen* for *heavn*, *thewes* for good partes or good qualities, and a numbre of other whiche were but tedious and needeleſſe to rehearſe, ſince your owne iudgement and reading will ſoone make you eſpie ſuch aduauntages.

13 There are alſo certayne pauſes or reſtes in a verſe whiche may be called *Ceaſures*, whereof I woulde be lothe *to ſtande long*, ſince it is at diſcretion of the *wryter, and they haue* bene firſt deuiſed (as ſhould

ſeeme) by the Muſicians: but yet thus much I will aduenture to wryte, that in mine opinion in a verſe of eight ſillables, the pauſe will ſtand beſt in the middeſt, in a verſe of tenne it will beſt be placed at the ende of the firſt foure ſillables: in a verſe of twelue, in the midſt, in verſes of twelue in the firſte and fouretene in the ſeconde, wee place the pauſe commonly in the midſt of the firſt, and at the ende of the firſt eight ſillables in the ſecond. In Rithme royall, it is at the wryters diſcretion, and forceth not where the pauſe be vntill the ende of the line.

14. And here bycauſe I haue named Rithme royall, I will tell you alſo mine opinion aſwell of that as of the names which other rymes haue commonly borne heretofore. Rythme royall is a verſe of tenne ſillables, and ſeuen ſuch verſes make a ſtaffe, whereof the firſt and thirde lines do aunſwer (acroſſe) in like terminations and rime, the ſecond, fourth, and fifth, do likewiſe anſwere eche other in terminations, and the two laſt do combine and ſhut vp the Sentence: this hath bene called Rithme royall, and ſurely it is a royall kinde of verſe, ſeruing beſt for graue diſcourſes. There is alſo another kinde called Ballade, and thereof are ſundrie ſortes: for a man may write ballade in a ſtaffe of ſixe lines, euery line conteyning eighte or ſixe ſillables, whereof the firſte and third, ſecond and fourth do rime acroſſe, and the fifth and ſixth do rime togither in concluſion. You may write alſo your ballad of tenne ſillables rimyng as before is declared, but theſe two were wont to be moſt commonly vſed in ballade, which propre name was (I thinke) deriued of this worde in Italian *Ballare*, whiche ſignifieth to daunce. And in deed thoſe kinds of rimes ſerue beſte for daunces or light matters. Then haue you alſo a rondlette, the which doth alwayes end with one ſelf ſame foote or repeticion, and was thereof (in my iudgement) *called a* rondelet. This may conſiſt of ſuch meaſure *as beſt liketh* the wryter, then haue you Sonnets, ſome *thinke that* all Poemes (being ſhort) may be called

Sonets, as in deede it is a diminutiue worde deriued of *Sonare*, but yet I can beſt alowe to call thoſe Sonnets whiche are of foure tene lynes, euery line conteyning tenne ſyllables. The firſte twelue do ryme in ſtaues of foure lines by croſſe meetre, and the laſt two ryming togither do conclude the whole. There are Dyzaynes, and Syxaines which are of ten lines, and of ſixe lines, commonly vſed by the French, which ſome Engliſh writers do alſo terme by the name of Sonettes. Then is there an old kinde of Rithme called Verlayes, deriued (as I haue redde) of this worde *Verd* whiche betokeneth Greene, and *Laye* which betokeneth a Song, as if you would ſay greene Songes: but I muſte tell you by the way, that I neuer redde any verſe which I ſaw by auƈthoritie called *Verlay*, but one, and that was a long diſcourſe in verſes of tenne ſillables, whereof the foure firſt did ryme acroſſe, and the fifth did aunſwere to the firſte and thirde, breaking off there, and ſo going on to another termination. Of this I could ſhewe example of imitation in mine own verſes written to ye right honorable ye Lord *Grey* of *VVilton* upon my iourney into *Holland*,* etc. There are alſo certaine Poemes deuiſed of tenne ſyllables, whereof the firſt aunſwereth in termination with the fourth, and the ſecond and thirde anſwere eche other: theſe are more vſed by other nations than by vs, neyther can I tell readily which name to giue them. And the commoneſt ſort of verſe which we vſe now adayes (*viz.* the long verſe of twelue and fourtene ſillables) I know not certainly howe to name it, vnleſſe I ſhould ſay that it doth conſiſt of Poulters meaſure, which giueth. xii. for one dozen and xiiij. for another. But let this ſuffiſe (if it be not to much) for the ſundrie ſortes of verſes which we vſe now adayes.

15 In all theſe ſortes of verſes when ſoeuer you vndertake to write, auoyde prolixitie and tediouſneſſe, and euer as neare as you can, do finiſh the ſentence and meaning at the end of euery ſtaffe where you

* *Gascoigne's Voyage into Holland*, An. 1572, in his *Herbes*, 1575.

wright ſtaues, and at the end of euery two lines where you write by cooples or poulters meaſure: for I ſee many writers which draw their ſentences in length, and make an ende at latter Lummas: for commonly before they end, the Reader hath forgotten where he begon. But do you (if you wil follow my aduiſe) eſchue prolixitie and knit vp your ſentences as compendiouſly as you may, ſince breuitie (ſo that it be not drowned in obſcuritie) is moſt commendable.

16 I had forgotten a notable kinde of ryme, called ryding rime, and that is ſuche as our Mayſter and Father *Chaucer* vſed in his Canterburie tales, and in diuers other delectable and light enterpriſes: but though it come to my remembrance ſomewhat out of order, it ſhall not yet come altogether out of time, for I will nowe tell you a conceipt whiche I had before forgotten to wryte: you may ſee (by the way) that I holde a prepoſterous order in my traditions, but as I ſayde before I wryte moued by good wil, and not to ſhewe my ſkill: Then to returne to my matter, as this riding rime ſerueth moſt aptly to wryte a merie tale, ſo Rythme royall is fitteſt for a graue diſcourſe. Ballades are beſte of matters of loue, and rondlettes moſte apt for the beating or handlyng of an adage or common prouerbe: Sonets ſerue aſwell in matters of loue as of diſcourſe: Dizaymes and Sixames for ſhorte Fantazies: Verlayes for an effectual propoſition, although by the name you might otherwiſe iudge of Verlayes, and the long verſe of twelue and fouretene fillables, although it be now adayes vſed in all Theames, yet in my iudgement it would ſerue beſt for Pſalmes and Himpnes.

I woulde ſtande longer in theſe traditions, were it not that I doubt mine owne ignoraunce, but as I ſayde before. I know that I write to my freende and affying my ſelfe therevpon, I make an ende.

*FINIS.*

# THE STEELE GLAS.

## A Satyre compiled by George Gaſcoigne Esquire.

*Together with*

The Complainte of *Phylomene.*

*An Elegie deuised by*

the same Author.

*Tam Marti, quàm Mercurio.*

*Printed for Richard Smith.*

# To the right honorable his singular good Lord the Lord Gray of VVilton Knight of the moſt honorable order of the Garter, George Gaſcoigne Eſquire wiſheth long life *with encreaſe of honour, according to* his great worthineſſe.

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Ight honorable, noble, and my ſingular good Lorde: if mine abilitie were any way correſpondent too the iuſt deſires of my hart, I ſhould yet thinke al the fame vnable to deſerue the leaſt parte of your goodneſſe: in that you haue alwayes deygned with chearefull looke to regarde me, with affabylitie to heare me, with exceeding curteſy to vſe me, with graue aduice to direct mee, with apparant loue to care for me, and with aſſured aſſiſtance to protect me. All which when I do remember, yet it ſtirreth in me an exceeding zeale to deſerue it: and that zeale begetteth baſhefull dreade too performe it. The dread is ended in dolours, and yet thoſe dolours reviued the very ſame affection, whiche firſte moued in mee the deſire to honour and eſteme you. For whiles I bewayle mine own vnworthyneſſe, and therewithal do ſet before mine eyes the loſt time of my youth miſpent, I ſeeme to ſee afarre of (for my comfort) the *high* and triumphant vertue called *Mignanimitie*, ac*companied* with induſtrious diligence. The firſt doth *encourage* my faynting harte, and the ſeconde doth

beginne (already) to employ my vnderſtanding, for (ahlas my goode Lorde) were not the cordial of theſe two pretious Spiceries, the corroſyue of care woulde quickely confounde me.

I haue miſgouerned my youth, I confeſſe it: what ſhall I do then? ſhall I yelde to myſery as a iuſt plague appointed for my portion? Magnanimitie ſaith no, and Induſtrye ſeemeth to be of the very ſame opinion.

I am derided, ſuſpected, accuſed, and condemned: yea more than that, I am rygorouſly reiected when I proffer amendes for my harme. Should I therefore diſpayre? ſhall I yeelde vnto iellouſie? or drowne my dayes in idleneſſe, bycauſe their beginning was bathed in wantonneſſe? Surely (my Lord) the Magnanimitie of a noble minde will not ſuffer me, and the delightfulneſſe of dilygence doth vtterly forbydde me.

Shal I grudge to be reproued for that which I haue done in deede, when the ſting of Emulation ſpared not to touche the worthy *Scipio* with moſt vntrue ſurmyſes? Yea *Themiſtocles* when he had deliuered al Greece from the huge hoſt of *Xerxes*, was yet by his vnkinde citizens of Athens expulſed from his owne, and conſtrained to ſeeke fauour in the ſight of his late profeſſed enemie. But the Magnanimitie of their mindes was ſuch, as neither could aduerſytie ouercome them, nor yet the iniurious dealing of other men coulde kindle in their breſtes any leaſt ſparke of deſire, to ſeeke any vnhonorable reuenge.

I haue loytred (my lorde) I confeſſe, I haue lien ſtreaking me (like a lubber) when the ſunne did ſhine, and now I ſtriue al in vaine to loade the carte when it raineth. I regarded not my comelynes in the Maymoone of my youth, and yet now I ſtand prinking me in the glaſſe, when the crowes foote is growen vnder mine eye. But what?

*Ariſtotle* ſpent his youth very ryotouſly, and *Plato* (by your leaue) in twenty of his youthful yeares, was no leſſe addicted to delight in amorous verſe, than hee was after in his age painful to write good precepts of

moral Phyloſophy. VVhat ſhoulde I ſpeake of Cato, who was olde before he learned lattine letters, and yet became one of the greateſt Oratours of his time: Theſe examples are ſufficient to proue that by induſtrie and diligence any perfection may be attained, and by true Magnanimitie all aduerſities are eaſye to be endured. And to that ende (my verie good lorde) I do here preſume thus rudely to rehearſe them. For as I can be content to confeſſe the lightneſſe wherewith I haue bene (in times paſt) worthie to be burdened, ſo would I be gladde, if nowe when I am otherwiſe bent, my better endeuors might be accepted. But (alas my lorde) I am not onely enforced ſtil to carie on my ſhoulders the croſſe of my careleſneſſe, but therewithall I am alſo put to the plonge, too prouide newe weapons wherewith I maye defende all heauy frownes, deepe ſuſpects, and dangerous detractions. And I finde my ſelfe ſo feeble, and ſo vnable to endure that combat, as (were not the cordialles before rehearſed) I ſhould either caſt downe mine armoure and hide myſelfe like a recreant, or elſe (of a malicious ſtubborneſſe) ſhould buſie my braines with ſome Stratagem for to execute an enuious reuenge vpon mine aduerſaries.

But neither wil Magnanimitie ſuffer me to become vnhoneſt, nor yet can Induſtrie ſee me ſinke in idleneſſe.

For I haue learned in ſacred ſcriptures to heape coles vppon the head of mine enemie, by honeſt dealing: and our ſauiour himſelf hath encoraged me, ſaying that I ſhal lacke neither workes nor ſeruice, although it were noone dayes before I came into the Market place.

Theſe things I ſay (my ſingular good lorde) do renewe in my troubled minde the ſame affection which firſt moued me to honor you, nothing doubting but that *your* fauorable eyes will vouchſafe to beholde me as *I am,* and neuer be ſo curious as to enquire what I *haue bene.*

And in ful hope therof, I haue preſumed to preſent your honour with this Satyre written without rime, but I truſt not without reaſon. And what ſoeuer it bee, I do humbly dedicate it vnto your honorable name, beſeeching the ſame too accept it with as gratious regarde, as you haue in times paſt bene accuſtomed too beholde my trauailes. And (my good Lorde) though the skorneful do mocke me for a time, yet in the ende I hope to giue them al a rybbe to roſte for their paynes. And when the vertuous ſhall perceiue indeede how I am occupied, then ſhall detraction be no leſſe aſhamed to haue falſely accuſed me, than light credence ſhal haue cauſe to repent his raſhe conceypt: and Grauitie the iudge ſhal not be abaſhed to cancel the ſentence vniuſtly pronounced in my condemnation. In meane while I remaine amongſt my bookes here at my poore houſe in VValkamſtowe, where I praye daylie for ſpeedy aduauncement, and continuall proſperitie of your good Lordſhip. VVritten the fiftenth of April. 1576.

(·.·)

*By your honours moſt bownden and well affured*
*George Gaſcoigne.*

# N. R. in commendation *of the Author, and his* workes.

IN rowſing verſes of *Mauors* bloudie raigne,
The famous *Greke*, and *Miro* did excel.
Graue *Senec* did, ſurmounte for Tragike vaine,
Quicke *Epigrams*, *Catullus* wrote as wel.
*Archilochus*, did for *Iambickes* paſſe,
For commicke verſe, ſtill *Plautus* peereleſſe was.

In *Elegies*, and wanton loue writ laies,
Sance peere were *Naſo*, and *Tibullus* deemde:
In Satyres ſharpe (as men of mickle praiſe)
*Lucilius*, and Horace were eſteemde.
Thus diuers men, with diuers vaines did write,
But *Gaſcoigne* doth, in euery vaine indite.

And what perfourmaunce hee thereof doth make,
I liſt not vaunte, his workes for me ſhal ſay;
In praiſing him *Timantes* trade I take,
VVho (when he ſhould, the woful cheare diſplaie,
Duke *Agamemnon* had when he did waile,
His daughters death with teares of ſmal auaile:

Not ſkild to counterſhape his morneful grace,
That men might deeme, what art coulde not ſupplie)
Deuiſde with painted vaile, to ſhrowde his face.
Like ſorte my pen ſhal Gaſcoignes praiſe diſcrie,
VVhich wanting grace, his graces to rehearſe,
Doth ſhrowde and cloude them thus in ſilent verſe.

# [1]Walter Rawely of the middle

*Temple, in commendation of the Steele Glaſſe.*

SVVete were the ſauce, would pleaſe ech kind of taſt,
The life, likewiſe, were pure that neuer ſwerued,
For ſpyteful tongs, in cankred ſtomackes plaſte,
Deeme worſt of things, which beſt (percaſe) deſerued:
But what for that? this medcine may ſuffyſe,
To ſcorne the reſt, and ſeke to pleaſe the wiſe.

Though ſundry mindes, in ſundry ſorte do deeme,
Yet worthieſt wights, yelde prayſe for euery payne,
But enuious braynes, do nought (or light) eſteme,
Such ſtately ſteppes, as they cannot attaine.
For who ſo reapes, renowne aboue the reſt,
VVith heapes of hate, ſhal ſurely be oppreſt.

VVherefore to write, my cenſure of this booke,
This Glaſſe of Steele, vnpartially doth ſhewe,
Abuſes all, to ſuch as in it looke,
From prince to poore, from high eſtate to lowe,
As for the verſe, who liſts like trade to trye,
I feare me much, ſhal hardly reache ſo high.

# Nicholas Bowyer in commen-

*dation of this worke.*

FRom layes of Loue, to Satyres ſadde and ſage,
Our Poet turnes, the trauaile of his time,
And as he pleaſde, the vaine of youthful age,
VVith pleaſant penne, employde in louing ryme:
So now he ſekes, the graueſt to delight,
VVith workes of worth, much better than they ſhowe.

[1] Mr. J. P. Collier, in *Arch.* xxxiv. 138, states that this is the earliest known verse of Sir W. Raleigh's, and that the above heading shows him to have been at least resident in the Middle Temple in 1570

This Glaſſe of Steele, (if it be markt aright)
Diſcries the faults, as wel of high as lowe.
And *Philomelaes* fourefolde iuſt complaynte,
In ſugred ſounde, doth ſhrowde a ſolempne ſence,
Gainſt thoſe whome luſt, or murder doth attaynte.
Lo this we ſee, is *Gaſcoignes* good pretence,
To pleaſe al ſorts, with his praiſeworthy ſkill.
Then yelde him thanks in ſigne of like good wil.

# The Author to the Reader.

TO vaunt, were vaine: and flatterie were a faulte.
But truth to tell, there is a fort of fame,
The which I ſeeke, by ſcience to aſſault,
And ſo to leaue, remembrance of my name.
The walles thereof are wondrous hard to clyme:

And much to high, for ladders made of ryme.
Then ſince I ſee, that rimes can ſeldome reache,
Vnto the toppe, of ſuch a ſtately Towre,
By reaſons force, I meane to make ſome breache,
VVhich yet may helpe, my feeble fainting powre,
That ſo at laſt, my Muſe might enter in,
And reaſon rule, that rime could neuer win.

Such battring tyre, this pamphlet here bewraies,
In rymeleſſe verſe, which thundreth mighty threates,
And where it findes, that vice the wal decayes,
Euen there (amaine) with ſharpe rebukes it beates.
The worke (thinke I) deſerues an honeſt name,
If not? I fayle, to win this forte of fame.

*Tam Marti, quàm Mercurio.*

# THE STEELE GLAS.

THe Nightingale, (whoſe happy noble hart,
No dole can daunt, nor feareful force affright,
Whoſe chereful voice, doth comfort ſaddeſt wights,
When ſhe hir ſelf, hath little cauſe to ſing.
Whom louers loue, bicauſe ſhe plaines their greues,
She wraies their woes, and yet relieues their payne,
Whom worthy mindes, alwayes eſteemed much,
And graueſt yeares, haue not diſdainde hir notes:
(Only that king proud *Tereus* by his name
With murdring knife, did carue hir pleaſant tong,
To couer ſo, his owne foule filthy fault)
This worthy bird, hath taught my weary Muze,
To ſing a ſong, in ſpight of their deſpight,
Which worke my woe, withouten cauſe or crime,
And make my backe, a ladder for their feete,
By ſlaundrous ſteppes, and ſtayres of tickle talke,
To clyme the throne, wherein my ſelfe ſhould ſitte.
*O Phylomene*, then helpe me now to chaunt:
And if *dead beaſtes*, or liuing byrdes haue ghoſts,
*Which can conceiue* the cauſe of carefull mone,
*When wrong* triumphes, and right is ouertrodde,

Then helpe me now, O byrd of gentle bloud,
In barrayne verſe, to tell a frutefull tale,
A tale (I meane) which may content the mindes
Of learned men, and graue Philoſophers.

And you my Lord, (whoſe happe hath heretofore
Bene, louingly to reade my reckles rimes,
And yet haue deignde, with fauor to forget
The faults of youth, which paſt my haſty pen:
And therwithall, haue graciouſly vouchſafte,
To yeld the reſt, much more than they deſervde)
Vouchſafe (lo now) to reade and to peruſe,
This rimles verſe, which flowes from troubled mind.
Synce that the line, of that falſe caytife king,
(Which rauiſhed fayre *Phylomene* for luſt,
And then cut out, hir trustie tong for hate)
Liues yet (my Lord) which words I weepe to write.
They liue, they liue, (alas the worſe my lucke)
Whoſe greedy luſt, vnbridled from their breſt,
Hath raunged long about the world ſo wyde,
To finde a pray for their wide open mouthes,
And me they found, (O wofull tale to tell)
Whoſe harmeleſſe hart, perceivde not their deceipt.

But that my Lord, may playnely vnderſtand,
The myſteries, of all that I do meane,
I am not he whom ſlaunderous tongues haue tolde,
(Falſe tongues in dede, and craftie ſubtile braines)
To be the man, which ment a common ſpoyle
Of louing dames, whoſe eares wold heare my words
Or truſt the tales deuiſed by my pen.
In' am a man, as ſome do thinke I am,
(Laugh not good Lord) I am in dede a dame,
Or at the leaſt, a right *Hermaphrodite.*
And who deſires, at large to knowe my name,
*My birth*, my line, and euery circumſtance,
*Lo reade* it here, *Playne dealyng* was my Syre,
*And he* begat me by *Simplycitie*,

Not ignorant symplicity but a thought free from deceite.

A paire of twinnes at one ſelfe burden borne,
My ſiſtr' and I, into this world were ſent,
My Syſters name, was pleaſant *Poeſys*,
And I my ſelfe had *Satyra* to name,
Whoſe happe was ſuch, that in the prime of youth,
A luſty ladde, a ſtately man to ſee,
Brought vp in place, where pleaſures did abound,
(I dare not ſay, in court for both myne eares)
Beganne to woo my ſiſter, not for wealth,
But for hir face was louely to beholde,
And therewithall, hir ſpeeche was pleaſant ſtil.
This Nobles name, was called *vayne Delight*,
And in his trayne, he had a comely crewe
Of guylefull wights: *Falſe ſemblant* was the firſt,
The ſecond man was, *Flearing flattery*,
(Brethren by like, or very neare of kin)
Then followed them, *Detraction* and *Deceite*.
*Sym Swaſh* did beare a buckler for the firſt,
*Falſe witneſſe* was the ſeconde ſtemly page,
And thus wel armd, and in good equipage,
This Galant came, vnto my fathers courte,
And woed my ſiſter, for ſhe elder was,
And fayrer eke, but out of doubt (at least)
Hir pleaſant ſpeech ſurpaſſed mine ſomuch,
That *vayne Delight*, to hir adreſt his ſute.
Short tale to make, ſhe gaue a free conſent,
And forth ſhe goeth, to be his wedded make,
Entyſt percaſe, with gloſſe of gorgeous ſhewe,
(Or elſe perhappes, perſuaded by his peeres,)
That conſtant loue had herbord in his breſt,
*Such errors growe where ſuch falſe Prophets preach.*

Satyrical Poetrye may rightly be called the daughter of such ſymplicitie.

VVhere may be commonly found a meeter vvoer for plesant poetry, than vaine Delight? Such men do many tymes attend vpon vaine delight.

Poetrie married to vaine Delight.

How ſo it were, my Siſter likte him wel,
And forth ſhe goeth, in Court with him to dwel,
Where when ſhe had ſome yeeres yſoiorned,
And ſaw the *world*, and marked eche mans minde,
*A deepe Deſire* hir louing hart enflamde,

To ſee me ſit by hir in ſeemely wiſe,
That companye might comfort hir ſometimes,
And ſound advice might eaſe hir wearie thoughtes:
And forth with ſpeede, (euen at hir firſt requeſt)
Doth *vaine Delight*, his hasty courſe direct,
To ſeeke me out his ſayles are fully bent,
And winde was good, to bring me to the bowre,
Whereas ſhe lay, that mourned dayes and nights
To ſee hir ſelfe, ſo matchte and ſo deceivde,
And when the wretch, (I cannot terme him bet)
Had me on ſeas ful farre from friendly help,
A ſparke of luſt, did kindle in his breſt,
And bad him harke, to ſongs of *Satyra*.
I ſelly ſoule (which thought no body harme)
Gan cleere my throte, and ſtraue to ſing my beſt,
Which pleaſde him ſo, and ſo enflamde his hart,
That he forgot my ſiſter *Poeſys*,
And rauiſht me, to pleaſe his wanton minde.
Not ſo content, when this ſoule fact was done,
(Yfraught with feare, leaſt that I ſhould diſcloſe
His inceſt: and his doting darke deſire)
He cauſde ſtraight wayes, the formoſt of his crew
VVith his compeare, to trie me with their tongues:
And when their guiles, could not preuaile to winne
My ſimple mynde, from tracke of truſtie truth,
Nor yet deceyt could bleare mine eyes through fraud,
Came Slander then, accuſing me, and ſayde,
That I entiſt *Delyght*, to loue and luſte.
Thus was I caught, poore wretch that thought none il.
And furthermore, to cloke their own offence,
They clapt me faſt, in cage of *Myſerie*,
And there I dwelt, full many a doleful day,
*Vntil this* theeſe, this traytor *vaine Delight*,
*Cut out my* ſong, with *Rayſor* of *Reſtraynte*,
*Leaſt I* ſhould wraye, this bloudy deede of his.

Satyrical Poetry is somtimes rauished by vayne Delight.

False semblant and flatterie can seldome beguile satirical Poetrie.

The reward of busy medling is Misery.

note novv and compare this allegory to the story of Progne and Philomele.

And thus (my Lord) I liue a weary life,
Not as I ſeemd, a man ſometimes of might,
But womanlike, whoſe teares muſt venge hir harms.
And yet, euen as the mighty gods did daine
For *Philomele*, that thoughe hir tong were cutte,
Yet ſhould ſhe ſing a pleaſant note ſometimes:
So haue they deignd, by their deuine decrees,
That with the ſtumps of my reproued tong,
I may ſometimes, *Reprouers* deedes reproue,
And ſing a verſe, to make them ſee themſelues.

Then thus I ſing, this ſelly ſong by night,
Like *Phylomene*, ſince that the ſhining Sunne
Is how eclypſt, which wont to lend me light.

And thus I ſing, in corner cloſely cowcht
Like *Philomene*, ſince that the ſtately cowrts,
Are now no place, for ſuch poore byrds as I.

And thus I ſing, with pricke againſt my brest,
Like *Philomene*, ſince that the priuy worme,
Which makes me ſee my reckles youth miſpent,
May well ſuffiſe, to keepe me waking ſtill.

And thus I ſing, when pleaſant ſpring begins,
Like *Philomene*, ſince euery ianglyng byrd,
Which ſqueaketh loude, ſhall neuer triumph ſo,
As though my muze were mute and durſt not ſing.

And thus I ſing, with harmeleſſe true intent,
Like *Philomene*, when as percaſe (meane while)
The Cuckowe ſuckes mine eggs by foule deceit,
And lickes the ſweet, which might haue fed me firſt.

And thus I meane, in mournfull wiſe to ſing,
A rare conceit, (God graunt it like my Lorde)
A truſtie tune, *from* auncient clyffes conueyed,
*A playne ſong note*, which cannot warble well.

For whyles I mark this weak and wretched world, Here the substance of the theame beginneth
Wherein I ſee, howe euery kind of man
Can flatter ſtill, and yet deceiues himſelfe.
I ſeeme to muſe, from whence ſuch errour ſprings,
Such groſſe conceits, ſuch miſtes of darke miſtake,
Such *Surcuydry*, ſuch weening ouer well,
And yet in dede, ſuch dealings too too badde.
And as I ſtretch my weary wittes, to weighe
The cauſe thereof, and whence it ſhould proceede,
My battred braynes, (which now be ſhrewdly bruſde,
With cannon ſhot, of much miſgouernment)
Can ſpye no cauſe, but onely one conceite,
Which makes me thinke, the world goeth ſtil awry.

I ſee and ſigh, (bycauſe it makes me ſadde)
That peuiſhe pryde, doth al the world poſſeſſe,
And euery wight, will haue a looking glaſſe
To ſee himſelfe, yet ſo he ſeeth him not:
Yea ſhall I ſay? a glaſſe of common glaſſe,
Which gliſtreth bright, and ſhewes a ſeemely ſhew,
Is not enough, the days are paſt and gon,
That Berral glaſſe, with foyles of louely brown,
Might ſerue to ſhew, a ſeemely ſauord face.
That age is deade, and vaniſht long ago,
Which thought that ſteele, both truſty was and true,
And needed not, a foyle of contraries,
But ſhewde al things, euen as they were in deede.
In ſteade whereof, our curious yeares can finde
The chriſtal glas, which glimſeth braue and bright,
And ſhewes the thing, much better than it is,
Beguylde with foyles, of ſundry ſubtil ſights,
So that they ſeeme, and couet not to be.

*This is* the cauſe (beleue me now my Lorde)
*That* Realmes do rewe, from high proſperity,

That kings decline, from princely gouernment,
That Lords do lacke, their aunceſtors good wil,
That knights conſume, their patrimonie ſtill,
That gentlemen, do make the merchant riſe,
That plowmen begge, and crafteſmen cannot thriue,
That clergie quayles, and hath ſmal reuerence,
That laymen liue, by mouing miſchiefe ſtil,
That courtiers thriue, at latter Lammas day,
That officers, can ſcarce enrich their heyres,
That Souldiours ſterue, or prech at Tiborne croſſe,
That lawyers buye, and purchaſe deadly hate,
That merchants clyme, and fal againe as faſt,
That roysters brag, aboue their betters rome,
That ſicophants, are counted iolly gueſts,
That *Lais* leades a Ladies life aloſte,
And *Lucrece* lurkes, with ſobre baſhful grace.

This is the cauſe (or elſe my Muze mistakes)
That things are thought, which neuer yet were wrought,
And caſtels buylt, aboue in lofty ſkies,
Which neuer yet, had good foundation.
And that the ſame may ſeme no feined dreame,
But words of worth, and worthy to be wayed,
I haue preſumde, my Lord for to preſent
With this poore glaſſe, which is of truſtie Steele,
And came to me, by wil and teſtament
Of one that was, a Glaſſemaker in deede.

*Lucylius*, this worthy man was namde, A famous old satyrical Poete.
Who at his death, bequeathd the chriſtal glaſſe,
To ſuch as loue, to ſeme but not to be,
And vnto thoſe, that loue to ſee themſelues,
How foule or fayre, ſoeuer that they are,
He gan bequeath, a glaſſe of truſtie Steele,
Wherein they may be bolde alwayes to looke,
Bycauſe it *ſhewes, all* things in their degree.
*And ſince myſelfe* (now pride of youth is paſt)

Do loue to be, and let al ſeeming paſſe,
Since I deſire, to ſee my ſelfe in deed,
Not what I would, but what I am or ſhould,
Therfore I like this truſtie glaſſe of Steele.

The Auc-thor him-ſelfe.

Wherein I ſee, a frolike fauor frounſt
With foule abuſe, of lawleſſe luſt in youth:
Wherein I ſee, a *Sampſons* grim regarde
Diſgraced yet with *Alexanders* bearde:
Wherein I ſee, a corps of comely ſhape
(And ſuch as might beſeeme the courte full wel)
Is caſt at heele, by courting al to ſoone:
Wherein I ſee, a quicke capacitye,
Berayde with blots of light Inconſtancie:
An age ſuſpect, bycauſe of youthes miſdeedes.
A poets brayne, poſſeſt with layes of loue:
A *Cæſars* minde, and yet a *Codrus* might,
A Souldiours hart, ſuppreſt with feareful doomes:
A Philoſopher, fooliſhly fordone.
And to be playne, I ſee my ſelfe ſo playne,
And yet ſo much vnlike that moſt I ſeemde,
As were it not, that Reaſon ruleth me,
I ſhould in rage, this face of mine deface,
And caſt this corps, downe headlong in diſpaire,
Bycauſe it is, ſo farre vnlike it ſelfe.

Alexander magnus had but a ſmal beard.

He vvhich vvil re-buke mens faults, ſhal do vvel not to for-get hys ovvne im-perfections

And therewithal, to comfort me againe,
I ſee a world, of worthy gouernment,
A common welth, with policy ſo rulde,
As neither lawes are ſold, nor iuſtice bought,
Nor riches ſought, vnleſſe it be by right.
No crueltie, nor tyrannie can raigne,
No right reuenge, doth rayſe rebellion,
No ſpoyles are tane, although the ſword preuaile,
No ryot ſpends, the coyne of common welth,
No rulers hoard, the countries treaſure vp,
No man growes riche, by ſubtilty nor ſleight:

Commo vvelth

All people dreade, the magistrates decree,
And al men feare, the ſcourge of mighty Ioue.
Lo this (my lord) may wel deſerue the name,
Of ſuch a lande, as milke and hony flowes.
And this I ſee, within my glaſſe of Steel,
Set forth euen ſo, by *Solon* (worthy wight)
Who taught king *Crœſus*, what it is to feme,
And what to be, by proofe of happie end.
The like *Lycurgus*, *Lacedemon* king,
Did ſet to ſhew, by viewe of this my glaſſe,
And left the ſame, a mirour to behold,
To euery prince, of his poſterity.

But now (aye me) the glaſing chriſtal glaſſe
Doth make vs thinke, that realmes and townes are rych
VVhere fauor ſways, the ſentence of the law, Common vvoe
VVhere al is fiſhe, that cometh to the net,
VVhere mighty power, doth ouer rule the right,
VVhere iniuries, do foſter ſecret grudge,
VVhere bloudy ſword, maks euery booty prize,
VVhere banquetting, is compted comly coſt,
VVhere officers grow rich by princes pens,
VVhere purchaſe commes, by couyn and deceit,
And no man dreads, but he that cannot ſhift,
Nor none ſerue God, but only tongtide men.

Againe I ſee, within my glaſſe of Steele,
But foure eſtates, to ſerue eche country Soyle,
The King, the Knight, the Peſant, and the Prieſt.
The King ſhould care for al the ſubiectes ſtill,
The Knight ſhould fight, for to defende the ſame,
The Peaſant he, ſhould labor for their eaſe,
And Prieſts ſhuld pray, for them and for themſelues.

But out alas, ſuch miſts do bleare our eyes,
And chriſtal gloſſe, doth gliſter ſo therwith,
That Kings conceiue, their care is wonderous Kings great.

When as they beat, their buſie reſtles braynes,
To maintaine pompe, and high triumphant ſights,
To fede their ſil, of daintie delicates,
To glad their harts, with ſight of pleaſant ſports,
To fil their eares, with ſound of instruments,
To breake with bit, the hot coragious horſe,
To deck their haules, with ſumpteous cloth of gold,
To cloth themſelues, with ſilkes of ſtraunge deuiſe,
To ſearch the rocks, for pearles and pretious ſtones,
To delue the ground, for mines of gliſtering gold:
And neuer care, to maynteine peace and reſt,
To yeld reliefe, where needy lacke appears,
To ſtop one eare, vntil the poore man ſpeake,
To ſeme to ſleepe, when Iuſtice ſtill doth wake,
To gard their lands, from ſodaine ſword and fier,
To feare the cries of giltles ſuckling babes,
Whoſe ghoſts may cal, for vengeance on their bloud,
And ſtirre the wrath, of mightie thundring Ioue.

I ſpeake not this, by any engliſh king,
Nor by our Queene, whoſe high forſight prouids,
That dyre debate, is fledde to foraine Realmes,
Whiles we inioy the golden fleece of peace.
But there to turne my tale, from whence it came,
In olden dayes, good kings and worthy dukes,
(Who ſawe themſelues, in glaſſe of truſty Steele)
Contented were, with pompes of little pryce,
And ſet their thoughtes, on regal gouernement.

An order was, when Rome did floriſh moſt, Valeri. max. lib. 2. cap. 3.
That no man might triumph in ſtately wiſe,
But ſuch as had, with blowes of bloudy blade
Fiue thouſand foes in foughten field foredone.
Now he that likes, to loke in Christal glaſſe,
May ſee proud pomps, in high triumphant wiſe,
Where neuer blowe, was delt with enemie.

*When Sergius*, deuiſed firſt the meane

To pen vp fiſhe, within the ſwelling floud,
And ſo content his mouth with daintie fare,
Then followed faſt, exceſſe on Princes bordes,
And euery diſh, was chargde with new conceits,
To pleaſe the taſte, of vncontented mindes.
But had he ſeene, the ſtreine of ſtraunge deuiſe,
Which *Epicures*, do now adayes inuent,
To yeld good ſmacke, vnto their daintie tongues:
Could he conceiue, how princes paunch is fillde
With ſecret cauſe, of ſickeneſſe (oft) vnſeene,
Whiles luſt deſires, much more than nature craues,
Then would he ſay, that al the Romane coſt
Was common traſh, compard to ſundrie Sauce
Which princes vſe, to pamper Appetite.

O Chriſtal Glaſſe, thou ſetteſt things to ſhew,
Which are (God knoweth) of little worth in dede.
All eyes behold, with eagre deepe deſire, 3
The Faulcon flye, the grehounde runne his courſe,
The bayted Bul, and Beare at ſtately ſtake,
Theſe Enterluds, theſe newe Italian ſportes,
And euery gawde, that glads the minde of man:
But fewe regard, their needy neighbours lacke,
And fewe beholde, by contemplation,
The ioyes of heauen, ne yet the paines of hel.
Fewe loke to lawe, but al men gaze on luſt.

A ſwete conſent, of Muſicks ſacred ſound, 4
Doth rayſe our mindes, (as rapt) al vp on high,
But ſweeter ſoundes, of concorde, peace, and loue,
Are out of tune, and iarre in euery ſtoppe.

To toſſe and turne, the ſturdie trampling ſtede, 5
To bridle him, and make him meete to ſerue,
Deſerues (no doubt) great commendation.
But ſuch as haue, their ſtables ful yfraught,
VVith pampred Iades, ought therwithal to wey,
VVhat great *exceſſe*, vpon them may be ſpent,
*How many pore*, (which nede nor brake nor bit)

Might therwith al, in godly wiſe be ſedde, Deut. 18.
And kings ought not, ſo many horſe to haue.

The ſumpteous houſe, declares the princes ſtate, 6
But vaine exceſſe, bewrayes a princes faults.

Our bumbaſt hoſe, our treble double ruffes, 7
Our ſutes of Silke, our comely garded capes,
Our knit ſilke ſtockes, and ſpaniſh lether ſhoes,
(Yea veluet ſerues, ofttimes to trample in)
Our plumes, our ſpangs, and al our queint aray,
Are pricking ſpurres, prouoking filthy pride,
And ſnares (vnſeen) which lcade a man to hel.

How liue the Mores, which ſpurne at gliſtring perle, 8
And ſcorne the coſts, which we do holde ſo deare?
How? how but wel? and weare the precious pearle
Of peerleſſe truth, amongſt them publiſhed,
(VVhich we enioy, and neuer wey the worth.)
They would not then, the ſame (like vs) deſpiſe,
VVhich (though they lacke) they liue in better wiſe
Than we, which holde, the worthles pearle ſo deare.
But glittring gold, which many yeares lay hidde,
Til gredy mindes, gan ſearch the very guts
Of earth and clay, to finde out ſundrie moulds
(As redde and white, which are by melting made
Bright gold and ſiluer, mettals of miſchiefe)
Hath now enflamde, the nobleſt Princes harts
With fouleſt fire, of filthy Auarice,
And ſeldome ſeene, that kings can be content
To kepe their bounds, which their forefathers left:
What cauſeth this, but greedy golde to get?
Euen gold, which is, the very cauſe of warres,
The neaſt of ſtrife, and nourice of debate,
The barre of heauen, and open way to hel.

(Squire
But is this ſtrange? when Lords when Knightes ar
*(Which* ought defende, the ſtate of common welth)
*Are* not afrayd to couet like a King?

O blinde deſire: oh high aſpiring harts.
The country Squire, doth couet to be Knight, Knightes.
The Knight a Lord, the Lord an Erle or a Duke,
The Duke a King, the King would Monarke be,
And none content, with that which is his own.
Yet none of theſe, can ſee in Chriſtal glaſſe
(VVhich glistereth bright, and bleares their gazing eyes)
How euery life, beares with him his diſeaſe.
But in my glaſſe, which is of trustie ſteele,
I can perceiue, how kingdomes breede but care,
How Lordſhip liues, with lots of leſſe delight,
(Though cappe and knee, do ſeeme a reuerence,
And courtlike life, is thought an other heauen)
Than common people finde in euery coaſt.

The Gentleman, which might in countrie keepe
A plenteous boorde, and feed the fatherleſſe,
VVith pig and goose, with mutton, beefe and veale,
(Yea now and then, a capon and a chicke)
VVil breake vp houſe, and dwel in market townes,
A loytring life, and like an *Epicure.*

But who (meane while) defends the common welth?
VVho rules the flocke, when ſheperds ſo are fled?
VVho ſtayes the ſtaff, which ſhuld vphold the ſtate?
Forſoth good Sir, the Lawyer leapeth in,
Nay rather leapes, both ouer hedge and ditch,
And rules the roſt, but fewe men rule by right.

O Knights, O Squires, O Gentle blouds yborne,
You were not borne, al onely for your ſelues:
Your countrie claymes, ſome part of al your paines.
There ſhould you liue, and therein ſhould you toyle,
To hold vp right, and baniſh cruel wrong,
To helpe the pore, to bridle backe the riche,
To puniſh vice, and vertue to aduaunce,
To ſee God ſervde, and *Belzebub* ſuppreſt.
You *ſhould not truſt*, lieftenaunts in your rome,
*And let them ſway*, the ſcepter of your charge,
*VVhiles you* (meane while) know ſcarcely what is don,
*Nor yet can yeld*, accompt if you were callde.

The ſtately lord, which woonted was to kepe
A court at home, is now come vp to courte,
And leaues the country for a common prey,
To pilling, polling, brybing, and deceit:
(Al which his preſence might haue pacified,
Or elſe haue made offenders ſmel the ſmoke.)
And now the youth which might haue ſerued him,
In comely wiſe, with countrey clothes yclad,
And yet thereby bin able to preferre
Vnto the prince, and there to ſeke aduance:
Is faine to ſell, his landes for courtly cloutes,
Or elſe ſits ſtill, and liueth like a loute,
(Yet of theſe two, the laſt fault is the leſſe:)
And ſo thoſe imps which might in time haue ſprong
Alofte (good lord) and ſervde to ſhielde the ſtate,
Are either nipt, with ſuch vntimely froſts,
Or elſe growe crookt, bycauſe they be not proynd.

Theſe be the Knights, which ſhold defend the land,
And theſe be they, which leaue the land at large.
Yet here percaſe, it wilbe thought I roue
And runne aſtray, beſides the kings high way,
Since by the Knights, of whom my text doth tell
(And ſuch as ſhew, moſt perfect in my glaſſe)
Is ment no more, but worthy Souldiours
Whoſe ſkil in armes, and long experience
Should ſtill vphold the pillers of the worlde.
Yes out of doubt, this noble name of Knight,
May comprehend, both Duke, Erle, lorde, Knig
Yea gentlemen, and euery gentle borne. (Squ

But if you wil, conſtraine me for to ſpeake
What ſouldiours are, or what they ought to be
(And I my ſelfe, of that profeſſion)
I ſee a crew, which glister in my glaſſe, Souldio
The braueſt bande, that euer yet was sene:
*Behold* behold, where *Pompey* commes before,
*VVhere Manlius*, and *Marius* inſue,

*Æmilius*, and *Curius* I ſee,
*Palamedes*, and *Fabius maximus*,
And eke their mate, *Epaminondas* loe,
*Proteſilaus* and *Phocyan* are not farre,
*Pericles* ſtands, in rancke amongſt the reſt,
*Ariſtomenes*, may not be forgot,
Vnleſſe the list, of good men be diſgrast.

Behold (my lord) theſe ſouldiours can I ſpie
Within my glaſſe, within my true Steele glaſſe.

I ſee not one therein, which ſeekes to heape
A world of pence, by pinching of dead payes, Couetous Soldiours
And ſo beguiles, the prince in time of nede,
When muſter day, and foughten fielde are odde.
*Since* Pompey *did, enrich the common heaps,*
*And* Paulus *he*, (Æmilius *furnamed*)
*Returnde to* Rome, *no richer than he went,*
*Although he had, ſo many lands ſubdued,*
*And brought ſuch treaſure, to the common cheſts,*
*That fourſcore yeres, the ſtate was (after) free*
*From greuous taske, and impoſition.*
*Yea ſince againe, good* Marcus Curius,
*Thought ſacriledge, himſelfe for to aduaunce,*
*And ſee his ſouldiours, pore or liue in lacke.*

I ſee not one, within this glaſſe of mine, Soldiours more braue then valiant.
Whoſe fethers flaunt, and flicker in the winde,
As though he were, all onely to be markt,
When ſimple ſnakes, which go not halfe ſo gay,
Can leaue him yet a furlong in the field:
And when the pride, of all his peacockes plumes,
Is daunted downe, with daſtard dreadfulneſſe.
And yet in towne, he ietted euery ſtreete,
As though the god of warres (euen *Mars* himſelf)
Might wel (by him) be liuely counterfayte,
Though much more like, the coward *Conſtantine*.
*I ſee none ſuch, (my* Lorde) I ſee none ſuch,

*Since* Phocion, *which was in deede a* Mars
*And one which did, much more than he wold vaunt,*
*Contented was to be but homely clad.*
*And* Marius, (*whoſe conſtant hart could bide*
*The very vaines, of his forwearied legges*
*To be both cut, and carued from his corps*)
*Could neuer yet, contented be to ſpend,*
*One idle groate, in clothing nor in cates.*

Soldiours vvho (for their ovvn long continuance in seruice) do seeme to despise all other of latter time, and especially such as are learned.

I ſee not one, (my Lord) I ſee not one
Which ſtands ſomuch, vpon his paynted ſheath
(Bycauſe he hath, perchaunce at *Bolleyn* bene
And loytered, ſince then in idleneſſe)
That he accompts, no Soldiour but himſelfe,
Nor one that can, deſpiſe the learned brayne,
VVhich ioyneth reading with experience.
*Since* Palamedes, *and* Vliſſes *both,*
*VVhere much eſteemed for their pollicies*
*Although they were not thought long trained men.*
Epamynondas, *eke was much eſteemde*
*VVhoſe Eloquence, was ſuch in all reſpects,*
*As gaue no place, vnto his manly hart.*
*And* Fabius, *furnamed* Maximus,
*Could ioyne ſuch learning, with experience,*
*As made his name, more famous than the reſt.*

Soldiours ouer cruel vvithout any regard.

Theſe bloudy beaſts, apeare not in my glaſſe,
VVhich cannot rule, their ſword in furious rage,
Nor haue reſpecte, to age nor yet to kinde:
But downe goeth al, where they get vpper hand.
VVhoſe greedy harts ſo hungrie are to ſpoyle,
That few regard, the very wrath of God,
VVhich greeued is, at cries of giltleſſe bloud.
Pericles *was, a famous man of warre,*
*And victor eke, in nine great foughten fields,*
*VVherof he was the general in charge.*
*Yet at his death he rather did* reioyce

*In clemencie, than bloudy victorie.*
*Be ſtill (quoth he) you graue* Athenians,
*VVho whiſpered, and tolde his valiant facts)*
*You haue forgot, my greateſt glorie got.*
*For yet (by me, nor mine occaſion)*
*VVas neuer ſene, a mourning garment worne.*
*O noble words, wel worthy golden writ.*
Beleue me (Lord) a ſouldiour cannot haue
Too great regarde, whereon his knife ſhould cut.

Braggers and such as boast of their vvounds.

Ne yet the men, which wonder at their wounds,
And ſhewe their ſcarres to euery commer by,
Dare once be ſeene, within my glaſſe of Steele,
For ſo the faults, of *Thraſo* and his trayne,
(Whom *Terence* told, to be but bragging brutes)
Might ſone appeare, to euery ſkilful eye.
*Bolde* Manlius, *could cloſe and wel conuey*
*Ful thirtie wounds, (and three) vpon his head,*
*Yet neuer made, nor bones nor bragges therof.*

Drunken and lecherous ſoldiours.

What ſhould I ſpeake, of drunken Soldiours?
Or lechers lewde, which fight for filthy luſt?
Of whom that one, can ſit and bybbe his fil,
Conſume his coyne, (which might good corage yeld,
To ſuch as march, and moue at his commaunde)
And makes himſelfe, a worthy mocking ſtocke
Which might deſerue, (by ſobre life) great laude.
That other dotes, and driueth forth his dayes
In vaine delight, and foule concupiſcence,
When works of weight, might occupie his hedde.
Yea therwithal, he puts his owne fonde heade
Vnder the belt, of ſuch as ſhould him ſerue,
And ſo becoms, example of much euil,
Which ſhould haue ſervde, as lanterne of good life:
And is controlde, whereas he ſhould commaund.
*Auguſtus Cæſar*, he which might haue made
Both feasts and banquets brauely as the beſt,
Was yet content (in campe) with homely cates,
*And ſeldome dranke* his wine vnwatered.

*Ariſtomenes*, dayned to defende
His dames of prize, whom he in warres had won,
And rather choſe, to die in their defence,
Then filthy men, ſhould foyle their chaſtitie.
This was a wight, wel worthy fame and prayſe.

O Captayns come, and Souldiours come apace,
Behold my glaſſe, and you ſhall ſee therin,
Proud *Craſſus* bagges, conſumde by couetiſe,
Great *Alexander*, drounde in drunkenneſſe,
*Cæſar* and *Pompey*, ſplit with priuy grudge,
*Brennus* beguild, with lightneſſe of beliefe,
*Cleômenes*, by ryot not regarded,
*Veſpaſian*, diſdayned for deceit,
*Demetrius*, light ſet by for his luſt,
Whereby at laſt, he dyed in priſon pent.

Hereto percaſe, ſome one man will alledge,
That Princes pence, are purſed vp ſo cloſe,
And faires do fall ſo ſeldome in a yeare,
That when they come, prouiſion muſt be made
To fende the froſt, in hardeſt winter nights.

Indeede I finde, within this glaſſe of mine, Vngra
*Iuſtinian*, that proude vngrateful prince, Prince
Which made to begge, bold *Beliſarius*
His truſtie man, which had ſo ſtoutly fought
In his defence, with evry enimy.
And *Scypio*, condemnes the Romaine rule,
Which ſuffred him (that had ſo truely ſerued)
To leade pore life, at his (*Lynternum*) ferme,
VVhich did deſerue, ſuch worthy recompence.
Yea herewithal, moſt Souldiours of our time,
Beleeue for truth, that proude *Iuſtinian*
Did neuer die, without good ſtore of heyres.
And *Romanes* race, cannot be rooted out,
Such yſſewe ſprings, of ſuch vnpleſant budds,

*But ſhal* I ſay? this leſſon learne of me,

VVhen drums are dumb, and found not dub a dub, VVhat euery soldiour should be in time of peace.
Then be thou eke, as mewet as a mayde
(I preach this fermon but to fouldiours)
And learne to liue, within thy bravries bounds.
Let not the Mercer, pul thee by the fleeue
For futes of filke, when cloth may ferue thy turne,
Let not thy fcores, come robbe thy needy purfe,
Make not the catchpol, rich by thine arrest.

Art thou a Gentle? liue with gentle friendes,
VVhich wil be glad, thy companie to haue,
If manhoode may, with manners well agree.

Art thou a feruing man? then ferue againe,
And ftint to fteale as common fouldiours do.

Art thou a craftfman? take thee to thine arte,
And caft off flouth, which loytreth in the Campes.

Art thou a plowman preffed for a fhift?
Then learne to clout, thine old caft cobled fhoes,
And rather bide, at home with barly bread,
Than learne to fpoyle, as thou haft feene fome do.

Of truth (my friendes, and my companions eke)
Who luft, by warres to gather lawful welth,
And fo to get, a right renoumed name,
Muft caft afide, al common trades of warre,
And learne to liue, as though he knew it not.

Well, thus my Knight hath held me al to long.
Bycaufe he bare, fuch compaffe in my glaffe.
High time were then, to turne my wery pen,
Vnto the Peafant comming next in place.
And here to write, the fumme of my conceit,
I do not meane, alonely hufbandmen,
Which till the ground, which dig, delve, mow and fowe,
Which fwinke and fweate, whiles we do fleepe and
*And ferch the guts* of earth, for greedy gain, [snort.

But he that labors any kind of way. Peasants.
To gather gaines, and to enriche himſelfe,
By King, by Knight, by holy helping Prieſts,
And al the reſt, that liue in common welth
(So that his gaines, by greedy guyles be got)
Him can I compt, a Peaſant in his place. Strange Peasants.
All officiers, all aduocates at lawe,
Al men of arte, which get goodes greedily,
Muſt be content, to take a Peaſants rome.

A ſtrange deuiſe, and ſure my Lord wil laugh,
To ſee it ſo, deſgeſted in degrees.
But he which can, in office drudge, and droy,
And craue of al, (although euen now a dayes,
Moſt officers, commaund that ſhuld be cravde) Officers
He that can ſhare, from euery pention payde
A Peeter peny weying halfe a pounde,
He that can plucke, ſir *Bennet* by the ſleeue,
And finde a fee, in his pluralitie,
He that can winke, at any foule abuſe,
As long as gaines, come trouling in therwith,
Shal ſuch come ſee themſelues in this my glaſſe?
Or ſhal they gaze, as godly good men do?
Yea let them come: but ſhall I tell you one thing?
How ere their gownes, be gathered in the backe,
With organe pipes, of old king *Henries* clampe,
How ere their cappes, be folded with a flappe,
How ere their beards, be clipped by the chinne,
How ere they ride, or mounted are on mules,
I compt them worſe, than harmeles homely hindes,
Which toyle in dede, to ſerue our common vſe.

Strange tale to tel: all officers be blynde,
And yet there one eye, ſharpe as *Linceus* ſight,
That one eye winks, as though it were but blynd,
That other pries and peekes in euery place.
Come naked neede? and chance to do amiſſe?
*He ſhal* be ſure, to drinke vpon the whippe.
*But priuie* gaine, (that bribing buſie wretch)

Can finde the meanes, to creepe and cowch ſo low,
As officers, can neuer ſee him ſlyde,
Nor heare the trampling of his ſtealing ſteppes.
He comes (I thinke,) vpon the blinde ſide ſtil.

Theſe things (my Lord) my glaſſe now ſets to ſhew,
Whereas long ſince, all officers were ſeene
To be men made, out of another moulde.
*Epamynond*, of whome I ſpake before
(Which was long time, an officer in *Thebes*)
And toylde in peace, as wel as fought in warre,
VVould neuer take, or bribe, or rich reward.
And thus he ſpake, to ſuch as ſought his helpe:
If it be good, (quoth he) that you deſire,
Then wil I do, it for the vertues ſake:
If it be badde, no bribe can me infecte.
If ſo it be, for this my common weale,
Then am I borne, and bound by duetie both
To ſee it done, withouten furder words.
But if it be, vnprofitable thing,
And might empaire, offende, or yeld anoy
Vnto the ſtate, which I pretende to ſtay,
Then al the gold (quoth he) that growes on earth
Shal neuer tempt, my free conſent thereto.

There ſo fevv ſuch officers.

How many now, wil treade *Zeleucus* ſteps?
Or who can byde, *Cambyſes* cruel dome?
Cruel? nay iuſt, (yea ſofte and peace good ſir)
For Iuſtice ſleepes, and Troth is ieſted out.

O that al kings, would (*Alexander* like)
Hold euermore, one finger ſtreight ſtretcht out,
To thrust in eyes, of all their maſtert heeues.

False iudges.

But *Brutus* died, without posteritie,
And *Marcus Craſſus* had none iſſue male,
*Cicero* ſlipt, vnſene out of this world,
With many mo, which pleaded romaine pleas,
And were content, to vſe their eloquence,

Aduocats.

In maintenance, of matters that were good.
*Demoſthenes*, in *Athens* vſde his arte,
(Not for to heape, himſelfe great hourds of gold,
But) ſtil to ſtay, the towne from deepe deceite
Of *Philips* wyles, which had beſieged it.
Where ſhal we reade, that any of theſe foure
Did euer pleade, as careleſſe of the trial?
Or who can ſay, they builded ſumpteouſly?
Or wroong the weake, out of his own by wyles?
They were (I trowe) of noble houſes borne,
And yet content, to vſe their best deuoire,
In furdering, eche honeſt harmeleſſe cauſe.
They did not rowte (like rude vnringed ſwine,)
To roote nobilitie from heritage.
They ſtoode content, with gaine of glorious fame,
(Bycauſe they had, reſpect to equitie)
To leade a life, like true Philoſophers.
Of all the briſtle bearded Aduocates
That euer lovde their fees aboue the cauſe,
I cannot ſee, (ſcarce one) that is ſo bolde
To ſhewe his face, and fayned Phiſnomie
In this my glaſſe: but if he do (my Lorde)
He ſhewes himſelfe, to be by very kinde
A man which meanes, at euery time and tide,
To do ſmal right, but ſure to take no wrong.

And maſter Merchant, he whoſe trauaile ought Merchant
Commodiouſly, to doe his countrie good,
And by his toyle, the fame for to enriche,
Can finde the meane, to make *Monopolyes*
Of euery ware, that is accompted ſtrange.
And feeds the vaine, of courtiers vaine deſires
Vntil the court, haue courtiers caſt at heele,
*Quia non habent veſtes Nuptiales.*

O painted fooles, whoſe harebrainde heads muſt ha
More clothes attones, than might become a king:
*For* whom the rocks, in forain Realmes muſt ſpin,
*For* whom they carde, for whom they weaue their webb

For whom no wool, appeareth fine enough,
(I ſpeake not this by engliſh courtiers
Since engliſh wool, was euer thought most worth)
For whom al ſeas, are toſſed to and fro,
For whom theſe purples come from *Perſia*,
The crimoſine, and liuely red from *Inde:*
For whom ſoft ſilks, do ſayle from *Sericane*,
And all queint costs, do come from fardeſt coaſts:
Whiles in meane while, that worthy Emperour, August. 9.
Which rulde the world, and had all welth at wil,
Could be content, to tire his wearie wife,
His daughters and, his niepces euerychone,
To ſpin and worke the clothes that he ſhuld weare,
And neuer carde, for ſilks or ſumpteous coſt,
For cloth of gold, or tinſel figurie,
For Baudkin, broydrie, cutworks, nor conceits.
He ſet the ſhippes, of merchantmen on worke,
VVith bringing home, oyle, graine, and ſavrie ſalt
And ſuch like wares, as ſerued common vſe.

Yea for my life, thoſe merchants were not woont
To lend their wares, at reaſonable rate,
(To gaine no more, but *Cento por cento*,)
To teach yong men, the trade to ſel browne paper,
Yea Morrice bells, and byllets too ſometimes,
To make their coyne, a net to catch yong frye.
To binde ſuch babes, in father Derbies bands,
To ſtay their ſteps, by ſtatute Staples ſtaffe,
To rule yong royſters, with *Recogniſance*,
To read *Arithmeticke* once euery day,
In VVoodstreat, Bredſtreat, and in Pultery
(VVhere ſuch ſchoolmaiſters keepe their counting houſe)
To fede on bones, when fleſh and fell is gon,
To keepe their byrds, ful cloſe in caytiues cage,
(Who being brought, to libertie at large,
Might ſing perchaunce, abroade, when ſunne doth ſhine
Of their miſhaps, and how their fethers fel)
Vntill the canker may their corpſe conſume.

Theſe knackes (my lord) I cannot cal to minde,
Bycauſe they ſhewe not in my glaſſe of ſteele.
But holla: here, I ſee a wondrous ſight,
I ſee a ſwarme, of Saints within my glaſſe:
Beholde, behold, I ſee a ſwarme in deede
Of holy Saints, which walke in comely wiſe,
Not deckt in robes, nor garniſhed with gold,
But ſome vnſhod, yea ſome ful thinly clothde,
And yet they ſeme, ſo heauenly for to ſee,
As if their eyes, were al of Diamonds,
Their face of Rubies, Saphires, and Iacincts,
Their comly beards, and heare, of ſiluer wiers.
And to be ſhort, they ſeeme Angelycall.
What ſhould they be, (my Lord) what ſhould they be?

O gratious God, I ſee now what they be.
Theſe be my prieſts, which pray for evry ſtate,
Theſe be my prieſts, deuorced from the world, Priest.
And wedded yet, to heauen and holyneſſe,
Which are not proude, nor couet to be riche.
Which go not gay, nor fede on daintie foode,
VVhich enuie not, nor knowe what malice meanes,
Which loth all lust, diſdayning drunkeneſſe,
Which cannot faine, which hate hypocriſie.
Which neuer ſawe, Sir *Simonies* deceits.
Which preach of peace, which carpe contentions,
Which loyter not, but labour al the yeare,
Which thunder threts, of gods moſt greuous wrath,
And yet do teach, that mercie is in ſtore.

Lo theſe (my Lord) be my good praying prieſts,
Deſcended from, *Melchyſedec* by line
Coſens to Paule, to Peter, Iames, and Iohn,
Theſe be my priests, the ſeaſning of the earth
VVhich wil not leeſe, their Savrineſſe, I trowe.

*Not one of* theſe (for twentie hundreth groats)

VVil teach the text, that byddes him take a wife,
And yet be combred with a concubine.

Not one of theſe, wil reade the holy write

Which doth forbid, all greedy vſurie,
And yet receiue, a ſhilling for a pounde.

Not one of theſe, wil preach of patience,
And yet be found, as angry as a waſpe,

Not one of theſe, can be content to ſit
In Tauerns, Innes, or Alehouſes all day,
But ſpends his time, deuoutly at his booke.

Not one of theſe, will rayle at rulers wrongs,
And yet be blotted, with extortion.

Not one of theſe, will paint out worldly pride,
And he himſelfe, as gallaunt as he dare.

Not one of theſe, rebuketh auarice,
And yet procureth, proude pluralities.

Not one of theſe, reproueth vanitie
(Whiles he him ſelfe, with hauke vpon his fiſt
And houndes at heele,) doth quite forget his text.

Not one of theſe, corrects contentions,
For trifling things: and yet will ſue for tythes.

Not one of theſe (not one of theſe my Lord)
Wil be aſhamde, to do euen as he teacheth.

My prieſts haue learnt, to pray vnto the Lord,
And yet they truſt not in their lyplabour.

My prieſts can faſt, and vſe al abſtinence,
From vice and ſinne, and yet refuſe no meats.

My priests can giue, in charitable wife,
And loue alſo, to do good almes dedes,
Although they truſt, not in their owne deſerts.

My prieſtes can place, all penaunce in the hart,
*VVithout regard, of* outward ceremonies.

My prieſts can keepe, their temples vndefyled,
And yet defie, all Superſtition.

Lo now my Lorde, what thinke you by my prieſts?
Although they were, the laſt that ſhewed themſelues,
I ſaide at firſt, their office was to pray,
And ſince the time, is ſuch euen now a dayes,
As hath great nede, of prayers truely prayde,
Come forth my prieſts, and I wil bydde your beades
I wil preſume, (although I be no priest)
To bidde you pray, as Paule and Peter prayde.

Then pray my priests, yea pray to god himſelfe, The poets Beades.
That he vouchſafe, (euen for his Chriſtes ſake)
To giue his word, free paſſage here on earth,
And that his church (which now is Militant)
May ſoone be ſene, triumphant ouer all,
And that he deigne, to ende this wicked world,
VVhich walloweth ſtil, in Sinks of filthy ſinne.

Eke pray my priests, for Princes and for Kings,
Emperours, Monarks, Duks, and all eſtates, For Princes.
VVhich ſway the ſworde, of royal gouernment,
(Of whom our Queene, which liues without compare
Muſt be the chiefe, in bydding of my beades,
Elſe I deſerue, to leſe both beades, and bones)
That God giue light, vnto their noble mindes,
To maintaine truth, and therwith ſtil to wey
That here they reigne, not onely for themſelues,
And that they be but ſlaues to common welth,
Since al their toyles, and all their broken ſleeps
Shal ſcant ſuffize, to hold it ſtil vpright.

Tell ſome (in *Spaine*) how cloſe they kepe their cloſets,
How ſelde the winde, doth blow vpon their cheeks,
While as (mene while) their ſunburnt ſutours ſterue
And pine before, their proceſſe be preferrde.
Then pray (my prieſts) that god wil giue his grace,
*To ſuch* a prince, his fault in time to mende.

*Tel ſome* (in *France*) how much they loue to dance,

VVhile ſutours daunce, attendaunce at the dore.
Yet pray (my prieſts) for prayers princes mende.

Tel ſome (in *Portugale*,) how colde they be,
In ſetting forth, of right religion:
Which more eſteme, the preſent pleaſures here,
Then ſtabliſhing, of God his holy worde.
And pray (my Prieſts) leaſt god ſuch princes ſpit,
And vomit them, out of his angrie mouth.

Tel ſome (*Italian*) princes, how they winke
At ſtinking ſtewes, and ſay they are (forſooth)
A remedy, to quench foule filthy luſte:
When as (in dede they be the ſinkes of ſinne.
And pray (my priests) that God wil not impute
Such wilful facts, vnto ſuch princes charge,
When he himſelfe, commaundeth euery man
To do none ill, that good may grow therby.

For al nobilitie and counselors.

And pray likewiſe, for all that rulers be
By kings commaundes, as their lieftenants here,
Al magiſtrates, al councellours, and all
That ſit in office or Authoritie.
Pray, pray, (my prieſts) that neither loue nor mede
Do ſway their minds, from furdering of right,
That they be not, too faintiſh nor too ſowre,
But beare the bridle, euenly betwene both,
That ſtil they ſtoppe, one eare to heare him ſpeake,
Which is accuſed, abſent as he is:
That euermore, they mark what moode doth moue
The mouth which makes, the information,
That faults forpaſte (ſo that they be not huge,
Nor do exceed, the bonds of loyaltie)
Do neuer quench, their charitable minde,
When as they ſee, repentance hold the reines
Of heady youth, which wont to runne aſtray.
That malice make, no manſion in their minds,
Nor enuy frete, to ſee how vertue clymes.
*The greater Birth*, the greater glory ſure,
*If deeds mainteine*, their aunceſtors degree.

Eke pray (my Prieſts) for them and for your ſelues, For the clergie
For Biſhops, Prelats, Archdeanes, deanes, and Prieſts
And al that preach, or otherwiſe profeſſe
Gods holy word, and take the cure of ſoules.
Pray pray that you, and euery one of you,
Make walke vpright, in your vocation.
And that you ſhine like lamps of perfect life,
To lende a light, and lanterne to our feete.

Say therwithal, that ſome, (I ſee them I
VVheras they fling, in *Flaunders* all afarre,
For why my glaſſe, wil ſhew them as they be)
Do neither care, for God nor yet for deuill,
So libertie, may launch about at large.

And ſome again (I ſee them wel enough
And note their names, in *Liegelande* where they lurke)
Vnder pretence, of holy humble harts
Would plucke adowne, al princely *Dyademe.*
Pray, pray (my priests) for theſe, they touch you neere.

Shrinke not to ſay, that ſome do (Romainelike)
Eſteme their pall, and habyte ouermuche.
And therfore pray (my prieſts) leſt pride preuaile.

Pray that the ſoules, of ſundrie damned goſts,
Do not come in, and bring good euidence
Before the God, which iudgeth al mens thoughts,
Of ſome whoſe welth, made them neglect their charge
Til ſecret ſinnes (vntoucht) infecte their flocks
And bredde a ſcab, which brought the ſhep to bane.

Some other ranne, before the greedy woolfe,
And left the folde, vnfended from the fox
Which durſt not barke, nor bawle for both theyr eares.
Then pray (my prieſts) that ſuch no more do ſo.

*Pray for the nources, of our noble Realme,*
*I meane the worthy Vniuerſities,*

(And *Cantabridge*, ſhal haue the dignitie,
Wherof I was, vnworthy member once)
That they bring vp their babes in decent wiſe:
That *Philoſophy*, ſmel no ſecret ſmoke, For all learned.
Which *Magike* makes, in wicked myſteries:
That *Logike* leape, not ouer euery ſtile,
Before he come, a furlong neare the hedge,
With curious *Quids*, to maintain argument.
That *Sophiſtirie*, do not deceiue it ſelfe,
That *Coſmography* keepe his compaſſe wel,
And ſuch as be, *Hiſtoriographers*,
Truſt not to much, in euery tatlying tong,
Nor blynded be, by partialitie.
That *Phiſicke*, thriue not ouer faſt by murder:
That *Numbring* men, in all their euens and odds
Do not forget, that only *Vnitie*
Vnmeaſurable, infinite, and one.
That *Geometrie*, meaſure not ſo long,
Til all their meaſures out of meaſure be:
That *Muſike* with, his heauenly harmonie,
Do not allure, a heauenly minde from heauen,
Nor ſet mens thoughts, in worldly melodie,
Til heauenly *Hierarchies* be quite forgot:
That *Rhetorick*, learne not to ouerreache:
That *Poetrie*, preſume not for to preache,
And bite mens faults, with *Satyres* coroſiues,
Yet pamper vp hir owne with pulteſſes:
Or that ſhe dote not vppon *Erato*,
Which ſhould inuoke the good *Caliope:*
That *Aſtrologie*, looke not ouer high,
And light (meane while) in euery pudled pit:
That *Grammer*, grudge not at our engliſh tong,
Bycauſe it ſtands by *Monoſyllaba*,
And cannot be declined as others are.
Pray thus (my prieſts for vniuerſities.
And if I haue forgotten any Arte,
Which hath bene taught, or exerciſed there,
Pray you to god, the good be not abuſde,
With *glorious ſhewe*, of ouerloding skill.

Now theſe be paſt, (my prieſts) yet ſhal you pray
For common people, eche in his degree, For the Cominaltie.
That God vouchſafe to graunt them al his grace.
Where ſhould I now beginne to bidde my beades?
Or who ſhal first be put in common place?
My wittes be wearie, and my eyes are dymme,
I cannot ſee who beſt deſerues the roome,
Stand forth good *Peerce*, thou plowman by thy name,
Yet ſo the Sayler ſaith I do him wrong:
That one contends, his paines are without peare,
That other ſaith, that none be like to his,
In dede they labour both exceedingly.
But ſince I ſee no ſhipman that can liue
Without the plough, and yet I many ſee
(Which liue by lande) that neuer ſawe the ſeas:
Therefore I ſay, ſtand forth *Peerce* plowman first,
Thou winſt the roome, by verie worthineſſe.

Behold him (prieſts) and though he ſtink of ſweat
Diſdaine him not: for ſhal I tel you what? The plovvman.
Such clime to heauen, before the ſhauen crownes.
But how? forſooth, with true humilytie.
Not that they hoord, their grain when it is cheape,
Nor that they kill, the calfe to haue the milke,
Nor that they ſet, debate betwene their lords,
By earing vp the balks, that part their bounds:
Nor for becauſe, they can both crowche and creep
(The guilefulſt men, that euer God yet made)
VVhen as they meane, moſt miſchiefe and deceite,
Nor that they can, crie out on landelordes lowde,
And ſay they racke, their rents an ace to high,
VVhen they themſelues, do ſel their landlords lambe
For greater price, than ewe was wont be worth.
I ſee you *Peerce*, my glaſſe was lately ſcowrde.
But for they feed, with frutes of their gret paines,
Both King and Knight, and prieſts in cloyſter pent:
Therefore I ſay, that ſooner ſome of them
*Shal ſcale* the walles which leade vs vp to heauen,
*Than* cornfed beasts, whoſe bellie is their God.

Although they preach, of more perfection.

And yet (my prieſts) pray you to God for *Peerce*,
As *Peerce* can pinch, it out for him and you.
And if you haue a *Paternoſter* ſpare
Then ſhal you pray, for Saylers (God them ſend
More mind of him, when as they come to lande,
For towarde shipwracke, many men can pray)
That they once learne, to ſpeake without a lye,
And meane good faith, without blaſpheming othes:
That they forget, to ſteale from euery fraight,
And for to forge, falſe cockets, free to paſſe,
That manners make, them giue their betters place,
And vſe good words, though deeds be nothing gay.

But here me thinks, my prieſts begin to frowne,
And ſay, that thus they ſhal be ouerchargde,
To pray for al, which ſeme to do amiſſe:
And one I heare, more ſaucie than the reſt,
VVhich asketh me, when ſhal our prayers end?
I tel thee (priest) when ſhoomakers make ſhoes,
That are wel ſowed, with neuer a ſtich amiſſe,
Aud vſe no craſte, in vttring of the ſame:
VVhen Taylours ſteale, no ſtuffe from gentlemen,
VVhen Tanners are, with Corriers wel agreede,
And both ſo dreſſe their hydes, that we go dry.
when Cutlers leaue, to ſel olde ruſtie blades,
And hide no crakes, with ſoder nor deceit:
when tinkers make, no more holes than they founde,
when thatchers thinke, their wages worth their worke,
when colliers put, no duſt into their ſacks,
when maltemen make, vs drink no firmentie,
when Dauie Diker diggs, and dallies not,
when ſmithes ſhoo horſes, as they would be ſhod,
when millers, toll not with a golden thumbe,
when bakers make, not barme beare price of wheat,
when brewers put, no bagage in their beere,
when butchers blowe, not ouer al their fleſhe,
when horſecorſers, beguile no friends with lades,

when weauers weight, is found in huſwiues web.
(But why dwel I, ſo long among theſe lowts?)

VVhen mercers make, more bones to ſwere and lye
VVhen vintners mix, no water with their wine,
VVhen printers paſſe, none errours in their bookes,
VVhen hatters vſe, to bye none olde caſt robes,
VVhen goldſmithes get, no gains by ſodred crownes
When vpholſters, ſel fethers without duſt,
When pewterers, infect no Tin with leade,
When drapers draw, no gaines by giuing day,
When perchmentiers, put in no ferret Silke,
When Surgeons heale, al wounds without delay.
(Tuſh theſe are toys, but yet my glas ſheweth al.)

When purveyours, prouide not for themſelues,
VVhen Takers, take no brybes, nor vſe no brags,
When cuſtomers, conceale no covine vſde,
VVhen Seachers ſee, al corners in a ſhippe,
(And ſpie no pens by any ſight they ſee)
VVhen ſhriues do ſerue, al proceſſe as they ought,
VVhen baylifes ſtrain, none other thing but ſtrays,
VVhen auditours, their counters cannot change,
VVhen proude ſurveyours, take no parting pens,
VVhen Siluer ſticks not on the Tellers fingers,
And when receiuers, pay as they receiue,
When al theſe folke, haue quite forgotten fraude.

(Againe (my prieſts) a little by your leaue)
VVhen Sicophants, can finde no place in courte,
But are eſpied, for *Ecchoes*, as they are,
When royſters ruffle not aboue their rule,
Nor colour crafte, by ſwearing precious coles:
When Fencers fees, are like to apes rewards,
A peece of breade, and therwithal a bobbe
VVhen *Lays* liues, not like a ladies peare,
Nor vſeth art, in dying of hir heare.
*When* al theſe things, are ordred as they ought,
*Aud* ſee themſelues, within my glaſſe of ſteele,
*Euen* then (my prieſts) may you make holyday,

And pray no more but ordinairie prayers.

And yet therin, I pray you (my good priests)
Pray ſtil for me, and for my Glaſſe of ſteele
That it (nor I) do any minde offend,
Bycauſe we ſhew, all colours in their kinde.
And pray for me, that (ſince my hap is ſuch
To ſee men ſo) I may perceiue myſelfe.
O worthy words, to ende my worthleſſe verſe,
Pray for me Prieſts, I pray you pray for me.

*FINIS.*

*Tam Marti, quàm Mercurio*

# EPILOGVS.

Las (my lord) my haſt was al to hote,
I ſhut my glaſſe, before you gaſde your fill,
And at a glimſe, my ſeely ſelfe haue ſpied,
A ſtranger trowpe, than any yet were ſene:
Beholde (my lorde) what monſters muster here,
With Angels face, and harmefull heliſh harts,
With ſmyling lookes, and depe deceitful thoughts,
With tender skinnes, and ſtony cruel mindes,
With ſtealing ſteppes, yet forward feete to fraude.
Behold, behold, they neuer ſtande content,
With God, with kinde, with any helpe of Arte,
But curle their locks, with bodkins and with braids,
But dye their heare, with ſundry ſubtill ſleights,
But paint and ſlicke, til fayreſt face be foule,
But bumbaſt, bolster, friſle, and perfume:
They marre with muske, the balme which nature made,
And dig for death, in dellicateſt diſhes.
The yonger ſorte, come pyping on apace,
In whiſtles made of fine enticing wood,
Til they haue caught, the birds for whom they birded
The elder ſorte, go ſtately ſtalking on,
And on their backs, they beare both land and fee,
Caſtles and Towres, revenewes and receits,
Lordſhips and manours, fines, yea fermes and al.
What ſhould theſe be? (ſpeake you my louely lord)
They be not men: for why? they haue no beards.
They be no boyes, which weare ſuch ſide long gowns.
They be no Gods, for al their gallant gloſſe.
*They be* no diuels, (I trow) which ſeme ſo faintiſh.
*What be* they? women? masking in mens weedes?

With dutchkin dublets, and with Ierkins iaggde?
With Spaniſh ſpangs, and ruffes ſet out of France,
With high copt hattes, and fethers flaunt a flaunt?
They be ſo ſure euen *VVo* to *Men* in dede.
Nay then (my lorde) let ſhut the glaſſe apace,
High time it were, for my pore Muſe to winke,
Since al the hands, al paper, pen, and inke,
Which euer yet, this wretched world poſſeſt,
Cannot deſcribe, this Sex in colours dewe,
No no (my Lorde) we gaſed haue inough,
(And I too much, God pardon me therfore)
Better loke of, than loke an ace to farre:
And better mumme, than meddle ouermuch.
But if my Glaſſe, do like my louely lorde,
VVe wil eſpie, ſome ſunny Sommers day,
To loke againe, and ſee ſome ſemely ſights.
Meane while, my Muſe, right humbly doth beſech,
That my good lorde, accept this ventrous verſe,
Vntil my braines, may better ſtuffe deuiſe.

# *FINIS:*

*Tam Marti, quàm Mercurio.*

# The complaynt of Philomene.

An Elegye Compyled by
*George Gascoigne*
Eſquire.

*Tam Marti, quàm Mercurio.*

IMPRINTED AT
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# To the right honorable, my ſinguler good Lord, the *L. Gray* of Wilton, Knight of the moſt noble order of the Garter.

RVght noble, when I had determined with myſelf to write the *Satire* before recited (called the *Steele Glaſſe*) and had in myne *Exordium* (by allegorie) compared my caſe to that of fayre *Phylomene*, abuſed by the bloudy king hir brother by lawe: I called to minde that twelue or thirtene yeares paſt, I had begonne an *Elegye* or ſorrowefull ſong, called the Complainte of *Phylomene*, the which I began too deuiſe riding by the high way betwene Chelmiſford and London, and being ouertaken with a ſodaine daſh of Raine, I changed my copy, and ſtroke ouer into the *Deprofundis* which is placed amongſt my other *Poeſies*, leuing the complaint of *Phylomene* vnfiniſhed: and ſo it hath continued euer ſince vntil this preſent moneth of April. 1575. when I begonne my *Steele Glaſſe*. And bycauſe I haue in mine *Exordium* to the *Steele Glaſſe*, begonne with the Nightingales notes: therfore I haue not thought amiſſe now to finiſh ande pece vp the ſaide *Complaint* of *Philomene*, obſeruing neuertheleſſe the ſame determinate inuention which I had propounded and begonne (as is ſaide) twelue yeares nowe paſt. The which I preſume with the reſt to preſent vnto your honor, nothing doubting but the ſame wil accept my good entente therin. And I furder beſeche that your lordſhip wil voutſafe in reading therof, to geſſe (by change of ſtyle) where the renewing of the verſe may bee moſt apparantly thought to begin. I wil no furder trouble your honor with theſe rude lines, but beſech of the almightie long to preſerue you to his pleaſure. From my pore houſe in VValkamſtowe the ſixtenth of April 1575.

*Your L. bounden and moſt aſſured*
*George Gaſcoigne.*

# PHILOMENE.

N ſweet April, the meſſenger to May,
When hoonie drops, do melt in golden ſhowres,
When euery byrde, records hir louers lay,
And weſterne windes, do foſter forth our floures,
Late in an euen, I walked out alone,
To heare the deſcant of the Nightingale,
And as I ſtoode, I heard hir make great moane,
Waymenting much, and thus ſhe tolde hir tale.

Theſe thriftles birds (quoth ſhe) which ſpend the day,
In needleſſe notes, and chaunt withouten skil,
Are coſtly kept, and finely fedde alway
With daintie foode, whereof they feede their fil.
But I which ſpend, the darke and dreadful night,
In watch and ward, when thoſe birds take their reſt,
Forpine my ſelfe, that Louers might delight,
To heare the notes, which breake out of my breſte.
I leade a life, to pleaſe the Louers minde,
(And although god wot, my foode be light of charge,
Yet ſeely ſoule, that can nc fauour finde)
I begge my breade, and ſeke for ſeedes at large.
The Throſtle ſhe, which makes the wood to ring
With ſhryching lowde, that lothſome is to heare,
Is coſtly kept, in cage: (O wondrous thing)
The Mauis eke, whoſe notes are nothing cleare,
Now in good ſooth (quoth ſhe) ſometimes I wepe
To ſee Tom Tyttimouſe, ſo much ſet by.
The Finche, which ſingeth neuer a note but peepe,
Is fedde aſwel, nay better farre than I.
The Lennet and the Larke, they ſinge aloſte,
And coumpted are, as Lordes in high degree.
*The Brandlet faith,* for ſinging ſweete and ſoſte,
*(In hir conceit)* there is none ſuch as ſhe.

Canara byrds, come in to beare the bell,
And Goldfinches, do hope to get the gole:
The tatling Awbe doth pleaſe ſome fancie wel,
And ſome like beſt, the byrde as Black as cole.
And yet could I, if ſo it were my minde,
For harmony, ſet al theſe babes to ſchole,
And ſing ſuch notes, as might in euery kinde
Diſgrace them quight, and make their corage coole
But ſhould I ſo? no no ſo wil I not.
Let brutiſh beaſts, heare ſuch brute birds as thoſe.
(For like to like, the prouerbe ſaith I wot)
And ſhould I then, my cunning skil diſcloſe?
For ſuch vnkinde, as let the cuckowe flye,
To ſucke mine eggs, whiles I ſit in the thicke?
And rather praiſe, the chattring of a pye,
Than hir that ſings, with breſt againſt a pricke?
Nay let them go, to marke the cuckowes talke,
The iangling Iay, for that becomes them wel.
And in the ſilent night then let them walke,
To heare the Owle, how ſhe doth ſhryche and yel.
And from henceforth, I wil no more constraine
My pleaſant voice, to ſounde, at their requeſt.
But ſhrowd myſelf, in darkeſome night and raine,
And learne to cowche, ful cloſe vpon my neaſt.
Yet if I chaunce, at any time (percaſe)
To ſing a note, or twaine for my diſporte,
It ſhalbe done, in ſome ſuch ſecret place,
That fewe or none, may thervnto reſorte.
Theſe flatterers, (in loue) which falſhood meane,
Not once aproch, to heare my pleaſant ſong.
But ſuch as true, and ſtedfast louers bene,
Let them come neare, for elſe they do me wrong.
And as I geſſe, not many miles from hence,
There ſtands a ſquire, with pangs of ſorrow preſt,
For whom I dare, auowe (in his defence)
He is as true, (in Loue) as is the beſt.

Him wil I cheare, with chaunting al this night:
*And with* that word, ſhe gan to cleare hir throate.
*But ſuch* a liuely ſong (now by this light)

Yet neuer hearde I ſuch another note.
It was (thought me) ſo pleaſant and ſo plaine,
*Orphæus* harpe, was neuer halfe ſo ſweete,
*Tereu, Tereu,* and thus ſhe gan to plaine,
Moſt piteouſly, which made my hart to greeue,

Hir ſecond note, was *fy, fy, fy, fy, fy,*
And that ſhe did, in pleaſant wiſe repeate,
With ſweete reports, of heauenly harmonie,
But yet it ſeemd, hir gripes of griefe were greate.
For when ſhe had, ſo ſoong and taken breath,
Then ſhould you heare, hir heauy hart ſo throbbe,
As though it had bene, ouercome with death,
And yet alwayes, in euery ſigh and ſobbe,

She ſhewed great skil, for tunes of vniſone,
Hir *Iug, Iug, Iug,* (in griefe) had ſuch a grace.
Then ſtinted ſhe, as if hir ſong were done.
And ere that paſt, not ful a furlong ſpace,
She gan againe, in melodie to melt,
And many a note, ſhe warbled wondrous wel.
Yet can I not (although my hart ſhould ſwelt)
Remember al, which hir ſweete tong did tel.

But one ſtrange note, I noted with the reſt
And that ſaide thus: *Nêmeſis, Nêmeſis,*
The which me thought, came boldly from hir breſt,
As though ſhe blamde, (therby) ſome thing amiſſe.

Short tale to make, hir ſinging ſounded ſo,
And pleaſde mine eares, with ſuch varietie,
That (quite forgetting all the wearie wo,
Which I my ſelfe felt in my fantaſie)
I ſtoode aſtoynde, and yet therwith content,
Wiſhing in hart that (ſince I might aduant,
Of al hir ſpeech to knowe the plaine entent,
Which grace hirſelfe, or elſe the Gods did graunt)
I might therwith, one furder fauor craue,
To *vnderſtand, what hir* ſwete notes might meane.
*And in that thought,* (my whole deſire to haue)

I fell on ſleepe, as I on ſtaffe did leane.
And in my ſlomber, had I ſuch a ſight,
As yet to thinke theron doth glad my minde.
Me thought I ſawe a derling of delight,
A ſtately Nimph, a dame of heauenly kinde.
Whoſe glittring gite, ſo glimſed in mine eyes,
As (yet) I not, what proper hew it bare,
Ne therewithal, my wits can wel deuiſe,
To whom I might hir louely lookes compare.
But trueth to tel, (for al hir ſmyling cheere)
She caſt ſometimes, a grieuous frowning glance,
As who would ſay: by this it may appeare,
That *Iuſt reuenge*, is *Preſt for euery chance*,
In hir right hand, (which to and fro did ſhake)
She bare a ſkourge, with many a knottie ſtring,
And in hir left, a ſnaffle Bit or brake,
Beboſt with gold, and many a gingling ring:
She came apace, and ſtately did ſhe ſtay,
And whiles I ſeemd, amazed very much,
The courteous dame, theſe words to me did ſay
Sir Squire (quoth ſhe) ſince thy deſire is ſuch,
To vnderſtande, the notes of *Phylomene*,
(For ſo ſhe hight, whom thou calst Nightingale)
And what the ſounde, of euery note might meane,
Giue eare a while, and hearken to my tale.

The Gods are good, they heare the harty prayers,
Of ſuch as craue without a craftie wil,
With fauour eke, they furder ſuch affaires,
As tende to good, and meane to do none il.
And ſince thy words, were grounded on deſire,
Wherby much good, and little harme can growe,
They graunted haue, the thing thou didſt require,
And louingly, haue ſent me here by lowe,
To paraphraſe, the piteous pleaſant notes,
Which *Phylomene*, doth darkely ſpend in ſpring,
For he that wel, *Dan Naſoes* verſes notes,
Shall finde my words to be no fained thing.
Giue eare (ſir Squire quoth ſhe) and I wil, tel
Both what ſhe was, and how hir fortunes fel.

# The fable of Philomela.

IN *Athens* reignde ſomtimes,
A king of worthy fame,
VVho kept in courte a ſtately traine,
*Pandyon* was his name.

And had the Gods him giuen,
No holly breade of happe,
(I meane ſuch fruts as make men thinke
They ſit in fortunes lappe).

Then had his golden giftes,
Lyen dead with him in toombe.
Ne but himſelfe had none endurde,
The daunger of his doome.

But ſmyling lucke, bewitcht,
This peereleſſe Prince to thinke,
That poyſon cannot be conueyde
In draughts of pleaſant drinke.

And kinde became ſo kind,
That he two daughters had,
Of bewtie ſuch and ſo wel giuen,
As made their father gladde.

*See: ſee: how higheſt harmes,*
*Do lurke in ripeſt Ioyes,*
*How couertly doth ſorow ſhrowde,*
*In trymmeſt worldely toyes.*

Theſe iewels of his ioy,
Became his cauſe of care,
And bewtie was the guileful bayte,
VVhich caught their liues in Snare.

For *Tereus* Lord of *Thrace*,
Bycauſe he came of kings,
(So weddings made for worldly welth
Do ſeme triumphant things)

VVas thought a worthy matche,
*Pandyons* heire to wedde:
VVhoſe eldeſt daughter choſen was,
To ſerue this king in bedde.

That virgine *Progne* hight,
And ſhe by whom I meane,
To tell this woful *Tragedie*,
VVas called *Phylomene*.

¶ The wedding rytes performde,
The feaſting done and paſt,
To *Thrace* with his new wedded ſpouſe
He turneth at the laſt.

VVhere many dayes in mirth,
And iolytie they ſpent,
Both ſatiffied with deepe delight,
And cloyde with al content.

¶ At laſt the dame deſirde
Hir ſiſter for to ſee,
Such coles of kindely loue did ſeme
VVithin hir breſt to be.

She praies hir Lorde, of grace,
He graunts to hir requeſt,
And hoiſt vp ſaile, to ſeke the coaſte,
VVhere *Phylomene* doth reſt.

He paſt the foming ſeas,
And findes the pleaſant porte,
Of *Athens* towne, which guided him
To King *Pandyons* court.

There: (louingly receivde,
And) welcomde by the king,
He ſhewde the cauſe, which thither then
Did his ambaſſade bring.

His father him embraſt,
His ſiſter kiſt his cheeke,
In al the court his comming was
Reioyſt of euerie Greeke.

*O ſee the ſweete deceit,*
*Which blindeth worldly wits,*
*How common peoples loue by lumpes,*
*And fancie comes by fits.*

*The foe in friendly wiſe,*
*Is many times embraste,*
*And he which meanes moſt faith and troth*
*By grudging is diſgraſt.*

¶ Faire *Phylomene* came forth
In comely garments cladde,
As one whom newes of ſiſters helth
Had moued to be gladde,

Or womans wil (perhappes)
Enflamde hir haughtie harte,
To get more grace by crummes of coſt,
And princke it out hir parte.

VVhom he no ſooner ſawe
(I meane this *Thracian* prince)
But ſtreight therwith his fancies fume
All reaſon did conuince.

And as the blazing bronde,
Might kindle rotten reeds:
Euen ſo hir looke a ſecret flame,
Within his boſome breedes.

He thinks al leyſure long
Til he (with hir) were gone,
And hir he makes to moue the mirth,
VVhich after made hir mone.

Loue made him eloquent
And if he cravde too much,
He then excuſde him ſelfe, and ſaide
That *Prognes* words were ſuch.

His teares confirmed all
Teares: like to ſiſters teares,
As who ſhuld ſay by theſe fewe drops
Thy ſiſters griefe appears.

So finely could he faine,
That wickedneſſe ſeemde wit,
And by the lawde of his pretence,
His lewdneſſe was acquit.

Yea *Phylomene* ſet forth
The force of his requeſt,
And cravde (with ſighes) hir fathers leaue
To be hir ſiſters gueſt.

And hoong about his necke
And collingly him kiſt,
And for hir welth did ſeke the woe
VVherof ſhe little wiſt.

Meane while ſtoode *Tereus*,
Beholding their affectes
And made thoſe pricks (for his deſire
A ſpurre in al reſpects.

And wiſht himſelfe hir ſire,
VVhen ſhe hir ſire embraſt,
For neither kith nor kin could then
Haue made his meaning chaſt.

¶ The *Grecian* king had not
The powre for to denay,
His own deare child, and ſonne in lawe
The thing that both did pray.

And downe his daughter falles,
To thanke him on hir knee,
Suppoſing that for good ſucceſſe,
VVhich hardeſt happe muſt be.

But (leaſt my tale ſeeme long)
Their ſhipping is preparde:
And to the ſhore this aged Greeke,
Ful princely did them guard.

There (melting into mone)
He vſde this parting ſpeech:
Daughter (quoth he) you haue deſire
Your ſiſters court to ſeech.

Your ſiſter ſeemes likewiſe,
Your companie to craue,
That craue you both, and *Tereus* here
The ſelfe ſame thing would haue.

Ne coulde I more withſtande
So many deepe deſires,
But this (quoth he) remember al
Your father you requires,

And thee (my ſonne of *Thrace*,)
I conſtantly coniure,
By faith, by kin, by men, by gods,
*And al that* ſeemeth ſure,

That father like, thou ſende
My daughter deare from ſcathe,
And (ſince I counte al leaſure long)
Returne hir to me rathe.

And thou my *Phylomene*,
(Quoth he) come ſoone againe,
Thy ſiſters abſence puts thy ſyre,
To too much priuie paine.

Herewith he kiſt hir cheeke,
And ſent a ſecond kiſſe
For *Prognes* part, and (bathde with teares)
His daughter doth he bliſſe.

And tooke the *Thracyans* hand
For token of his truth,
VVho rather laught his teares to ſcorn,
Than wept with him for ruth.

The ſayles are fully ſpredde,
And winds did ſerue at will,
And forth this traitour king conueies
His praie in priſon ſtill.

Ne could the *Barbrous* bloud,
Conceale his filthy ſyre,
*Hey: Victorie* (quoth he) my ſhippe
Is fraught with my deſire.

VVherewith he fixt his eyes,
Vppon hir fearefull face,
And ſtil behelde hir geſtures all,
And all hir gleames of grace.

Ne could he loke a ſide,
But like the cruel catte
VVhich gloating caſteth many a glance
Vpon the ſelly ratte.

¶ VVhy hold I long diſcourſe?
They now are come on lande,
And forth of ſhip the feareful wenche
He leadeth by the hande.

Vnto a ſelly ſhrowde,
A ſheepecote cloſely builte
Amid the woodds, where many a lamb
Their guiltleſſe bloud had ſpilte,

There (like a lambe,) ſhe ſtoode,
And askte with trimbling voice,
VVhere *Progne* was, whoſe only ſight
Might make hir to reioyce.

VVherewith this caytife king
His luſt in lewdneſſe lapt,
And with his filthy fraude ful faſt
This ſimple mayde entrapt.

And forth he floong the raines,
Vnbridling blinde deſire,
And ment of hir chaſt minde to make
A fewel for his fire.

And al alone (alone)
VVith force he hir ſuppreſt,
And made hir yelde the wicked weede
VVhoſe flowre he liked beſt.

*What could the virgine doe?*
*She could not runne away,*
*Whoſe forward feete, his harmfull hands*
*With furious force did ſtay.*

*Ahlas what ſhould ſhe fight?*
*Fewe women win by fight:*
*Hir weapons were but weake* (god knows)
*And he was much of might.*

*It booted not to crie,*
*Since helpe was not at hande,*
*And ſtil before hir feareful face,*
*Hir cruel foe did ſtande.*

*And yet ſhe (weeping cride)*
*Vppon hir ſiſters name,*
*Hir fathers, and hir brothers (oh)*
*Whoſe facte did foyle hir fame.*

*And on the Gods ſhe calde,*
*For helpe in hir diſtreſſe,*
*But al in vaine he wrought his wil*
*Whoſe luſt was not the leſſe.*

¶ The filthie fact once done,
He gaue hir leaue to greete,
And there ſhe ſat much like a birde
New ſcapte from falcons feete.

VVhoſe blood embrues hir ſelfe,
And ſitts in ſorie plight,
Ne dare ſhe proine hir plumes again,
But feares a ſecond flight.

At laſt when hart came home,
Diſcheveld as ſhe ſate,
VVith hands vphelde, ſhe tried hir tongue,
To wreake hir wooful ſtate.

O Barbrous *blood (quoth ſhe)*
*By* Barbrous *deeds diſgraſt,*
*Coulde no kinde coale, nor pitties ſparke,*
*Within thy breſt be plaſte?*

*Could not my fathers hests,*
*Nor my moſt ruthful teares,*
*My maydenhoode, nor thine own yoke,*
*Affright thy minde with feares?*

*Could not my ſisters loue*
*Once quench thy filthy luſt?*
*Thou foilst vs al, and eke thy ſelfe,*
*We griev'd, and thou vniust.*

*By thee I haue defilde*
*My deareſt ſiſters bedde*
*By thee I compt the life but loſt,*
*Which too too long I ledde.*

*By thee (thou* Bigamus)
*Our fathers griefe muſt growe,*
*Who daughters twain, (and two too much)*
*Vppon thee did beſtowe.*

*But ſince my faulte, thy facte,*
*My fathers iust offence,*
*My ſiſters wrong, with my reproche,*
*I cannot ſo diſpence.*

*If any Gods be good.*
*If right in heauen do raigne,*
*If right or wrong may make reuenge,*
*Thou ſhalt be paide againe.*

*And (wicked) do thy wurſt,*
*Thou canſt no more but kil:*
*And oh that death (before this gilte)*
*Had ouercome my will.*

*Then might my ſoule beneath,*
*Haue triumpht yet and faide,*
*That though I died diſcontent,*
*I livde and dide a mayde.*

¶ Herewith hir ſwelling ſobbes,
Did tie hir tong from talke,
Whiles yet the *Thracian tyrant* (there)
*To* heare theſe words did walke.

And ſkornefully he caſt
At hir a frowning glaunce,
VVhich made the mayde to ſtriue for ſpe
And ſtertling from hir traunce,

¶ *I will reuenge (quoth ſhe)*
*For here I ſhake off ſhame,*
*And wil (my ſelfe) bewray this facte*
*Therby to foile thy fame.*

*Amidde the thickeſt throngs*
*(If I haue leaue to go)*
*I will pronounce this bloudie deede,*
*And blotte thine honor ſo.*

*If I in deſerts dwel,*
*The woods, my words ſhall heare,*
*The holts, the hilles, the craggie rocks,*
*Shall witneſſe with me beare.*

*I will ſo fil the ayre*
*With noyſe of this thine acte,*
*That gods and men in heauen and earth*
*Shal note the naughtie facte.*

¶ Theſe words amazde the king,
Conſcience with choller ſtraue,
But rage ſo rackte his reſtles thought,
That now he gan to raue.

And from his ſheath a knife
Ful deſpratly he drawes,
VVherwith he cut the guiltleſſe tong
Out of hir tender iawes.

The tong that rubde his gall,
The tong that tolde but truthe,
The tong that movde him to be mad,
And ſhould haue moued ruth.

And from his hand with ſpight
This truſtie tongue he caſt,
VVhoſe roote, and it (to wreake this wrong)
Did wagge yet wondrous faſt.

So ſtirres the ſerpents taile
VVhen it is cut in twaine,
And ſo it ſeemes that weakeſt willes,
(By words) would eaſe their paine.

I bluſh to tell this tale,
But ſure beſt books ſay this:
That yet the butcher did not bluſh
Hir bloudy mouth to kiſſe.

And ofte hir bulke embraſt,
And ofter quencht the fire,
VVhich kindled had the furnace firſt,
Within his ſoule deſire.

Not herewithal content,
To *Progne* home he came,
VVho askt him ſtreight of *Philomene:*
He (fayning griefe of game,)

Burſt out in bitter teares,
And ſayde the dame was dead,
And falſely tolde, what wery life
Hir father (for hir) ledde

The *Thracian* Queene caſt off
Hir gold, and gorgeous weede,
And dreſt in dole, bewailde hir death
VVhom ſhe thought dead in deede.

A ſepulchre ſhe builds
(But for a liuing corſe,)
And *praide the* gods on ſiſters ſoule
*To take a* iuſt remorſe:

And offred ſacrifice,
To all the powers aboue.
Ah traiterous *Thracian Tereus*,
This was true force of loue.

¶ The heauens had whirld aboute
Twelue yeares in order due
And twelue times euery flowre and plant,
Their liueries did renew,

VVhiles *Philomene* full cloſe
In ſhepcote ſtil was clapt,
Enforſt to bide by ſtonie walles
VVhich faſt (in hold) hir hapt.

And as thoſe walles forbadde
Hir feete by flight to ſcape,
So was hir tong (by knife) reſtrainde,
For to reueale this rape

No remedie remaynde
But only womans witte,
VVhich ſodainly in queinteſt chance,
Can beſt it ſelfe acquit.

*And* Miſerie *(amongſt)*
*Tenne thouſand miſchieues moe,*
*Learnes pollicie in practiſes,*
*As proofe makes men to knowe.*

VVith curious needle worke,
A garment gan ſhe make,
Wherin ſhe wrote what bale ſhe bode,
And al for bewties ſake.

This garment gan ſhe giue
To truſtie Seruants hande,
VVho ſtreight conueid it to the queen
Of *Thracian Tirants* lande.

VVhen *Progne* red the writ,
(A wondrous tale to tell)
She kept it cloſe: though malice made
Hir venging hart to ſwell.

And did deferre the deede,
Til time and place might ſerue,
But in hir minde a ſharpe reuenge,
She fully did reſerue.

*O ſilence feldome ſeene,*
*That women counſell keepe,*
*The cauſe was this, ſhe wakt hir wits*
*And lullde hir tong on ſleepe.*

I ſpeake againſt my ſex,
So haue I done before,
But truth is truth, and muſte be tolde
Though daunger keepe the dore.

The thirde yeres rytes renewed,
VVhich *Bacchus* to belong,
And in that night the queene prepares
Reuenge for al hir wrongs.

She (girt in *Bacchus* gite)
VVith ſworde hir ſelfe doth arme,
VVith wreathes of vines about hir browes
And many a needles charme.

And forth in furie flings,
Hir handmaides following faſt,
Vntil with haſtie ſteppes ſhe founde
The ſhepecote at the laſt.

There howling out aloude,
As *Bacchus* prieſts do crie,
She brake the dores, and found the place
*VVhere Philomene* did lye.

And toke hir out by force,
And dreſt hir *Bacchus* like,
And hid hir face with boughes and leaues
(For being knowen by like.)

And brought hir to hir houſe,
But when the wretch it knewe,
That now againe ſhe was ſo neere
To *Tereus* vntrue.

She trembled oft for dreade,
And lookt like aſhes pale.
But *Progne* (now in priuie place)
Set ſilence al to ſale,

And tooke the garments off,
Diſcouering firſt hir face,
And ſiſter like did louingly
Faire *Phylomene* embrace.

There ſhe (by ſhame abaſht)
Held downe hir weeping eyes,
As who ſhould ſay: *Thy right (by me)*
*Is refte in wrongful wife.*

And down on the ground ſhe falles,
VVhich ground ſhe kiſt hir fill,
As witneſſe that the filthie facte
VVas done againſt hir wil.

And caſt hir hands to heauen,
In ſteede of tong to tell,
VVhat violence the lecher vſde,
And how hee did hir quell.

VVherewith the Queene brake off
Hir piteous pearcing plainte,
And ſware with ſworde (no teares) to venge
The crafte of this conſtrainte.

Or if (quoth ſhe) there bee
Some other meane more ſure,
More ſtearne, more ſtoute, then naked ſword
Some miſchiefe to procure,

I ſweare by al the Gods,
I ſhall the ſame embrace,
To wreake this wrong with bloudie hande
Vppon the king of *Thrace.*

Ne will I ſpare to ſpende
My life in ſiſters cauſe,
In ſiſters? ah what ſaide I wretch?
My wrong ſhall lende me lawes.

I wil the pallace burne,
VVith al the princes pelfe,
And in the midſt of flaming fire,
VVil caſte the king him ſelfe.

I wil ſcrat out thoſe eyes,
That taught him firſt to luſt,
Or teare his tong from traitors throte,
Oh that reuenge were iuſt.

Or let me carue with knife,
The wicked Inſtrument,
VVherewith he, thee, and me abuſde
(I am to miſchiefe bent.)

Or ſleeping let me ſeeke
To ſende the ſoule to hel,
VVhoſe barbarous bones for filthy force,
Did ſeeme to beare the bel.

¶ Theſe words and more in rage
Pronounced by this dame,
Hir little ſonne came leaping in
*VVhich Ytis* had to name.

VVhoſe preſence, could not pleaſe
For (vewing well his face,)
Ah wretch (quoth ſhe) how like he groweth
Vnto his fathers grace.

And therwithal reſolvde
A rare reuenge in deede
VVheron to thinke (withouten words)
My woful hart doth bleede.

But when the lad lokt vp,
And cheerefully did ſmile,
And hung about his mothers necke
VVith eaſie weight therewhile,

And kiſt (as children vſe)
His angrie mothers cheeke,
Her minde was movde to much remorce
And mad became ful meeke.

Ne could ſhe teares refrayne,
But wept againſt hir will,
Such tender rewth of innocence,
Hir cruell moode did kill.

At laſt (ſo furie wrought)
VVithin hir breſt ſhe felt,
That too much pitie made hir minde
To womanlike to melt,

And ſaw hir ſiſter ſit,
VVith heauy harte and cheere,
And now on hir, and then on him,
Full lowringly did leare,

Into theſe words ſhe bruſt
(Quoth ſhe) why flatters he?
And why againe (with tong cut out)
So ſadly ſitteth ſhee?

He, mother, mother, calles,
She ſiſter cannot ſay,
That one in earneſt doth lament,
That other whines in plaie.

*Pandions* line (quoth ſhe)
Remember ſtil your race,
And neuer marke the ſubtil ſhewes
Of any Soule in *Thrace.*

You ſhould degenerate,
If right reuenge you ſlake,
More right reuenge can neuer bee,
Than this reuenge to make.

Al ill that may be thought,
Al miſchiefe vnder ſkies,
VVere pietie compard to that
VVhich *Tereus* did deuiſe.

¶ She holds no longer hande,
But *(Tygrelike)* ſhe toke
The little boy ful boiſtrouſly
VVho now for terror quooke

And (crauing mothers helpe,)
She (mother) toke a blade,
And in hir ſonnes ſmal tender hart
An open wound ſhe made.

The cruel dede diſpatcht,
Betwene the ſiſters twaine
They tore in peces quarterly
The corps which they had ſlaine.

Some part they hoong on hooks,
The reſt they laide to fire,
And on the table cauſed it,
*Be ſet before* the fire.

And counterfaite a cauſe
(As *Grecians* order then)
That at ſuch feaſts (but onely one)
They might abide no men.

He knowing not their craſte,
Sat downe alone to eate,
And hungerly his owne warme bloud
Deuoured then for meate.

His ouerſight was ſuch,
That he for *Itis* ſent,
VVoſe murdered members in his mawe,
He priuily had pent.

No longer *Progne* then,
Hir ioy of griefe could hide,
The thing thou ſeekſt (ò wretch
VVithin thee doth abide. (quoth ſhe)

VVherwith (he waxing wroth)
And ſearching for his ſonne)
Came forth at length, faire *Philomene*
By whom the griefe begonne,

And (clokt in *Bacchus* copes,
VVherwith ſhe then was cladde,)
In fathers boſom caſt the head
Of *Itis* ſelly ladde:

Nor euer in hir life
Had more deſire to ſpeake,
Than now: wherby hir madding mood
Might al hir malice wreake.

¶ The *Thracian* prince ſtert vp,
VVhoſe hart did boyle in breſt,
To feele the foode, and ſee the ſawce,
VVhich he could not diſgeſt.

And armed (as he was)
He followed both the *Greekes*,
On whom (by ſmarte of ſword, and flame)
A ſharpe reuenge he ſekes.

But when the heauenly benche,
Theſe bloudie deedes did ſee,
And found that bloud ſtil couits bloud
And ſo none ende could be.

They then by their forſight
Thought meete to ſtinte the ſtrife,
And ſo reſtraind the murdring king,
From ſiſter and from wife.

So that by their decree,
The yongeſt daughter fledde
Into the thicks, where couertly,
A cloiſter life ſhe ledde.

And yet to eaſe hir woe,
She worthily can ſing,
And as thou hearſt, can pleaſe the eares
Of many men in ſpring.

The eldeſt dame and wife
*A Swallowe* was aſſignde,
And builds in ſmoky chimney toppes
And flies againſt the winde.

The king him ſelfe condemnde,
A *Lapwing* for to be,
VVho for his yong ones cries alwais,
Yet neuer can them ſee.

The lad a Pheaſaunt cocke
For his degree hath gaind,
VVhoſe blouddie plumes declare the bloud
*VVherwith his face was ſtaind.*

¶ But there to turne my tale,
The which I came to tell,
The yongeſt dame to forreſts fled,
And there is dampnde to dwell.

An expoſition of al ſuch notes as the nightingale dot[h] commonly vse to sing.

And *Nightingale* now namde
VVhich (*Philomela* hight)
Delights for (feare of force againe)
To ſing alwayes by night.

But when the ſunne to weſt,
Doth bende his weerie courſe,
Then *Phylomene* records the rewth,
VVhich craueth iuſt remorſe.

1 And for hir foremoſt note,
*Tereu Tereu*, doth ſing,
Complaining ſtil vppon the name
Of that falſe *Thracian* king.

Much like the childe at ſchole
VVith byrchen rodds ſore beaten,
If when he go to bed at night
His maiſter chaunce to threaten,

In euery dreame he ſtarts,
And (ô good maiſter) cries,
Euen ſo this byrde vppon that name,
Hir foremoſt note replies.

Or as the red breaſt byrds,
VVhome prettie Merlynes hold,
Ful faſt in foote, by winters night
To fende themſelues from colde:

Though afterwards the hauke
For pitie let them ſcape,
Yet al that day, they fede in feare,
And doubte a ſecond rape.

And in the nexter night,
Ful many times do crie,
Remembring yet the ruthful plight
VVherein they late did lye.

Euen ſo this ſelly byrde,
Though now tranſformde in kinde,
Yet euermore hir pangs forepaſt,
She beareth ſtil in minde.

And in hir foremoſt note,
She notes that cruel name,
By whom ſhe loſt hir pleaſant ſpeech
And foiled was in fame.

2 ¶ Hir ſecond note is *fye*,
In Greeke and latine *phy*,
In engliſh *fy*, and euery tong
That euer yet read I.

VVhich word declares diſdaine,
Or lothſome leying by
Of any thing we taſt, heare, touche,
Smel, or beholde with eye.

In taſt, phy ſheweth ſome ſowre,
In hearing, ſome diſcorde,
In touch, ſome foule or filthy toye,
In ſmel, ſome ſent abhorde.

In ſight, ſome lothſome loke,
And euery kind of waie,
This byword phy betokneth bad,
And things to caſt away.

So that it ſeemes hir well,
*Phy, phy, phy, phy*, to ſing,
Since *phy* befitteth him ſo well
*In euery kind* of thing.

Phy filthy lecher lewde,
Phy falſe vnto thy wife,
Phy coward phy, (on womankinde)
To vſe thy cruel knife.

Phy for thou wert vnkinde
Fye fierce, and foule forſworne,
Phy monſter made of murdring mould
VVhoſe like was neuer borne.

Phy agony of age,
Phy ouerthrowe of youth,
Phy mirrour of miſcheuouſneſſe,
Phy, tipe of al vntruth.

Phy fayning forced teares,
Phy forging ſyne excuſe,
Phy periury, fy blaſphemy,
Phy bed of al abuſe.

Theſe phyes, and many moe,
Pore *Philomene* may meane,
And in hir ſelfe ſhe findes percaſe
Some *phy* that was vncleane.

For though his fowle offence,
May not defended bee,
Hir ſiſter yet, and ſhe trangreſt,
Though not ſo deepe as he.

His doome came by deſerte,
Their dedes grewe by diſdaine,
But men muſt leaue reuenge to Gods,
VVhat wrong ſoeuer raigne.

Then *Progne* phy for thee,
VVhich kildſt thine only child,
Phy on the cruel crabbed heart
VVhich was not movde with milde.

Phy phy, thou cloſe conveydſt
A ſecret il vnſene,
Where (good to kepe in councel cloſe)
Had putrifide thy ſplene.

Phy on thy ſiſters facte,
And phy hir ſelfe doth ſing,
VVhoſe lack of tong nere toucht hir ſo
As when it could not ſting.

Phy on vs both ſaith ſhe,
The father onely faulted,
And we (the father free therwhile)
The ſelly ſonne aſſalted.

3 ¶ The next note to hir phy
Is *Iug*, *Iug*, *Iug*, I geſſe,
That might I leaue to latyniſts,
By learning to expreſſe.

Some commentaries make
About it much adoe:
If it ſhould onely *Iugum* meane
Or *Iugulator* too.

Some thinke that *Iugum* is
The *Iug*, ſhe iugleth ſo,
But *Iugulator* is the word
That doubleth al hir woe.

For when ſhe thinkes thereon,
She beares them both in minde,
Him, breaker of his bonde in bed,
Hir, killer of hir kinde.

As faſt as furies force
Hir thoughts on him to thinke,
So faſt hir conſcience choks hir vp,
*And wo to wrong doth linke.*

At laſt (by griefe conſtrainde)
It boldly breaketh out,
And makes the hollow woods to ring
VVith *Eccho* round about.

4 ¶ Hir next moſt note (to note)
I neede no helpe at al,
For I my ſelfe the partie am
On whom ſhe then doth call.

She calles on *Nèmeſis*
And *Nèmeſis* am I,
The Goddeſſe of al iuſt reuenge,
VVho let no blame go by.

This bridle boſt with gold,
I beare in my left hande,
To holde men backe in raſheſt rage,
Vntil the cauſe be ſcand.

And ſuch as like that bitte
And beare it willingly,
May ſcape this ſcourge in my right hand
Although they trode awry.

But if they hold on head,
And ſcorne to beare my yoke,
Oft times they buy the roſt ful deare,
It ſmelleth of the ſmoke.

This is the cauſe (sir Squire
Quoth ſhe) that *Phylomene*
Doth cal ſo much vpon my name,
She to my lawes doth leane:

She feeles a iuſt reuenge.
Of that which ſhe hath done,
Conſtrainde to vſe the day for night,
And makes the moone hir ſunne.

Ne can ſhe now complaine,
(Although ſhe loſt hir tong)
For ſince that time, ne yet before,
No byrde ſo ſwetely ſoong.

That gift we Gods hir gaue,
To countervaile hir woe,
I ſat on bench in heauen my ſelfe
VVhen it was graunted ſo.

And though hir foe be fledde,
But whither knows not ſhe,
And like hir ſelfe tranſformed eke
A ſeely byrde to bee:

On him this ſharpe reuenge
The Gods and I did take,
He neither can beholde his brats,
Nor is belovde of make.

As ſoone as coles of kinde
Haue warmed him to do
The ſelly ſhift of dewties dole
VVhich him belongeth to:

His hen ſtraight way him hates,
And flieth farre him fro,
And cloſe conueis hir eggs from him,
As from hir mortal foe.

As ſone as ſhe hath hatcht,
Hir little yong ones runne,
For feare their dame ſhould ſerue them efte,
As *Progne* had begonne.

And rounde about the fields
The furious father flies,
To ſeke his ſonne, and filles the ayre
*VVith loude* lamenting cries.

This lothſome life he leads
By our almightie dome,
And thus ſings ſhe, where company
But very ſeldome come.

Now leſt my faithful tale
For fable ſhould be taken,
And therevpon my curteſie,
By thee might be forſaken:

Remember al my words,
And beare them wel in minde,
And make thereof a metaphore,
So ſhalt thou quickly finde.

Both profite and paſtime,
In al that I thee tel:
I knowe thy skil wil ſerue therto,
And ſo (quoth ſhe) farewell.

The author continevveth his discourse and concludeth.

Wherewith (me thought) ſhe flong ſo faſt away,
That ſcarce I could, hir ſeemely ſhaddowe ſee.
At laſt: my ſtaffe (which was mine onely ſtay)
Did ſlippe, and I, muſt needes awaked be,
Againſt my wil did I (God knowes) awake,
For willingly I could my ſelfe content,
Seuen dayes to ſleepe for *Philomelds* ſake,
So that my ſleepe in ſuch ſwete thoughts were ſpent.
*But* you my Lord which reade this ragged verſe,
*Forgiue* the faults of my ſo ſleepy muſe,
*Let* me the heaſt of *Nemeſis* rehearſe,

For ſure I ſee, much ſenſe therof enſues.
I ſeeme to ſee (my Lord) that lechers luſt,
Procures the plague, and vengaunce of the higheſt,
I may not ſay, but God is good and iuſt,
Although he ſcourge the furdeſt for the nigheſt:
The fathers fault lights ſometime on the ſonne,
Yea foure diſcents it beares the burden ſtil,
Whereby it falles (when vaine delight is done)
That dole ſteppes in and wields the world at wil.
O whoredom, whoredome, hope for no good happe,
The beſt is bad that lights on leechery
And (al wel weyed) he ſits in Fortunes lappe,
Which feeles no ſharper ſcourge than beggery.
You princes peeres, you comely courting knights,
Which vſe al arte to marre the maidens mindes,
Which win al dames with baite of fonde delights,
Which bewtie force, to looſe what bountie bindes:
Thinke on the ſcourge that *Nẽmeſis* doth beare,
Remember this, that God (although he winke)
Doth ſee al ſinnes that euer ſecret were.
(*Væ vobis*) then which ſtill in ſinne do ſinke.
Gods mercy lends you brydles for deſire,
Hold backe betime, for feare you catch a foyle,
The fleſh may ſpurre to euerlaſting fire,
But ſure, that horſe which tyreth like a roile,
And lothes the griefe of his forgalded ſides,
Is better, much than is the harbrainde colte
Which headlong runnes and for no bridle bydes,
But huntes for ſinne in euery hil and holte.
He which is ſingle, let him ſpare to ſpil
The flowre of force, which makes a famous man:
Leſt when he comes to matrimonies will,
His fyneſt graine be burnt, and ful of branne.
He that is yokte and hath a wedded wife,
Be wel content with that which may ſuffyſe,
And (were no God) yet feare of worldly ſtrife
Might make him lothe the bed where *Lays* lies:
For though *Pandyons* daughter *Progne* ſhee,
*Were ſo tranſformde* into a fethered ſoule,

Yet ſeemes ſhe not withouten heires to be,
Who (wrongde like hir) ful angrely can ſcoule,
And beare in breſt a right reuenging mode,
Til time and place, may ſerue to worke their will.
Yea ſurely ſome, the beſt of al the broode
(If they had might) with furious force would kil.
But force them not, whoſe force is not to force.
And way their words as blaſts of bluſtring winde,
VVhich comes ful calme, when ſtormes are paſt by courſe:
Yet God aboue that can both loſe and bynde,
VVil not ſo ſoone appeaſed be therefore,
He makes the male, of female to be hated,
He makes the fire go ſighing wondrous ſore,
Becauſe the ſonne of ſuch is ſeldome rated.
I meane the ſonnes of ſuch raſh ſinning fires,
Are ſeldome ſene to runne a ruly race.
But plagude (be like) by fathers foule deſires
Do gadde a broade, and lacke the guide of grace.
Then (Lapwinglike) the father flies about,
And howles and cries to ſee his children ſtray,
Where he him ſelfe (and no man better) mought
Haue taught his bratts to take a better way.
Thus men (my Lord) be *Metamorphoſed*,
From ſeemely ſhape, to byrds, and ougly beaſtes:
Yea braueſt dames, (if they amiſſe once tredde)
Finde bitter ſauce, for al their pleaſant feasts.
They must in fine condemned be to dwell
In thickes vnſeene, in mewes for minyons made,
Vntil at laſt, (if they can *bryde it wel*)
They may *chop chalke*, and take ſome better trade.
Beare with me (Lord) my lusting dayes are done,
Fayre *Phylomene* forbad me fayre and flat
To like ſuch loue, as is with luſt begonne.
The lawful loue is beſt, and I like that.
Then if you ſee, that (Lapwinglike) I chaunce,
To leape againe, beyond my lawful reache,
*I take* hard taske) or but to giue a glaunce,
*At bewties* blaſe: for ſuch a wilful breache,

Of promiſe made, my Lord ſhal do no wrong,
To ſay (*George*) thinke on *Philomelâes* ſong.

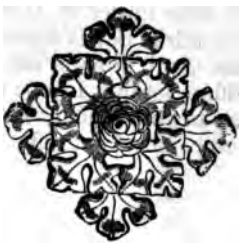
# *FINIS.*

## *Tam Marti quàm Mercurio.*

AND thus my very good L. may ſe how coblerlike I haue clouted a new patch to an olde ſole, beginning this complainte or *Philomene*, in Aprill, 1562, continuing it a little furder in Aprill. 1575 and now thus finiſhed this thirde day of Aprill. 1576.

Al which mine April ſhowers are humbly ſent vnto your good Lordſhip, for that I hope very ſhortly to ſee the May flowers of your fauour, which I deſire, more than I can deſerue. And yet reſt

*Your Lordships bownden and assured.*



*J. & W. Rider, Printers, London.*

# English Reprints.

## JOHN EARLE, M.A.

Fellow of Merton College, Oxford.

# MICRO-COSMOGRAPHIE.

*Editio princeps*, 1628.

WITH ADDITIONAL CHARACTERS FROM THE FIFTH EDITION OF 1629; AND THE SIXTH EDITION OF 1633.

CAREFULLY EDITED BY

EDWARD ARBER,

*Associate, King's College, London, F.R.G.S., &c.*

LONDON:

ALEX. MURRAY & SON, 30, QUEEN SQUARE, W.C.

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# *CONTENTS.*


CHRONICLE of the Life, Works, and Times of J. Earle . 3
INTRODUCTION . . . . . 7
BIBLIOGRAPHY (1) Introductory . . . . . 10
(2) Title-pages [reduced] of the second and third editions of 1628 . . . 11
(3) Issues during the Author's life time 12—15
(4) Issues since the Author's death . . 16

*MICRO-COSMOGRAPHIE, &c.* 1628 17
(1) To the Reader Gentile or Gentle . . . . 18
(2) A Table of Contents. . . . . 19—20

*MICRO-COSMOGRAPHIE* OR,
A PIECE OF THE WORLD CHARACTERIZ'D . . 21

*ADDITIONAL CHARACTERS,*
Twenty-three now first found in Fifth Edition, 1629, but which may have been included in the fourth Edition, of which no copy is at present known.
One first found in the Sixth Edition, 1633 . . . 163

# CHRONICLE

of

fome of the principal events

in the

LIFE, WORKS, and TIMES

of

## JOHN EARLE, M.A. [created in 1642 D.D.],

Fellow of Merton College, Oxford.

Subsequently, in succession, Rector of Bishopston, Wilts; Chaplain to Charles, Prince of Wales; Chancellor of the Diocese of Salisbury: an exile on the Continent; Clerk of the Closet to King Charles II.; Dean of Westminster; Bishop of Worcester; and Bishop of Salisbury.

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* Probable or approximate dates.

**1558. Nov. 17. Elizabeth begins to reign.**

Birth.

1600. JOHN EARLE received his first being in this vain and transitory world within the city of York. *Wood. Ath. Oxon. iii.* 716. *Ed.* 1817. "*John Earles*, Son of *Tho. Earles* Gent. sometime Register of the Arch-bishop's Court at *York*," [*see* 1660] is born. The date is fixed by his age, *Ætatis suæ* 65 *to*, at his death on 17 Nov. 1665, as inscribed on his monument in Merton College Chapel. These two quotations illustrate the uncertain spelling of his name: which was apparently written indifferently, with or without the 's.'

**1603. Mar. 24. James I. succeeds to the English throne.**

At Oxford.

1608. Bp. Hall's *Characters of Vertves and Vices* published.

1616. Mar. F. Beaumont the poet dies. Earle writes an English poem of 90 lines, in his memory (which was not printed until 1647. It is in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Comedies & Tragedies, &c.*, fol. and is headed *On Mr. Beavmont*, (written thirty yeares since, presently after his death.)

1616. Sir T. Overbury's *Wife, now a Widdowe* published.

1619. July 8. æt. 18. 'John Earl of Merton Coll.' takes his B.A. *Wood. Fasti Oxon. Ed.* 1815.

Fellow of Merton College, Oxford.

1620. æt. 19. He "was admitted probationers' fellow of Merton Coll. in 1620, aged 19 years or thereabouts, and proceeded in arts four years after. His younger years were adorned with oratory, poetry, and witty fancies; and his elder with quaint preaching and subtile disputes." *Wood. Ath. Oxon. idem.*

1624. July 10. æt. 23. He takes his M.A. *Dr. Bliss*: '*Micro-cosmography*,' *Ed.* 1811, *p.* 212.

**1625. Mar. 27. Charles I ascends the throne.**

1627. Aug. æt. 26. Sir J. Burroughs killed by a bullet at the Isle of Ré. Earle writes *Lines on Sir John Burroughs*, now in MS. in the Bodleian. *Reprinted by Dr. Bliss, idem. p.* 227.

1628. æt. 27. Three first editions of *Micro-cosmographie* are published. Possibly also a fourth edition.

1630. Apr. 10. æt. 29. William Earl of Pembroke, Chancellor of the University, *dies.* Earle writes lines *On the death of the* Earl of Pembroke, in the same Bodleian MS., Dr. Bliss, *idem.*

A clerical disturbance occurs in the University. The King directs the two proctors to resign, and to be replaced by others of the same college. Earle succeeds J. Doughty of Merton. *Wood, Hist. & Ant. of Oxford, ii.* 372—380.

1631. Aug. 26. } 1632. Apr. 10. } 'Mr. John Earl of Merton coll. presented 26 Aug.' *Fasti Oxon. Ed.* 1815. He was 'about that time Chaplain to Philip, Earl of Pembroke.' *Ath. Oxon. idem.*

1632. Is incorporated in Cambridge University.

Lord Clarendon, in his *Life*, thus writes:

Fellow of Merton College, Oxford.

Doctor *Earles* was at that Time Chaplain in the House to the Earl of *Pembroke*, Lord Chamberlain of his Majesty's Houshold, and had a Lodging in the Court under that Relation: He was a Person very notable for his Elegance in the *Greek* and *Latin* Tongues; and being Fellow of *Merton* College in *Oxford*, and having been Proctor of the University, and some very witty, and sharp Discourses being published in Print without his Consent, though known to be his, He grew suddenly into a very general Esteem with all Men; being a Man of great Piety and Devotion; a most eloquent and powerful Preacher; and of a Conversation so pleasant and delightful, so very innocent, and so very facetious, that no Man's Company was more desired, and more loved. No Man was more negligent in his Dress, and Habit, and Mien; no Man more wary, and cultivated, in his Behaviour, and Discourse; insomuch as He had the greater Advantage when He was known, by promising so little before He was known. He was an excellent Poet, both in *Latin*, *Greek*, and *English*, as appears by many Pieces yet abroad; though He suppressed many more himselfe, especially of *English*, incomparably good, out of an Austerity to those Sallies of his Youth. He was very dear to the Lord *Falkland*, with whom He spent as much Time as He could make his own; and as that Lord would impute the speedy Progress He made in the *Greek* Tongue, to the Information and Assistance He had from Mr. *Earles*, so Mr. *Earles* would frequently profess, that He had got more useful Learning by his Conversation at *Tew* (the Lord *Falkland's* House) than He had at *Oxford*. In the first settling of the Prince his Family, He was made one of his Chaplains; and attended on him when He was forced to leave the Kingdom. He was amongst the few excellent Men who never had, nor ever could have an Enemy, but such a one, who was an Enemy to all Learning, and Virtue, and therefore would never make himself known. *i.* 26. *Ed.* 1759.

'The famous Verses made upon *Merton* College Garden in *Oxford*, by Dr. *John Earl*, then a Fellow of that house,' were first printed in J. Aubrey, *Nat. Hist. of Surrey, iv.* 166—171. *Ed.* 1716. The poem is in Latin, is entitled *Hortus Mertonensis*, and consists of 128 lines.

Rising in the Church.

1639. æt. 38. Philip, Earl of Pembroke, presents him to the Rectory of Bishopston, in Wiltshire, and in the diocese of Salisbury. He was not finally released from the care of this parish until his elevation, in 1662, to the See of Worcester.

[*1664. æt. 63.] When, after this, he became bishop of his old diocese, he presented his former parish with its present existing communion plate. *Sir R. C. Hoare*, History of Wilts, *ii. Ed.* 1825.

1640. Nov. 10. 'John Earle sometimes fellow of Mert. coll. now chaplain to Charles prince of Wales,' is made Doctor of Divinity. *Wood. Fasti. Oxon. Ed.* 1820.

1643. Feb. 10. He succeeds, on the death of the celebrated William æt. 42. Chillingworth, to the Chancellorship of Salisbury. *Wood. Ath. Oxon. iii.* 95, 717. *Ed.* 1817.
Elected one of the Assembly of Divines, but refuses to sit among them.

An exile on the Continent.

Afterwards he suffered, and was deprived of all he had, for adhering to his majesty King Charles I.
He was an intimate acquaintance with Dr. Morley, afterwards Bp. of Winchester, and lived with him one year at Antwerp, in Sir Charles Cotterell's house, who was master of the ceremonies. *Ath. Oxon. idem.*
[Dr. Smith writes to Hearne on 13 Sept. 1705. "Bp. Earle's Latin translation of Hooker's book of *Ecclesiastical Polity*, which was his entertainment, during part of his exile at Cologne, is utterly destroyed by prodigious heedlessness and carelessness: for it being written in
*1645–51. loose papers, only pinned together, and put into a trunk unlocked, after his death, and being looked upon as refuse and waste paper, the servants lighted their fire with them, or else put them under their bread and their pies, as often as they had occasion; as the present earl of Clarendon has more than once told me, who was ordered by my lord his father, about a year after the bishop's death, to attend upon the widow, at her house near Salisbury, and to receive them from her hands, from whom he received this deplorable account of their loss; himself seeing several scattered pieces, not following in order, the number of pages being greatly interrupted, that had not undergone the same fate with the rest." *Orig. letter in Bodleian: see Ath. Oxon. iii.* 718. *note. Ed.* 1817.]
1647. Mar. 16. Lord Clarendon, then Sir E. Hyde, writing to Earle, combats some expressions of his, in a previous letter, 'I know not what you mean by the King's unnecessarily provoking them.' . . . . 'Is it possible that you can think (in this horrid alteration) the mere living in England with your friends, could restore you to the old delight and comfort in those friends you have formerly enjoyed, let all unjustifiable circumstances be out of the way:' Towards the end he says 'I would desire you (at your leisure) to send me that discourse of your own which you read to me at Dartmouth in the end of your contemplations upon the Proverbs, in memory of my Lord Falkland.' *Stat. Papers ii.* 348—350. *Ed.* 1773.

**The Commonwealth.**

1649. Is published Earle's translation into Latin of *εἰκὼν βασιλική*.
1651. 'He suffered in exile with his son king Charles II. whom, after his defeat at Worcester, he saluted at Rouen upon his arrival in Normandy, and thereupon was made his chaplain and clerk of the closet.' *Ath. Oxon. idem.*

**1660. The Restoration.**

Dean of Westminster.

1660. æt. 59. Earle returns to England. Is made Dean of Westminster.
"He beareth *Ermine*, on a Chief indented *Sable*, three Eastern Crowns *Or*, by the name of *Earles*. This Coat was granted by Sir *Edward Walker* Garter, the
1660. Aug. 1. 1st of *August* 1660, to the Reverend Dr. *John Earles*, Son of *Tho. Earles* Gent. Sometime Register of the Arch-bishop's Court at *York*. He was Dean of *Westminster*, and Clerk of the Closet to his Majesty King

Dn. of Westmnstr.

*Charles* the Second, and in the Year 1663, made Bishop of *Salisbury*." *J. Guillim. A Display of Heraldry. Ed.* 1724, *p.* 282.

1661. Mar. 25. Is one of the commission to review the Prayer-Book. *Bp. Kennet's Reg. p.* 398. *Ed.* 1728.

28. (Good Friday.) As one of the Lenten preachers, preaches at Court. *Idem p.* 368.

Apr. 23. Assists at the King's coronation. *Idem p.* 417.

1662. June 20–23. Correspondence with Rev. R. Baxter. *Idem p.* 714.

Bishop.

1662. Nov. 30. Consecrated at Westminster Abbey, Bp. of Worcester: by the Bps. of London, Winchester, Salisbury, Chichester, Gloucester. *Idem p.* 823.

1663. æt. 62. Is translated to the see of Salisbury.

Death.

1665. The plague of London. The Court moves to Oxford and Bp. Earle goes with it. He 'took up his quarters in

Nov. 17. University college where dying on the 17 Novemb. 1665,

æt. 65. was buried near the high altar in Mert. coll. church, on

Nov. 25. the 25th day of the said month, being then accompanied to his grave from the public schools by an herald at arms and the principal persons of the court and university. *Ath. Oxon. idem.*

Bp. Burnet tells us "Doctor *Earl*, Bishop of *Salisbury*, died at that time. But, before his death, he declared himself much against this [the Five Mile] Act. He was the man of all the Clergy for whom the King had the greatest esteem. He had been his sub-tutor, and had followed him in all his exile with so clear a Character, that the King could never see or hear of any one thing amiss in him. So he, who had a secret pleasure in finding out any thing that lessened a man esteemed eminent for piety, yet had a value for him beyond all the men of his order." *History of my own times, i.* 225. *Ed.* 1724.

Dr. Calamy, a Nonconformist, adds similar testimony. "Dr. *Earle*, Bishop of Salisbury, was a Man that could do Good against Evil, forgive much out of a charitable Heart. He died to the no great Sorrow of them, who reckoned his death was just, for labouring all his Might against *the Oxford five Mile Act*." *Abridgement, i.*

# MICRO-COSMOGRAPHIE.

## *INTRODUCTION.*

THE Literature of Proteſtant England paſſed, about the time of James I., from the exuberant delicious fancifulneſs of youth into the ſober deliberativeneſs of manhood. The age of romantic chivalry, of daring diſcovery, of ſurpaſſing danger, was paſſing away. A time of wonderful thoughtfulneſs, of ſtrong reſearch, of national quiet had come. Learning had become common to moſt educated perſons. The moſt recondite ſubjects in theology and among the Schoolmen, the higheſt problems in nature, the ſubtleſt inquiries into the human ſpirit, the firſt principles of human ſociety, every theory of national government, daunted not, but faſcinated thinkers. Selden owned, 'All Confeſs there never was a more Learned Clergy, no Man taxes them with Ignorance'*; and the writings of Bacon, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, Hales, Selden, Hobbes, Prynne and others, repreſent the attainments of many of the laity.

The thinkers influenced the people. The words *Preciſian* and *Puritan*, creations of this epoch, teſtify to the growing ſerioufneſs of the nation. In theſe earlier years of Puritaniſm eſpecially; and generally throughout the Seventeenth Century, there was a ſtrong paſſion for analyſis of human character. Men delighted in introſpection. Eſſays and Characters took the place of the Romances of the former century. Of them all, there is no complete liſt. Dr. Bliſs, to an edition of the preſent work, in 1811, added a liſt of

* *Table-Talk*, p. 37, Ed. 1868.

fifty-seven characters and books of characters: all—with one exception, in 1567—published between 1605—1700. Forty-four years later, writing in 1855, to *Notes and Queries*,* he stated that this list 'in his own interleaved copy had increased fourfold.'

Of all these *Micro-cosmographie* was one of the most popular. Five editions apparently were published in the first two years of publication, and four more during the author's lifetime.

The authorship of the present work was never authoritatively announced. Universal consent, in his own time, attributed it to John Earle, then a Fellow of Merton College, Oxford. The first fifty-four Characters, at least, may therefore be looked upon as the composition 'especially for his private recreation, to pass away the time in the country' of an Oxford man, not twenty-nine years of age, when they appeared in print; and which we are informed had previously circulated in manuscript, 'passing from hand to hand in written Copies.'†

The writing of Characters was not a new thing when Earle penned the following ones. Not to mention minor works of this class, we may refer to Bishop Hall's *Characters of Vertues and Vices* of 1608; and the Characters of Sir Thomas Overbury and his friends, attached to *A Wife, now a Widdowe*, first published in 1614.

The title given to the present work, is not the least apt thing in it. *Micro-cosmographie* means 'a description of the little world' (*i.e.*, man). Sir Walter Raleigh in his *Historie of the World* first published in 1614, had thus referred to the old idea of man being a world within himself;

"The body of man (saith *Zanchius*) is the image of the world, and called therefore Microcosmus; Bk 1, *Chap* 2. § 1. p 20. . . .

* No. 299, 21st July, 1855. † p. 18.

. . Therefore (ſaith GREGORY NAZIANZENE,) *Homo eſt utriuſque naturæ vinculum, Man is the band and chaine which tyeth together both natures:* and becauſe in the little frame of mans body there is a repreſentation of the Univerſal; and (by alluſion) a kinde of participation of all the parts there, therefore was man called *Micro-coſmos*, or the little World. *Deus igitur hominem factum, velut alterum quendam mundum, in brevi magnum, atque exiguo totum, in terris ſtatuit; God therefore placed in the Earth the man he had made, as it were another World; the great and large World in the ſmall and little World.*" Bk. 1, Chap. 2, § 5, p. 26.

Another Oxford man, Rev., afterwards Dr., Peter Heylin,—whoſe Epitaph was long after written by Earle, when Dean of Weſtminſter—had publiſhed at Oxford a geographical treatiſe, in 4to., entitled "Μικροκόσμος A little deſcription of the Great World," of which three editions appeared in 1622, 1625, and 1627. Earle reverſes this title in this work, and gives us a 'deſcription of the little world' of man.

Eſſays deal rather with the permanent, internal, eſſential conſtituents; Characters with the paſſing, external, accidental aſpects of men. Of both there are examples in the preſent work. Some of the papers are delineations of human nature, common to all time; others are inciſive deſcriptions of 'characters' and ſcenes of the writer's age, which have now paſſed away. Poſterity is as equally indebted to John Earle for his keen obſervations of human kind, as for his literary photographs of manners and life in England between, ſay the years 1618 and 1628.

# BIBLIOGRAPHY.

## INTRODUCTORY.

Confuſion has ariſen as to the actual number of eſſays in the ſeveral early editions of *Micro-Coſmographie*, through the ſomewhat careleſs editing Blount beſtowed on their numbering and indexing. We have therefore conſtructed the following table of iſſues in the author's life time; from which it will be ſeen that the Characters firſt appeared in three ſeveral quantities, viz., fifty-four in 1628, twenty-three more in 1629, and one more in 1633. So that virtually the compoſition of theſe obſervations on Engliſh life and manners cannot be placed lower than 1629.

In the table, figures without ( ) are thoſe printed at the head of the several Characters. The abſence of any ſuch figure is indicated by —; the omiſſion of a Character altogether by *. Theſe figures coincide with the actual order of the ſeveral eſſays, except when followed by others within ( ), which then repreſent the true order.

By the help of this table, the priority of the three editions of 1628 may be determined; the criterion being the careleſſneſs of the editor. Taking the *oſtenſible* figures without brackets, as on the pages 12—15,

(1) 𝔞 and 𝔟 have no 8 or 29.
miſprint 50 for 51.

but 𝔞 miſprints 37 for 39, 47 for 49, which are corrected in 𝔟: ſhewing a partial correction.
∴ 𝔞 is anterior to 𝔟.

𝔠 aſſigns 8 and 29 to characters.
has no miſprints.
rearranges the numbers generally.
∴ 𝔠 is a correction of 𝔟.

(2) *The Herald* is omitted the index of 𝔞, but is inſerted in those of 𝔟 and 𝔠.

The title-page of 𝔞 is at page 17, and thoſe of 𝔟 and 𝔠 on the oppoſite page.

The text of the preſent edition is, for the firſt fifty-four eſſays, *that of* 𝔞 of 1628, collated with 𝔟 and 𝔠 of that year; for next *twenty*-three, the fifth edition, 1629; and for the laſt one, that *of 1633*; in which editions they firſt appear.

TITLE-PAGES
[reduced]
of
Second and Third Editions
of
1628.

b

*Micro-cosmographie.*

OR,

A PEECE OF
THE WORLD
DISCOVERED;
*IN ESSAYES AND*
CHARACTERS.

*LONDON,*
Printed by *William Stansby* for
*Robert Allot.* 1628.

f

*Micro-cosmographie.*

OR,

A PEECE OF
THE WORLD
DISCOVERED;
*IN ESSAYES AND*
CHARACTERS.

*Newly Composed for the Northerne parts of this Kingdome.*

*AT LONDON,*
Printed by W. S. for *Ed: Blount,*
1628.

## (a) Issues in the Author's life time.

| Actual order in the first edition. | CHARACTERS. | 1628. a William Stansby for Edward Blount. [? *Editio princeps.*] | 1628. b William Stansby for *R. Allot.* | 1628. c W. S. for E. Blount. | 1628 or 1629. ? 4th Ed. | 1629. *The Fifth Edition.* | 1633. *The Sixth Edition augmented.* | 1638. *The Seventh Edition augmented.* | 1642. | 1650. *W. Bentley for William Shears.* | 1664. *The Eighth Edition.* |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1. | A child. | 1 | 1 | 1 | any other trace of this edition. | 1 | 1 | 1 | *description of the Pot-companion Poet: who abroad. Also, Character of the Swil-bole Cook.* | 1 | 1 |
| 2. | A young raw preacher. | 2 | 2 | 2 | | 2 | 2 | 2 | | 2 | 2 |
| 3. | A grave divine. | 3 | 3 | 3 | | 3 | 3 | 3 | | 3 | 3 |
| 4. | An alderman. | 4 | 4 | 4 | | — (5) | —(5) | 5 | | 4 | 5 |
| 5. | A diſcontented man. | 5 | 5 | 5 | | 6 (7) | 7 | 7 | | 5 | 7 |
| 6. | An antiquary. | 6 | 6 | 6 | | 7 (8) | 8 | 8 | | 6 | 8 |
| 7. | | 7 | 7 | 7 | | 8 (9) | 9 | 9 | | 7 | 9 |
| | | No eight. | | | | | | | | | |
| 8. | A younger brother. | 9 (8) | 9 (8) | 9 | | 10(11) | 11 | 11 | | 8 | 11 |
| 9. | A formal man. | 10 (9) | 10 (9) | 10 | | 11(12) | 12 | 12 | | 9 | 12 |
| 10. | A church-Papiſt. | 11(10) | 11(10) | 11 | | 11(13) | 13 | 13 | | 10 | 13 |
| 11. | A ſelf-conceited man. | 12(11) | 12(11) | 12 | | 13(15) | 15 | 15 | | 11 | 15 |
| 12. | A tavern. | 13(12) | 13(12) | 13 | | 15(17) | 18 | 18 | | 12 | 17 |
| 13. | A reſerved man. | 14(13) | 14(13) | 14 | | 16(18) | 17 | 17 | | 13 | 18 |
| 14. | A ſhark. | 15(14) | 15(14) | 15 | | —(19) | 19 | 19 | | 14 | 19 |
| 15. | A carrier. | 16(15) | 16(15) | 16 | | 22 | 22 | 22 | | 15 | 22 |

| | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 16. | An old College butler. | 17(16) | 17(16) | 17 | | 26 | 26 | 26 | | 16 | 26 |
| 17. | An upſtart knight. | 18(17) | 18(17) | 18 | | 28 | 28 | 28 | | 17 | 28 |
| 18. | An idle gallant. | 19(18) | 19(18) | 19 | | 30 | 30 | 30 | | 18 | 30 |
| 19. | A conſtable. | 20(19) | 20(19) | 20 | | 31 | 31 | 31 | | 19 | 31 |
| 20. | A down-right ſcholar. | 21(20) | 21(20) | 25 | | 33 | 33 | 33 | | 20 | 33 |
| 21. | A player. | 22(21) | 22(21) | 24 | | 38 | 38 | 38 | | 21 | 38 |
| 22. | A detractor. | 23(22) | 23(22) | 26 | | 39 | 39 | 39 | | 22 | 39 |
| 23. | A young gentleman of the Univerſity. | 24(23) | 24(23) | 23 | | 41 | 41 | 41 | | 24(23) | 41 |
| 24. | A pot poet. | 25(24) | 25(24) | 27 | | 45 | 45 | 45 | | 24 | 45 |
| 25. | A cook. | 26(25) | 26(25) | 22 | | 63 | 63 | 63 | | 25 | 63 |
| 26. | A forward man. | 27(26) | 27(26) | 29 | | 64 | 64 | 64 | | 26 | 64 |
| 27. | A baker. | 28(27) | 28(27) | 21 | | 65 | 65 | 65 | | 27 | 65 |
| | | No twenty-nine. | | | | | | | | | |
| 28. | A plain country fellow. | 30(28) | 30(28) | 28 | | 35 | 35 | 35 | | 28 | 35 |
| 29. | A young man. | 31(29) | 31(29) | 30 | | —(25) | 25 | 25 | | 29 | 25 |
| 30. | The common ſinging-men. | 32(30) | 32(30) | 31 | | 69 | 69 | 69 | | 30 | 69 |
| 31. | A pretender to learning. | 33(31) | 33(31) | 32 | | 66 | 66 | 66 | | 31 | 66 |
| 32. | A ſhopkeeper. | 34(32) | 34(32) | 33 | | 70 | 70 | 70 | | 32 | 70 |
| 33. | A handſome hoſteſs. | 35(33) | 35(33) | 34 | | 72 | 72 | 72 | | 33 | 72 |
| 34. | A blunt man. | 36(34) | 36(34) | 34(35) | | 71 | 71 | 71 | | 34 | 71 |
| 35. | A critic. | 37(35) | 37(35) | 35(36) | | 73(74) | 73 | 73 | | 35 | 73 |
| 36. | A ſerjeant. | 38(36) | 38(36) | 36(37) | | 49 | 74 | 74 | | 35(36) | 74 |
| 37. | A weak man. | 37 | 39(37) | 37(38) | | 42 | 42 | 42 | | 37 | 42 |
| 38. | A tobacco feller. | 40(38) | 40(38) | 39 | | 43 | 43 | 43 | | 38 | 43 |
| 39. | A plauſible man. | 41(39) | 41(39) | 38(40) | | 46 | 46 | 46 | | 39 | 46 |
| 40. | The worldlywiſe man. | 42(40) | 42(40) | 40(41) | | 48 | 48 | 48 | | 41(40) | 48 |

No copy known: neither is the Characters 24 and 25, printed separately in 4to., under the title of *A true is the Founder of all the Baſe and Libellous Pamphlets lately ſpread*

## (a) Issues in the Author's life time.

| Actual order in the first edition. | CHARACTERS. | 1628. a William Stanby for Edward Blount. [? *Editio princeps.*] | 1628. b William Stansby for *R. Allot.* | 1628. c W. S. for E. Blount. | 1628 or 1629. 4th Ed. | 1629. *The Fifth Edition.* | 1633. *The Sixth Edition augmented.* | 1633. *The Seventh Edition augmented.* | 1642. | 1650. *W. Bentley for William Shears.* | 1644. *The Eighth Edition.* |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 41. | A bowling-alley. | 43(41) | 43(41) | 41(42) | | 47 | 47 | 47 | | 42(41) | 47 |
| 42. | A ſurgeon. | 44(42) | 44(42) | 42(43) | | 49 | 49 | 49 | | 43(42) | 49 |
| 43. | A ſhe-preciſe hypocrite. | 45(43) | 45(43) | 43(44) | | 52 | 52 | 52 | | 44(43) | 52 |
| 44. | A contemplative man. | 46(44) | 46(44) | 44(45) | | 51 | 51 | 51 | | 45(44) | 51 |
| 45. | An attorney. | 47(45) | 47(45) | 8 | | 54 | 54 | 54 | | 46(45) | 54 |
| 46. | A ſceptic in religion. | 48(46) | 48(46) | 46(47) | | 53 | 53 | 53 | | 47(46) | 43 |
| 47. | A partial man. | 47 | 49(47) | 47(48) | | 56 | 56 | 56 | | 49(47) | 56 |
| 48. | A trumpeter. | 50(48) | 50(48) | 49 | | 47 | 57 | 57 | | 49(48) | 57 |
| 49. | A vulgar-ſpirited man. | 50(49) | 50(49) | 49(50) | | 58 | 58 | 58 | | 50(49) | 58 |
| 50. | A herald. | 52(50) | 52(50) | 43(51) | | 68 | 68 | 68 | | 51(50) | 96(68) |
| 51. | A plodding Student. | 52(51) | 52(51) | 51(52) | | 49(59) | 59 | 59 | | 52(51) | 59 |
| 52. | Paul's walk. | 53(52) | 53(52) | 52(53) | | 61 | 61 | 61 | | 52 | 61 |
| 53. | An Univerſity dun. | 54(53) | 54(53) | 45(46) | | 76 | 76 | 76 | | 53 | 76 |
| 54. | A ſtaid man. | 55(54) | 55(54) | 54 | other trace of this edition. | 77 | 77 | 77 | *description of the Pot-companion Poet: abroad. Also, Character of the Swil-* | 54 | 77 |

| Present Order. | Additional Characters in Fifth Edition. | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 55. | A modeft man. | 4 | 4 | 4 | 55 | 4 |
| 56. | A mere empty wit. | — (6) | 6 | 6 | 57(56) | 6 |
| 57. | A drunkard. | 9(10) | 10 | 10 | 58(57) | 10 |
| 58. | A prifon. | —(14) | 14 | 14 | 60(58) | 14 |
| 59. | A ferving-man. | 14(16) | 16 | 16 | 61(59) | 16 |
| 60. | An infolent man. | 20 | 20 | 20 | 62(60) | 20 |
| 61. | Acquaintance. | 21 | 21 | 21 | 63(61) | 21 |
| 62. | A mere complemental man. | 23 | 23 | 23 | 64(62) | 23 |
| 63. | A poor fidler. | 24 | 24 | 24 | 65(63) | 24 |
| 64. | A medling man. | 27 | 27 | 27 | 67(65) | 27 |
| 65. | A good old man. | 29 | 29 | 29 | 66(64) | 29 |
| 66. | A flatterer. | 32 | 32 | 32 | 68(66) | 32 |
| 67. | A high fpirited man. | 34 | 34 | 34 | 69(67) | 34 |
| 68. | A mere gull citizen. | 36 | 36 | 36 | * * | 36 |
| 69. | A lafcivious man. | 37 | 37 | 37 | 70(68) | 37 |
| 70. | A rafh man. | 40 | 40 | 40 | 71(69) | 40 |
| 71. | An affected man. | 44 | 44 | 44 | * * | 44 |
| 72. | A profane man. | 50 | 50 | 50 | 72(70) | 50 |
| 73. | A coward. | 55 | 55 | 55 | 73(71) | 55 |
| 74. | A fordid rich man. | 60 | 60 | 60 | 74(72) | 60 |
| 75. | A mere great man. | 62 | 62 | 62 | 76(73) | 62 |
| 76. | A poor man. | 67 | 67 | 67 | * * | 67 |
| 77. | An ordinary honeft fellow. | 75 | 75 | 75 | 77(74) | 75 |
| 77. | Character in Sixth Edition. | * | 78 | 78 | * * | 78 |
| 78. | A fuſpicious or jealous man. | | | | | |

No copy known: neither is there any Characters 24 and 25, printed separately in 4to., under the title of *A true who is the Founder of all the Base and Lichtious Pamphlets lately spread bole Cook.*

† Editions not seen.

**b. Issues since the Author's death.**

I. *As a separate work.*

11. 1669. London. 1 vol. 12mo. *Micro-cosmographie*, &c. *The Ninth Edition*, (78 characters).

13. † 1676. Lond. 1 vol. 12mo. 'The remaining copies of the ninth (1669) edition, with a different title.' *Dr. Bliss in. Notes and Queries, No.* 299.

P † 1677. London. 1 vol. 8vo. 'Seventy eight characters of so many vertuous and vitious persons ; written by one well acquainted with most of them.' *W. C. Hazlitt's Handbook*, p. 84. ed. 1867. [? Can this be another edition.]

14. † 1732. Lond. 1 vol. 8vo. Microcosmography, 'a reprint from the sixth edition of 1633.' *Dr. Bliss, idem.*

15. 1740. London. 1 vol. 8vo. The World display'd : or Several Essays; consisting of the various Characters and passions of its principal Inhabitants. (78 Characters : the last eight are wrongly numbered 72—79).

17. † 1786. Salisbury. 1 vol. 8vo. Microcosmography. 'This professes to be taken from the edition of 1650, and is of course incomplete.' *Dr. Bliss, idem.* It was reprinted by William Benson Earle, musician : see *Hatcher's, Sarum ii.* 651, *in Sir R. C. Hoare's History of Modern Wiltshire.*

18. 1811. London. 1 vol. 8vo. Microcosmography. Ed. by Dr. P. Bliss. The text is that of 1732 [which is again a reprint of 1633] collated with an edition of 1628.

25 July 1855. Dr. Bliss writes to *Notes and Queries*, 'The book is too common [?] and unimportant [?] to induce any publisher to venture on such an undertaking' [as republishing it].

21. 3 Dec. 1868. Lond. 1 vol. 8vo. *English Reprints :* see title at p. 1. A collation of the five earliest extant editions ; see p. 10.

II. *With other works.*

16. 1742. London. 1 vol. 8vo. The World Display'd : or, Mankind painted in their proper Colours [A numerous collection of characters, including many by Earle. Quite a different work from 15.]

20. 1865. Edinburgh. 1 vol. 8vo. A Book of Characters : selected from the writings of Overbury, Earle, and Butler. (Includes 68 Characters by Earle).

III. *Adaptions, translations*, &c.

12. 1671. London. 1 vol. 8vo. Into French by J. Dymock. *Le Vice ridiculé et la Vertue Louse. Hazlitt. Handbook.*

19. 1813. Dublin. 1 vol. 8vo. A Gallery of Portraits painted by an old and celebrated Master, and re-touched by an Irish artist.

*Micro-cosmographie.*

OR,

# A PEECE OF THE WORLD DISCOVERED; *IN ESSAYES AND* CHARACTERS.

*LONDON,*
Printed by *William Stansby* for
Edward Blount, 1628.

# TO THE READER. GENTILE OR GENTLE.

I Haue (for once) aduentur'd to playe the Mid-wifes part, helping to bring forth theſe Infants into the World, which the Father would haue ſmoothered: who hauing left them lapt vp in looſe Sheets, as ſoon as his Fancy was deliuered of them; written eſpecially for his priuate Recreation, to paſſe away the time in the Country, and by the forcible requeſt of Friends drawne from him; Yet paſſing ſeuerally from hand to hand in written Copies, grew at length to be a prety number in a little Volume: and among ſo many ſundry diſperſed Tranſcripts, ſome very imperfect and ſurreptitious had like to haue paſt the Preſſe, if the Author had not vſed ſpeedy meanes of preuention: When, perceiuing the hazard hee ran to be wrong'd, was vnwillingly willing to let them paſſe as now they appeare to the World. If any faults haue eſcap'd the Preſſe, (as few Bookes can bee printed without) impoſe them not on the Author I intreat Thee; but rather impute them to mine and the Printers ouerſight, who ſeriouſly promiſe on the reimpreſſion hereof by greater care and diligence, for this our former default, to make Thee ample ſatisfaction. In the meanwhile, I remaine

*Thine.*

ED. BLOUNT

# A TABLE OF CONTENTS.

[In firſt edition of 1628 only: which edition has no pagination. The figures are the numbers of the Characters, and have been corrected to the true figures, as explained at p. 10.]


A Childe. . . . . 1.
A young raw Preacher. . . . . 2.
A graue Diuine. . . . . 3.
A meere dull Phyſitian. . . . . 4.
An Alderman. . . . . 5.
A diſcontented Man. . . . . 6.
An Antiquary. . . . . 7.
A younger Brother. . . . . 8.
A formall Man. . . . . 9.
A Church-Papiſt. . . . . 10.
A ſelfe-conceited man. . . . . 11.
A Tauerne. . . . . 12.
A referu'd Man. . . . . 13.
A Sharke. . . . . 14.
A Carier. . . . . 15.
An old Colledge Butler. . . . . 16.
An Vpſtart Knight. . . . . 17.
An idle Gallant. . . . . 18.
A Conſtable. . . . . 19.
A downe-right Scholler. . . . . 20.
A Player. . . . . 21.
*A Detractor.* . . . . . 22.
*A young Gentleman of the Vniuerſity.* . . . 23.

A Pot-Poet. . . . . 24.
A Cooke. . . . . 25.
A forward Man. . . . . 26.
A Baker. . . . . 27.
A plaine Country Fellow. . . . . 28.
A Young-Man. . . . . 29.
The common Singing-Men. . . . . 30.
A Pretender to Learning. . . . . 31.
A Shop keeper. . . . . 32.
A Handſome Hoſteſſe. . . . . 33.
A blunt Man. . . . . 34.
A Criticke. . . . . 35.
A Sergeant. . . . . 36.
A weake Man. . . . . 37.
A Tobaco ſeller. . . . . 38.
A plauſible Man. . . . . 39.
The Worlds wife Man. . . . . 40.
A Bowle-Alley. . . . . 41.
A Surgeon. . . . . 42.
A Shee-preciſe Hypocrite. . . . . 43.
A Contemplatiue Man. . . . . 44.
An Aturney. . . . . 45.
A Sceptick in religion. . . . . 46.
A Partiall man. . . . . 47.
A Trumpeter. . . . . 48.
A vulgar-ſpirited Man. . . . . 49.
[*A *Herald* . . . . . 50.]
A plodding Student. . . . . 51.
Pauls Walke. . . . . 52.
An Vniuerſity Dun. . . . . 53.
A *ſtayed* Man. . . . . 54.

FINIS.

* The omission of this character in the table has been the cause of much confusion.

# *Micro-cosmographie.*

OR,

# A piece of the World Characteriz'd.

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## 1. *A Childe*

IS a Man in a small Letter, yet the best Copie of *Adam* before hee tasted of *Eue*, or the Apple; and hee is happy whose small practice in the World can only write this Character. Hee is natures fresh picture newly drawn in Oyle, which time and much handling, dimmes and defaces. His Soule is yet a white paper vnscribled with obseruations of the world, wherewith at length it becomes a blurr'd Note-booke. He is purely happy, because he knowes no euill, nor hath made meanes by sinne to bee acquainted with misery. Hee arriues not at the mischiefe of being wise, nor endures euils to come by foreseeing them. He kisses and loues all, and when the smart of the rod is past, smiles on his beater. Nature and his Parents alike dandle him, and tice him on with a bait of Sugar, to a draught of Worme wood. He playes yet, like a young *Prentise the first day*, and is not come to his taske of *melancholly*. His hardest labour is his tongue, as if *he were loath* to vse so deceitfull an Organ; and hee

is beſt company with it when hee can but prattle. Wee laugh at his fooliſh ſports, but his game is our earneſt: and his drummes, rattles and hobby-horſes, but the Emblems, and mocking of mans buſineſſe. His father hath writ him as his owne little ſtory, wherein hee reades thoſe dayes of his life that hee cannot remember; and ſighes to ſee what innocence he has out liu'd. The elder he growes, hee is a ſtayer lower from God; and like his firſt father much worſe in his breeches. He is the Chriſtians example, and the old mans relapſe: The one imitates his pureneſſe, and the other fals into his ſimplicitie. Could hee put off his body with his little Coate, he had got eternitie without a burthen, and exchang'd but one Heauen for another.

## 2. *A young rawe Preacher*

IS a Bird not yet fledg'd, that hath hopt out of his neſt to bee Chirping on a hedge, and will bee ſtragling abroad at what perill ſoeuer. His backwardneſſe in the Vniuerſitie hath ſet him thus forward; for had hee not truanted there, he had not beene ſo haſtie a Diuine. His ſmall ſtanding and time hath made him a proficient onely in boldneſſe, out of which and his Table-booke he is furniſht for a Preacher. His Collections of Studie are the notes of Sermons, which taken vp at St. *Maries*, hee vtters in the Country. And if he write brachigraphy, his ſtocke is ſo much the better. His writing is more then his reading; for hee reades onely what hee gets without booke. Thus accompliſht he comes down to his friends, and his firſt ſalutation is grace and peace out of the Pulpit. His prayer is conceited, and no man remembers his Colledge more at large. The pace of his Sermon is a ſul careere, and he runnes wildly ouer hill and dale till the clocke ſtop him. The labour of it is chiefly in his *lungs*. And the onely thing hee ha's made of it himſelfe, is the faces. He takes on againſt the Pope

without mercy, and ha's a ieſt ſtill in lauender for *Bellarmine*. Yet he preaches herefie, if it comes in his way, though with a mind I muſt needs ſay very Orthodoxe. His action is all paſſion, and his ſpeech interiections: He ha's an excellent faculty in bemoaning the people, and ſpits with a very good grace. His ſtile is compounded of ſome twenty ſeueral mens, onely his body imitates ſome one extraordinary. He wil not draw his handkercher out of his place, nor blow his noſe without diſcretion. His commendation is, that he neuer looks vpon booke, and indeed, he was neuer vs'd to it. Hee preaches but once a yeare, though twice on Sund[a]y: for the ſtuffe is ſtill the ſame, onely the dreſſing a little alter'd. He has more tricks with a ſermon, then a Tailer with an old cloak, to turne it, and piece it, and at laſt quite diſguiſe it with a new preface. If he haue waded further in his profeſſion, and would ſhew reading of his own, his Authors are Poſtils, and his Schoole-diuinitie a Catechiſme. His faſhion and demure Habit gets him in with ſome Town-preciſian and maks him a Gueſt on Fryday nights. You ſhall know him by his narrow Veluet cape, and Serge facing, and his ruffe, next his haire, the ſhorteſt thing about him. The companion of his walke is ſome zealous tradeſman, whom he aſtoniſheth with ſtrange points, which they both vnderſtand alike. His friends and much painefulneſſe may preferre him to thirtie pounds a yeere, and this means, to a chambermaide: with whom wee leaue him now in the bonds of Wedlocke. Next Sunday you ſhal haue him againe.

## 3. *A Graue Diuine*

THIS one that knowes the burden of his calling, and hath ſtudied to make his ſhoulders ſufficient: for which hee hath not beene haſty to launch foorth of his port the Vniuerſitie, but expected the ballaſt of learning, and the winde of opportunitie. Diuinitie is not

the beginning but the end of his ſtudies, to which hee takes the ordinary ſtayre, and makes the Arts his way. Hee counts it not profaneneſſe to bee poliſht with humane reading, or to ſmooth his way by *Ariſtotle* to Schoole-diuinitie. He ha's ſounded both Religions and anchord in the beſt, and is a Proteſtant out of iudgement, not faction, not becauſe his Country, but his Reaſon is on this ſide. The miniſtry is his choyce, not refuge, and yet the Pulpit not his itch, but feare. His diſcourſe there is ſubſtance, not all Rhetorique, and he vtters more things then words. His ſpeech is not help't with enforc'd action, but the matter acts it ſelfe. Hee ſhoots all his meditations at one Butt: and beats vpon his Text, not the Cuſhion, making his hearers not the Pulpit groane. In citing of Popiſh errors, he cuts them with Arguments, not cudgels them with barren inuectiues: and labours more to ſhew the truth of his cauſe then the ſpleene. His Sermon is limited by the method, not the houre-glaſſe; and his Deuotion goes along with him out of the Pulpit. He comes not vp thrice a weeke becauſe he would not be idle, nor talkes three houres together, becauſe he would not talke nothing: but his tongue Preaches at fit times, and his conuerſation is the euery dayes exerciſe. In matters of ceremonie hee is not ceremonious, but thinkes hee owes that reuerence to the Church to bow his iudgement to it, and make more conſcience of ſchiſme, then a Surpleſſe. Hee eſteemes the Churches Hirarchie, as the Churches glory, and how-euer wee iarre with Rome, would not haue our confuſion diſtinguiſh vs. In Symoniacall purchaſes he thinks his Soule goes in the bargaine, and is loath to come by promotion ſo deare. Yet his worth at the length aduances him, and the price of his owne merit buyes him a Liuing. He is no baſe Grater of his Tythes, and will not wrangle for the odde Egge. The Lawyer is the onely man he hinders, he is ſpited for taking vp quarrels. He is a maine pillar of our church, though not yet Deane nor Canon, and his life our Religions beſt Apolo-

gie : His death is his laſt Sermon, where in the Pulpit of his Bed hee inſtructs men to dye by his example.

## 4. *A meere dull Phiſitian*

HIS practice is ſome buſineſſe at bed-ſides, and his ſpeculation an Vrinall. Hee is diſtinguiſht from an Empericke by a round veluet cap, and Doctors gowne, yet no man takes degrees more ſuperfluouſly, for he is Doctor howſoeuer. He is ſworne to *Galen* and *Hypocrates*, as Vniuerſity men to their ſtatues, though they neuer ſaw them, and his diſcourſe is all Aphoriſmes, though his reading be onely *Alexis* of Piemont, or the Regiment of Health. The beſt Cure he ha's done is vpon his own purſe, which from a leane ſicklineſſe he hath made luſty, and in fleſh. His learning conſiſts much in reckoning vp the hard names of diſeaſes, and the ſuperſcriptions of Gally-pots in his Apothecaries Shoppe, which are rank't in his Shelues, and the Doctors memory. He is indeed only languag'd in diſeaſes, and ſpeakes Greeke many times when he knows not. If he haue beene but a by-ſtander at ſome deſperate recouery, he is ſtandered with it, though he be guiltleſſe ; and this breeds his reputation, and that his Practice ; for his skill is meerly opinion. Of al odors he likes beſt the ſmel of Vrine, and holds *Veſpatians* rule, that no gaine is vnſauory. If you ſend this once to him, you muſt reſolue to be ſicke howſoeuer, for he will neuer leaue examining your Water till hee haue ſhakt it into a diſeaſe. Then follows a writ to his drugger in a ſtrange tongue, which hee vnderſtands though he cannot conſter. If he ſee you himſelfe, his preſence is the worſt viſitation : for if he cannot heale your ſicknes, he will bee ſure to helpe it. Hee tranſlates his Apothecaries Shop into your Chamber, and the very Windowes and benches muſt take Phiſicke. He tels you your Maladie in Greeke, *though it* be but a cold, or head ach : which

by good endeauour and diligence he may bring to ſome moment indeed; his moſt vnfaithful act is, that hee leaues a man gaſping, and his pretence is, death and he haue a quarrell, and muſt not meet; but his feare is, leaſt the Carcaſſe ſhould bleed. Anotomies and other ſpectacles of Mortalitie haue hardened him, and hee's no more ſtruck with a Funerall then a Graue-maker. Noblemen vſe him for a director of their ſtomacks, and Ladies for wantonneſſe, eſpecially if hee bee a proper man. If he be ſingle, he is in league with his Shee-Apothecary, and becauſe it is the Phyſitian, the huſband is Patient. If he haue leaſure to be idle (that is to ſtudy) he ha's a ſmatch at Alcumy, and is ſicke of the Philoſophers ſtone, a diſeaſe vncurable, but by an abundant Phlebotomy of the purſe. His two maine oppoſites are a Mountebanke and a good Woman, and hee neuer ſhewes his learning ſo much as in an inuectiue againſt them, and their boxes. In concluſion he is a ſucking conſumption, and a very brother to the wormes, for they are both ingendred out of mans corruption.

## 5. *An Alderman.*

HEe is Venerable in his Gowne, more in his Beard, wherewith hee ſets not ſoorth ſo much his owne, as the face of a Citie. You muſt looke on him as one of the Towne-gates, and conſider him not as a Body, but a Corporation. His eminencie aboue others hath made him a man of Worſhip, for hee had neuer beene prefer'd, but that hee was worth thouſands. Hee ouer-ſees the Common-wealth, as his Shop, and it is an argument of his Policie, that he has thriuen by his craft. Hee is a rigorous Magiſtrate in his Ward: yet his ſcale of Iuſtice is ſuſpected, leaſt it bee like the Ballances in his Ware-houſe. A ponderous man he is, *and ſubſtantiall*: for his weight is commonly extraordinarie, and in his preferment nothing riſes ſo much

as his Bellie. His head is of no great depth, yet well furniſht, when it is in coniunction with his Brethren, may bring foorth a Citie Apothegme, or ſome ſuch ſage matter. Hee is one that will not haſtily runne into error, for hee treds with great deliberation, and his iudgment conſiſts much in his pace. His diſcourſe is commonly the Annals of his Maioralty, and what good gouerment there was in the dayes of his gold Chaine: though his doore-poſts were the onely things that ſuffered reformation: Hee ſeemes not ſincerely religious, eſpecially on ſolemne daies; for he comes oft to Church to make a ſhew. Hee is the higheſt ſtayre of his profeſſion, and an example to his Trade, what in time they may come to. Hee makes very much of his authority; but more of his Satin Doublet; which though of good yeares, bears its age very well, and looks freſh euery Sunday; But his Scarlet gowne is a Monument, and laſts from generation to generation.

## 6. *A diſcontented Man*

IS one that is falne out with the world, and will bee reuenged on himſelfe. Fortune ha's deny'd him in ſomething, and hee now takes pet, and will bee miſerable in ſpite. The roote of his diſeaſe is a ſelfe-humouring pride, and an accuſtom'd tenderneſſe, not to bee croſt in his fancy: and the occaſions commonly one of theſe three, a hard Father, a peeuiſh Wench, or his ambition thwarted. Hee conſidered not the nature of the world till he felt it, and all blowes fall on him heauier, becauſe they light not firſt on his expectation. Hee has now forgone all but his pride, and is yet vain glorious in the oſtentation of his melancholy. His compoſure of himſelf is a ſtudied careleſneſſe with his armes a croſſe, and a neglected hanging of his head and cloake, and he is as great an enemie to an hat-band, as Fortune. He quarrels at the time, and vp-*ſtarts, and ſighs* at the neglect of men of Parts, that

is, ſuch as himſelfe. His life is a perpetuall Satyre, and hee is ſtill girding the ages vanity; when this very anger ſhewes he too much eſteemes it. Hee is much diſpleas'd to ſee men merry, and wonders what they can finde to laugh at. He neuer draws his own lips higher then a ſmile, and frownes wrinckle him before fortie. He at the laſt fals into that deadly melancholy to bee a bitter hater of men, and is the moſt apt Companion for any miſchiefe. Hee is the ſparke that kindles the Commonwealth, and the bellowes himſelfe to blow it: and if he turne any thing, it is commonly one of theſe, either Friar, traitor, or mad-man.

## 7. *An Antiquary.*

HEe is a man ſtrangely thrifty of Time paſt, and an enemy indeed to his Maw, whence he fetches out many things when they are now all rotten and ſtinking. Hee is one that hath that vnnaturall diſeaſe to bee enamour'd of old age, and wrinckles, and loues all things (as Dutchmen doe Cheeſe) the better for being mouldy and worme-eaten. He is of our Religion, becauſe wee ſay it is moſt ancient; and yet a broken Statue would almoſt make him an Idolater. A great admirer he is of the ruſt of old Monuments, and reades onely thoſe Characters, where time hath eaten out the letters. Hee will goe you forty miles to see a Saints Well, or ruin'd Abbey: and if there be but a Croſſe or ſtone foot-ſtoole in the way, hee'l be conſidering it ſo long, till he forget his iourney. His eſtate conſiſts much in ſhekels, and Roman Coynes, and hee hath more Pictures of Cæſar, then *Iames* or *Elizabeth*. Beggers coozen him with muſty things which they haue rak't from dunghils, and he preſerues their rags for precious Reliques. He loues no Library, but where there are more Spiders volums then Authors, and lookes with great admiration on the Antique worke of Cob-webs. Printed bookes he con-

temnes, as a nouelty of this latter age; but a Manuſcript he pores on euerlaſtingly, eſpecially if the couer be all Moth-eaten, and the duſt make a Parentheſis betweene euery Syllable. He would giue all the Bookes in his Study (which are rarities all) for one of the old Romane binding, or ſixe lines of *Tully* in his owne hand. His chamber is hung commonly with ſtrange Beaſts ſkins, and is a kind of Charnel-houſe of bones extraordinary, and his diſcourſe vpon them, if you will heare him ſhall laſt longer. His very atyre is that which is the eldeſt out of faſhion, and you may picke a Criticiſm out of his Breeches. He neuer lookes vpon himſelf till he is gray hair'd, and then he is pleaſed with his owne Antiquity. His Graue do's not fright him, for he ha's been vs'd to Sepulchers, and hee likes Death the better, becauſe it gathers him to his Fathers.

## 8. *Younger Brother.*

HIS elder Brother was the *Eſau*, that came out firſt and left him like *Iacob* at his heeles. His father ha's done with him, as *Pharaoh* to the children of Iſrael, that would haue them make brick, and giue them no ſtraw, ſo he taskes him to bee a Gentleman, and leaues him nothing to maintaine it. The pride of his houſe has vndone him, which the elder Knighthood muſt ſuſtaine, and his beggery that Knighthood. His birth and bringing vp will not ſuffer him to deſcend to the meanes to get wealth: but hee ſtands at the mercy of the World, and which is worſe of his brother. He is ſomething better then the Seruingmen; yet they more ſaucy with him, then hee bold with the maſter, who beholds him with a countenance of ſterne awe, and checks him oftner then his Liueries. His brothers old ſuites and hee are much alike in requeſt, and caſt off now and then one to the other. Nature *hath furniſht* him with a little more wit vpon

compaſſion; for it is like to be his beſt reuenew. If his Annuity ſtretch ſo farre he is ſent to the Vniuerſity, and with great heart burning takes vpon him the Miniſtry; as a profeſſion hee is condemn'd, to buy his ill fortune. Other take a more crooked path, yet the Kings high way, where at length their vizzard is pluck't off, and they ſtrike faire for Tiburne: but their Brothers pride, not loue, gets them a pardon. His laſt refuge is the Low-counties, where rags and lice are no ſcandall, where he liues a poore Gentleman of a Company, and dies without a ſhirt. The onely thing that may better his fortunes, is an art hee ha's to make a Gentlewoman, wherewith hee baits now and then ſome rich widow, that is hungry after his blood. Hee is commonly diſcontented, and deſperate, and the forme of his exclamation is, that Churle my brother. Hee loues not his country for this vnnatural cuſtome, and would haue long ſince reuolted to the Spaniard, but for Kent onely which he holds in admiration.

## 9. *A meere formall Man*

S fomewhat more then the ſhape of a man; for he has his length, breadth, and colour. When you haue ſeene his outſide, you haue lookt through him, and need imploy your diſcouery no farther. His reaſon is meerly example, and his action is not guided by his vnderſtanding, but he ſees other men doe thus, and he followes them. He is a Negatiue, for we cannot call him a wiſe man, but not a foole; nor an honeſt man, but not a knaue; nor a Proteſtant, but not a Papiſt. The chiefe burden of his braine is the carriage of his body and the ſetting of his face in a good frame: which hee performes the better, becauſe hee is not diſioynted with other Meditations. His Religion is a good quiet ſubiect, and he prayes as he *ſweares*, in the Phraſe of the Land. He is a faire gueſt, *and a* faire inuiter, and can excuſe his good cheere in

the accuſtomed Apologie. Hee ha's ſome faculty in mangling of a Rabbet, and the diſtribution of his morſell to a neighbour trencher. Hee apprehends a ieſt by ſeeing men ſmile, and laughes orderly himſelfe, when it comes to his turne. His diſcourſe is the newes that hee hath gathered in his walke, and for other matters his diſcretion is, that he will onely what he can, that is, ſay nothing. His life is like one that runnes to the Minſter walke, to take a turne, or two, and ſo paſſes. He hath ſtaid in the world to fill a number; and when he is gone, there wants one, and there's an end.

## 10. *A Church Papiſt*

S one that parts his Religion betwixt his conſcience and his purſe, and comes to Church not to ſerue God, but the King. The face of the Law makes him weare the maske of the Goſpel, which he vſes not as a meanes to ſaue his ſoule, but charges. He loues Popery well, but is loath to loſe by it, and though he be ſomething ſcar'd with the Buls of Rome, yet they are farre off, and he is ſtrucke with more terrour at the Apparitor. Once a moneth he preſents himſelfe at the Church, to keepe off the Church-warden, and brings in his body to ſaue his bayle. Hee kneels with the Congregation, but prayes by himſelfe, and askes God forgiueneſſe for comming thither. If he be forc'd to ſtay out a Sermon, he puts his hat ouer his eyes, and frowns out the houre, and when hee comes home, thinkes to make amends for this fault by abuſing the Preacher. His maine policy is to ſhift off the Communion, for which he is neuer vnfurniſh't of a quarrell, and will bee ſure to be out of Charity at Eaſter; and indeed lies not, for hee ha's a quarrell to the Sacrament. He would make a bad Martyr, and good trauellor, *for his* conſcience is ſo large, he could neuer *wander out of* it, and in Conſtantinople would bee

circumcis'd with a reſeruation. His wife is more zealous, and therfore more coſtly, and he bates her in tyres, what ſhe ſtands him in Religion. But we leaue him hatching plots againſt the State, and expecting *Spinola*.

## 11. *A ſelfe-conceited Man*

S one that knowes himſelfe ſo well that he does not know himſelfe. Two excellent well-dones haue vndone him; and hee is guilty, that firſt commended him to madneſſe. He is now become to his own booke, which he poares on continually, yet like a truant-reader skips ouer the harſh places and ſurueyes onely that which is pleaſant. In the ſpeculation of his owne good parts, his eyes like a drunkards ſee all double, and his fancy like an old mans ſpectacles, make a great letter in a ſmall print. He imagines euery place where hee comes his Theater, and not a looke ſtirring, but his ſpectator; and conceiues mens thoughts to bee very idle, that is, buſie about him. His walke is ſtill in the faſhion of a March, and like his opinion vnaccompanyed, with his eyes moſt fixt vpon his owne perſon, or on others with reflection to himſelfe. If hee haue done any thing that ha's paſt with applauſe, he is alwayes re-acting it alone, and conceits the extaſie his hearers were in at euery period. His diſcourſe is all poſitions, and definitiue decrees, with thus it muſt be, and thus it is, and he will not humble his authority to proue it. His tenent is alwayes ſingular, and aloofe from the vulgar as hee can, from which you muſt not hope to wreſt him. He ha's an excellent humor, for an Heretique, and in theſe days made the firſt Arminian. He prefers *Ramus* before *Ariſtotle*, and *Paracelſus* before *Galen*, and whoſoeuer with moſt Paradox is commended and *Lipſius* his hopping ſtile, before either *Tully* or *Quintilian*. He much pitties *the* World, that ha's no more inſight in his Parts, when *he is too* well diſcouered, euen to this very thoſe light. A

flatterer is a dunce to him, for he can tell him nothing but what hee knowes before, and yet he loues him to, becauſe he is like himſelfe. Men are mercifull to him, and let him alone, for if he be once driuen from his humor, he is like two inward friends fallen out; His own bitter enemy, and diſcontent preſently makes a murther. In ſumme, he is a bladder blown vp with wind, which the leaſt flaw cruſhes to nothing.

## 12. *A Tauerne*

S a degree, or (if you will) a paire of ſtayres aboue an Alehouſe, where men are drunke with more credit and Apologie. If the Vintners noſe be at the doore, it is a ſigne ſufficient, but the abſence of this is ſupplyed by the Iuie buſh. The rooms are il breath'd, like the drinkers that haue bin waſht well ouer night, and are ſmelt too faſting next morning; not furniſht with beds apt to be defil'd, but more neceſſary implements, Stooles, Table, and a Chamber-pot. It is a broacher of more newes then hogs-heads, and more ieſts then newes, which are ſuckt vp heere by ſome ſpungy braine, and from thence ſqueaz'd into a Comedy. Men come heere to make merry, but indeed make a noiſe, and this Muſicke aboue is anſwered with the clinking below. The Drawers are the ciuilleſt people in it, men of good bringing vp, and howſoeuer wee eſteeme of them, none can boaſt more iuſtly of their high calling. Tis the beſt Theater of natures, where they are truely acted, not plaid, and the buſines as in the reſt of the world vp and downe, to wit, from the bottome of the Seller to the great Chamber. A melancholy Man would finde heere matter to worke vpon, to ſee Heads as brittle as Glaſſes, and ofter broken. Men come hither to quarrell, and come hither to be made friends, and if *Plutarch* will lend *me his S[i]mile, it is* euen *Telephus* his ſword that makes *wounds,* and cures them. It is the common confump-

tion of the Afternoone, and the murderer, or maker away of a rainy day. It is the Torrid Zone that ſcorches the face, and Tobacco the gun-power that blowes it vp. Much harme would be done, if the charitable Vintener had not Water readie for theſe flames. A houſe of ſinne you may call it, but not a houſe of darkeneſſe, for the Candles are neuer out, and it is like thoſe Countries farre in the North, where it is as cleare at mid-night as at mid-day. After a long ſitting, it becomes like a ſtreet in a daſhing ſhowre, where the ſpouts are fluſhing aboue, and the Conduits running below, while the Iordans like ſwelling riuers ouerflow their bankes. To giue you the totall reckoning of it. It is the buſie mans recreation, the idle mans buſineſſe, the melancholy mans Sanctuary, the ſtrangers welcome, the Innes a Court mans entertainment, the Scholers kindneſſe, and the Citizens curteſie. It is the ſtudie of ſparkling wits, and a cup of Canary their booke, where we leaue them.

## 13. *A too idly reſeru'd Man*

IS one that is a foole with diſcretion: or a ſtrange piece of Politician, that manages the ſtate of himſelfe. His Actions are his Priuie Counſell, wherein no man muſt partake beſide. He ſpeakes vnder rule and preſcription, and dare not ſhew his teeth without *Machiauell*. He conuerſes with his neighbours as hee would in Spaine, and feares an inquiſitiue man as much as the Inquiſition. He ſuſpects all queſtions for examinations, and thinks you would pick ſome thing out of him, and auoids you: His breſt is lik[e] a gentlewomans cloſet which locks vp euerie toye and trifle, or ſome bragging Mounte-banke, that makes euerie ſtinking thing a ſecret. He deliuers you common matters with great coniuration of ſilence, and *whiſpers* you in the eare Acts of Parliament. You *may* as ſoone wreſt a tooth from him as a paper, and

whatſoeuer he reads is letters. Hee dares not talke of great men for feare of bad Comments, and hee knowes not how his words may bee miſapplyed. Aske his opinion and he tels you his doubt: and hee neuer heares any thing more aſtoniſhtly then what hee knowes before. His words are like the Cards at Primuiſte, where 6. is 18. and 7. 21. for they neuer ſigniſie what they ſound; but if he tel you he wil do a thing, it is as much as if hee ſwore hee would not. He is one indeed that takes all men to be craftier then they are, and puts himſelfe to a great deale of affliction to hinder their plots, and deſignes where they meane freely. Hee ha's beene long a riddle himſelfe, but at laſt finds *Oedipuſſes*; for his ouer-acted diſſimulation diſcouers him, and men doe with him as they would with Hebrew letter, ſpell him backwards, and read him.

## 14. *A Sharke.*

IS one whome all other meanes haue fayl'd, and hee now liues of himſelfe. He is ſome needy chaſhir'd fellow, whom the World has oft flung off, yet ſtill claſpes againe, and is like one a drowning, faſtens vpon any thing that's next at hand, amongſt other of his Shipwrackes hee has happyly loſt ſhame, and this want ſupplies him. No man puts his Braine to more vſe then hee, for his life is a dayly inuention, and each meale a new ſtratagem. Hee has an excellent memorie for his acquaintance, though there paſt but how doe you betwixt them ſeuen yeeres agoe, it ſhall ſuffice for an Imbrace, and that for money. He offers you a Pottle of Sacke out of his ioy to ſee you, and in requitall of this courteſie, you can doe no leſſe then pay for it. He is fumbling with his purſe-ſtringes, as a Schoole-boy with his points, when hee is going to bee Whipt, till the Maſter wearie with long Stay, forgiues *him. When the* reckoning is payd, he ſayes it muſt not *bee ſo, it [yet]* is ſtrait pacified, and cryes what remedie

His borrowings are like Subſidies, each man a ſhilling or two, as hee can well diſpend, which they lend him, not with the hope to be repayed, but that he wil come no more. He holds a ſtrange tyranny ouer men, for he is their debtor, and they feare him as a creditor. He is proud of any imployment, though it bee but to carry commendations, which he will be ſure to deliuer at eleuen of the clocke. They in curteſie bid him ſtay, and he in manners cannot deny them. If he find but a good looke to aſſure his welcom, he becomes their halfe boorder, and haunts the threſhhold ſo long, till he forces good naturs to the neceſſity of a quarrell. Publique inuitations hee will not wrong with his abſence, and is the beſt witneſſe of the Sheriffes Hoſpitality. Men ſhun him at length as they would doe an infection, and he is neuer croſt in his way, if there be but a lane to eſcape him. He ha's done with the Age as his clothes to him, hung on as long as hee could, and at laſt drops off.

## 15. *A Carryer*

IS his own Hackneyman for hee lets himſelfe out to trauell as well as his horſes. Hee is the ordinarie Embaſſadour betweene Friend and Friend, and brings rich Preſents to the one, but neuer returnes any backe againe. He is no vnletter'd man, though in ſhew ſimple, for queſtionleſſe, hee has much in his Budget, which hee can vtter too in fit time and place; Hee is the Vault in Gloſter Church, that conueyes Whiſpers at a diſtance; for hee takes the ſound out of your mouth at Yorke, and makes it bee heard as farre as London. Hee is the young Students ioy and expectation, and the moſt accepted gueſt, to whom they lend a willing hand to diſcharge him of his burthen. His firſt greeting is, Your Friends are well; *then* in a piece of Gold deliuers their Bleſſing. You *would* thinke him a Churliſh blunt fellow, but they

find in him many tokens of humanitie. He is a great afflicter of the High-way, and beates them out of meſure, which iniury is ſomtimes reuengd by the Purſe taker; and then the Voyage miſcaries. No man domineers more in his Inne, nor cals his Hoſt vnreuerently with more preſumption, and this arrogance proceeds out of the ſtrength of his Horſes. He forgets not his load where he takes his eaſe, for he is drunke commonly before he goes to bed. He is like the Prodigall Child, ſtill packing away, and ſtill returning againe. But let him paſſe.

## 16. *An old Colledge Butler.*

IS none of the worſt Students in the houſe, for he keepes the ſet houres at his booke more duly then any. His authority is great ouer mens good names, which hee charges many times with ſhrewd aſperſions, which they hardly wipe off without payment. His Boxe and Counters proue him to be a man of reckoning; yet hee is ſtricter in his accounts than a Vſurer, and deliuers not a farthing without writing. He doubles the paine of *Gallobelgicus*, for his bookes goe out once a quarter, and they are much in the ſame nature, briefe notes and ſummes of affaires, and are out of requeſt as ſoone. His commings in are like a Taylors from the ſhreds of bread, the chippings, and remnants of the broken cruſt: excepting his vailes from the barrell, which poore folkes buy for their hogs, but drinke themſelues. He diuides a halfepeny loafe with more ſubtilty then *Kekerman*, and ſub-diuides the *a primo ortum* ſo nicely, that a ſtomacke of great capacity can hardly apprehend it. Hee is a very ſober man conſidering his manifold temptations of drinke and ſtrangers, and if hee be ouer-ſeene, tis within his owne liberties, and no man ought to take exceptions. He is neuer ſo well pleas'd with his place, as when a Gentleman is beholding to him for ſhewing him the

Buttery, whom hee greets with a cup of ſingle beere and flyſt manchet, and tels him tis the faſhion of the Colledge. Hee domineers ouer Freſhmen when they firſt come to the Hatch, and puzzles them with ſtrange language of Cues, and Cees, and ſome broken Latine which he ha's learnt at his Bin. His faculties extraordinary, is the warming of a paire of Cards, and telling out a doozen of Counters for Poſt and Paire, and no man is more methodicall in theſe buſineſſes. Thus hee ſpends his age, till the tappe of it is runne out, and then a freſh one is ſet abroach.

## 17. *An Vp-ſtart Countrey Knight.*

HIs honour was ſomewhat prepoſterous, for hee bare the Kings ſword before he had armes to wield it; yet being once laid ore the ſhoulder with a Knighthood, he finds the Herauld his friend. His father was a man of good ſtocke, though but a Tanner, or Vſuter; hee purchaſt the Land, and his ſon the Title. He ha's doft off the name of a Clowne, but the looke not ſo eaſie, and his face beares ſtill a reliſh of Churne-milke. Hee is garded with more Gold lace then all the Gentlemen o' th Countrie, yet his body makes his clothes ſtil out of faſhion. His houſekeeping is ſeene much in the diſtinct families of Dogges, and Seruing-men attendant on their kennels, and the deepeneſſe of their throats is the depth of his diſcourſe. A Hauke hee eſteemes the true burthen of Nobilitie, and is exceeding ambitious to ſeeme delighted in the ſport, and haue his fiſt Glou'd with his Ieſſes. A Iuſtice of peace hee is to domineere in his Pariſh, and doe his neighbour wrong with more right. And very ſcandalous hee is in his authoritie, for no ſinne almoſt which hee will not commit. Hee will bee drunke with his hunters for companie, and ſtaine his Gentilitie *with droppings* of Ale. He is fearefull of being Sheriffe *of the Shire* by inſtinct, and dreads the Size-weeke as

much as the Priſoner. In ſumme, he is but a clod of his owne earth; or his Land is the Dunghill, and he the Cocke that crowes ouer it. And commonly his race is quickely runne, and his Childrens Children, though they ſcape hanging, returne to the place from whence they came.

## 18. *A Gallant.*

S one that was born and ſhapt for his Cloathes: and if *Adam* had not falne, had liu'd to no purpoſe. Hee gratulates therefore the firſt ſinne, and fig leaues that were an occaſion of brauerie. His firſt care is his dreſſe, the next his bodie, and in the vniting of theſe two lies his ſoule and its faculties. Hee obſerues London trulier then the Termers, and his buſineſſe is the ſtreet: the Stage the Court, and thoſe places where a proper man is beſt ſhowne. If hee be qualified in gaming extraordinary, he is ſo much the more gentle and compleate, and hee learnes the beaſt [beſt] oathes for the purpoſe. Theſe are a great part of his diſcourſe, and he is as curious in their newneſſe as the faſhion. His other talke is Ladies and ſuch pretty things, or ſome ieſt at a Play. His Pick-tooth beares a great part in his diſcourſe, ſo does his body; the vpper parts whereof are as ſtarcht as his linnen, and perchance vſe the ſame Laundreſſe. Hee has learnt to ruffle his face from his Boote, and takes great delight in his walke to heare his Spurs gingle. Though his life paſſe ſomewhat ſlidingly, yet he ſeemes very carefull of the time, for hee is ſtill drawing his Watch out of his Poket, and ſpends part of his houres in numbring them. He is one neuer ſerious but with his Taylor, when hee is in conſpiracie for the next deuice. He is furniſht [with] his Ieſts, as ſome wanderer with Sermons, ſome three for all Congregations, one eſpecially againſt the Scholler, a man to him much ridiculous, whome hee knowes by no other definition, *but a ſilly fellow* in blacke. He is a kind of walking

Mercers Shop, and ſhewes you one Stuffe to day, and another to morrow, an ornament to the roomes he comes in, as the faire bed and Hangings be; and is meerely ratable accordingly, fiftie or an hundred Pound as his ſuit is. His maine ambition is to get a Knight hood, and then an olde Ladie, which if he be happy in, he fils the Stage and a Coach ſo much longer. Otherwiſe, himſelfe and his Cloathes grow ſtale together, and he is buried commonly ere hee dies in the Gaole, or the Country.

## 19. *A Conſtable*

IS a Vice-roy in the ſtreet, and no man ſtands more vpon't that he is the Kings Officer. His Iuriſdiction extends to the next ſtocks, where hee ha's Commiſſion for the heeles only, and ſets the reſt of the body at libertie. Hee is a ſcar-crow to that Alehouſe, where he drinkes not his mornings draught, and apprehends a Drunkard for not ſtanding in the Kings name. Beggers feare him more than the Iuſtice, and as much as the Whip ſtocke, whom hee deliuers ouer to his ſubordinate Magiſtrates, the Bride-wel-man, and the Beadle. Hee is a great ſtickler in the tumults of double Iugges, and venters his head by his Place, which is broke many times to keep whole the peace. He is neuer ſo much in his Maieſty as in his Night-watch, where hee ſits in his Chayre of State, a Shop-ſtall, and inuiron'd with a guard of Halberts, examines all paſſengers. Hee is a very carefull man in his Office, but if hee ſtay vp after Midnight, you ſhall take him napping.

## 20. *A downe-right Scholler*

IS one that has much learning in the Ore, vnwrought and vntryde, which time and experience faſhions and refines. He is good mettall in the inſide, though rough and vnſcour'd without, and therefore hated

of the Courtier, that is quite contrarie. The time has got a veine of making him ridiculous, and men laugh at him by tradition, and no vnluckie abſurdity, but is put vpon his profeſſion, and done like a Scholler. But his fault is onely this, that his minde s ſomewhat much taken vp with his mind, and his thoughts not loaden with any carriage beſides. Hee has not put on the quaint Garbe of the Age, which is now become a mans Totall. He has not humbled his Meditations to the induſtrie of Complement, nor afflicted his braine in an elaborate legge. His body s not ſet vpon nice Pinnes, to bee turning and flexible for euery motion, but his ſcrape is homely, and his nod worſe. He cannot kiſſe his hand and cry Madame, nor talke idly enough to beare her company. His knacking of a Gentle-woman is ſomewhat too ſauory, and he miſtakes her noſe for her lippe. A very Woodcocke would puzzle him in caruing, and hee wants the cogicke of a Capon. He has not the glib faculty of gliding ouer a tale, but his words come squeamiſhly out of his mouth, and the laughter commonly before the ieſt. He names this word Colledge too often, and his diſcourſe beats too much on the Vniuerſity. The perplexity of mannerlineſſe will not let him feed, and he is ſharpe ſet at an argument when hee ſhould cut his meate. He is diſcarded for a gameſter at all games but one and thirty, and at tables he reaches not beyond doublets. His fingers are not long and drawn out to handle a Fiddle, but his fiſt is cluncht with the habite of diſputing. Hee aſcends a horſe ſomwhat ſiniſterly, though not on the left ſide, and they both goe iogging in griefe together. He is exceedingly cenſur'd by the Innes a Court men, for that hainous Vice being out of faſhion. Hee cannot ſpeake to a Dogge in his owne Dialect, and vnderſtands Greeke better then the language of a Falconer. Hee has beene vſed to a darke roome, and darke Clothes, and his eyes dazzle at a Sattin Doublet. The Her*mitage of his Study*, has made him ſom what vncouth

in the world, and men make him worſe by ſtaring on him. Thus is hee ſilly and ridiculous, and it continues with him for ſome quarter of a yeare, out of the Vniuerſitie. But practiſe him a little in men, and bruſh him ore with good companie, and hee ſhall out ballance thoſe gliſterers as much as a ſolid ſubſtance do's a feather, or Gold Gold-lace.

## 21. *A Player.*

HE knowes the right vſe of the World, wherein hee comes to play a part and ſo away, His life is not idle for it is all Action, and no man need be more wary in his doings, for the eyes of all men vpon him. His profeſſion ha's in it a kind of contradiction, for none is more diſlik'd, and yet none more applauded and hee ha's this misfortune of ſome Scholler, too much witte makes him a foole. He is like our painting Gentle-women, ſeldome in his owne face, ſeldomer in his cloathes, and hee pleaſes, the better hee counterfeits, except onely when hee is diſguis'd with ſtraw for gold lace. Hee do's not only perſonate on the Stage, but ſometime in the Street, for hee is maskd ſtill in the habite of a Gentleman. His Parts find him oathes and good words, which he keepes for his vſe and Diſcourſe, and makes ſhew with them of a faſhionable Companion. He is tragicall on the Stage, but rampant in the Tyring-houſe and ſweares oathes there which he neuer con'd. The waiting women Spectators are ouer-eares in loue with him, and Ladies ſend for him to act in their Chambers. Your Innes of Court men were vndone but for him, hee is their chiefe gueſt and imployment, and the ſole buſineſſe that makes them After-noones men; The Poet only is his Tyrant, and hee is bound to make his *friends* friend drunk at his charges. Shroue-tueſday *hee* feares as much as the Baudes, and Lent is more *damage* to him then the Butcher. Hee was neuer to

much diſcredited as in one Act, and that was of Parliament, which giues Hoſtlers Priuiledge before him, for which hee abhors it more than a corrupt Iudge. But to giue him his due, one wel-furniſht Actor has enough in him for fiue common Gentlemen, and if he haue a good body for ſixe, and for reſolution, hee ſhall Challenge any *Cato*, for it has beene his practiſe to die brauely.

## 22. *A Detractor*

S one of a more cunning and actiue enuy, where with he gnaws not fooliſhly himſelfe, but throwes it abroad and would haue it bliſter others. He is commonly ſome weake parted fellow, and worſe minded, yet is ſtrangely ambitious to match others, not by mounting their worth, but bringing them downe with his Tongue to his owne pooreneſſe. Hee is indeed like the red Dragon that purſued the woman, for when hee cannot ouerreach another, hee opens his mouth and throwes a flood after to drowne him. You cannot anger him worſe then to doe well, and hee hates you more bitterly for this, then if you had cheated him of his patrimony with your owne diſcredit. He is alwayes ſlighting the generall opinion, and wondring why ſuch and ſuch men ſhould bee applauded. Commend a good Diuine, hee cryes Poſtilling; a Philologer, Pedantrie; a Poet, Ryming; a Schoole-man, dull wrangling; a ſharpe conceit, Boy-iſhneſſe; an honeſt Man, plauſibilitie. Hee comes to publique things not to learne, but to catch, and if there bee but one ſolœciſme, that's all he carries away. Hee lookes on all things with a prepared ſowreneſſe, and is ſtill furniſht with a Piſh before hand, or ſome muſty Prouerbe that diſ-reliſhes all things whatſoeuer. If feare of the company make him ſecond a commendation, it is like a Law-writ, alwaies with a clauſe and exception, or to ſmooth his way to ſome greater ſcandall. Hee will grant you

ſomething, and bate more; and this bating ſhal in concluſion take away all hee granted. His ſpeech concludes ſtill with an Oh but, and I could wiſh one thing amended; and this one thing ſhal be enough to deface all his former commendations. Hee will bee very inward with a man to fiſh ſome bad out of him, and make his ſlanders hereafter more authenticke, when it is ſaid a friend reported it. Hee will inueigle you to naughtineſſe to get your good name into his clutches, and make you drunk to ſhew you reeling. Hee paſſes the more plauſibly becauſe all men haue a ſmatch of his humour, and it is thought freenes which is malice. If hee can ſay nothing of a man, hee will ſeeme to ſpeake riddles, as if he could tell ſtrange ſtories if hee would: and when hee has rackt his inuention to the vttermoſt, hee ends: But I wiſh him well, and therefore muſt hold my peace. Hee is alwayes liſtning and enquiring after men, and ſuffers not a cloake to paſſe by him vnexamin'd. In briefe, hee is one that has loſt all good himſelfe, and is loth to finde it in another.

## 23. *A meere young Gentleman of the Vniuerſitie*

S one that comes there to weare a gowne, and to ſay hereafter, hee has beene at the Vniuerſitie. His Father ſent him thither, becauſe hee heard there were the beſt Fencing and Dancing Schooles, from theſe he has his Education, from his Tutor the ouerſight. The firſt Element of his knowledge is to be ſhewne the Colledges, and initiated in a Tauerne by the way, which hereafter hee will learne of himſelfe. The two markes of his Senioritie, is the bare Veluet *of his* gowne, and his proficiencie at Tennis, where *when* hee can once play a Set, he is a Freſh-man no *more.* His Studie has commonly handſome Shelues, *his* Bookes neate Silke ſtrings, which hee ſhewes to his

s man, and is loth to vntye or take downe for
f miſplacing. Vpon foule dayes for recreation
tyres thither, and looks ouer the prety booke
ıtor Reades to him, which is commonly ſome
Hiſtorie, or a piece of *Euphormio;* for which his
giues him Money to ſpend next day. His maine
ng is at the Library where hee ſtudies Armes
ookes of Honour, and turnes a Gentleman-
. in Pedigrees. Of all things hee endures not
miſtaken for a Scholler, and hates a black ſuit
it bee of Sattin. His companion is ordinarily
ſtale fellow, that ha's beene notorious for an
:o gold hatbands, whom hee admires at firſt,
ırd ſcornes. If hee haue ſpirit or wit, hee may
f better company, and may learne ſome flaſhes
which may doe him Knights ſeruice in the
y hereafter. But hee is now gone to the Inns of
where hee ſtudies to forget what hee learn'd
his acquaintance and the faſhion.

## 24. *A Pot-Poet*

S the dreggs of wit; yet mingled with good
drinke may haue ſome reliſh. His Inſpi
rations are more reall then others; for
they doe but faine a God, but hee has his
by him. His Verſes run like the Tap,
s inuention as the Barrell, ebs and flowes at
:rcy of the ſpiggot. In thin drinke hee aſpires
oue a Ballad, but a cup of Sacke inflames him,
:s his Muſe and Noſe a fire together. The Preſſe
Mint, and ſtamps him now and then a ſixe pence
in reward of the baſer coyne his Pamphlet.
ɔrkes would ſcarce ſell for three halfe pence,
ı they are giuen oft for three Shillings, but for the
Title that allures the Country Gentleman: and
ich the Printer maintaines him in Ale a fort-

His Verſes are like his clothes, miſerable
s and patches, yet their pace is not altogether

ſo hobling as an Almanacks. The death of a great man or the burning of a houſe furniſh him with an Argument, and the nine Muſes are out ſtrait in mourning gowne, and *Melpomine cryes* Fire, Fire, His other Poems are but Briefs in Rime, and like the poore Greekes collections to redeeme from captiuity. He is a man now much imploy'd in commendations of our Nauy, and a bitter inueigher againſt the Spaniard. His frequent'ſt Workes goe out in ſingle ſheets, and are chanted from market to market, to a vile tune, and a worſe throat: whilſt the poore Country wench melts like her butter to heare them. And theſe are the Stories of ſome men of Tiburne, or a ſtrange Monſter out of Germany: or ſitting in a Baudy-houſe, hee writes Gods Iudgements. Hee ends at laſt in ſome obſcure painted Cloth, to which himſelfe made the Verſes, and his life like a Canne too full ſpils vpon the bench. He leaues twenty ſhillings on the ſcore, which my Hoſteſſe looſes.

## 25. *A Cooke.*

THe Kitchin is his Hell, and hee the Deuill in it, where his meate and he frye together. His Reuennues are ſhowr'd downe from the fat of the Land, and he enterlards his owne greaſe among to helpe the drippings. Colericke hee is, not by nature ſo much as his Art, and it is a ſhrewd temptation that the chopping knife is ſo neare. His weapons ofter offenſiue, are a meſſe of hot broth and ſcalding water, and woe bee to him that comes in his way. In the Kitchin he will domineere, and rule the roſte, in ſpight of his Maſter, and Curſes is the very Dialect of his Calling. His labour is meere bluſtring and furie, and his Speech like that of Sailors in a ſtorme, a thouſand buſineſſes *at once*, yet in all this tumult hee do's not loue com*buſtion*, but will bee the firſt man that ſhall goe and *quench* it. Hee is neuer good Chriſtian till a kindling

Pot of Ale has ſlak't him, like Water caſt on a firebrand, and for that time hee is tame and diſpoſſeſt. His cunning is not ſmall in Architecture, for hee builds ſtrange Fabricks in Paſte, Towres and Caſtles, which are offered to the aſſault of valiant teeth, and like *Darius* his Pallace, in one Banquet demoliſht. Hee is a pittileſſe murderer of Innocents, and hee mangles poore foules with vnheard of tortures, and it is thought the Martyrs perſecutions were deuiſed from hence, ſure we are Saint *Lawrence* his Gridiron came out of his Kitchin. His beſt facultie is at the Dreſſer, where hee ſeemes to haue great skill in the Tractikes, ranging his Diſhes in order, Militarie: and placing with great diſcretion in the fore-front meates more ſtrong and hardy and the more cold and cowardly in the reare, as quaking Tarts, and quiuering Cuſtards, and ſuch milke ſop Diſhes which ſcape many times the fury of the encounter. But now the ſecond Courſe is gone vp, and hee downe into the Sellar, where hee drinkes and ſleepes till foure a clocke in the afternoone, and then returnes againe to his Regiment.

## 26. *A forward bold Man*

IS a luſty fellow in a crowd, that's beholding more to his elbow then his legges, for he do's not go, but thruſts well. Hee is a good ſhuffler in the world, wherein he is ſo oft putting forth, that at length he puts on. He can doe ſomething, but dare doe much more, and is like a deſperate ſoldier, who will aſſault any thing where hee is ſure not to enter. He is not ſo well opinion'd of himſelfe, as induſtrious to make other; and thinke [thinks] no vice ſo preiudiciall as bluſhing. Hee is ſtill citing for himſelfe, that a candle ſhould not be hid vnder a buſhell, and for his part, he will be ſure not to hide his, though his candle bee but a ſnuffe *or Ruſh-candle.* Theſe few good parts hee has, hee *is no niggard* in diſplaying, and is like ſome needy

ſlanting Gold-ſmith, no thing in the inner roome, but all on the cup-boord: If he be a ſcholler, he ha's commonly ſtept into the Pulpit before a degree; yet into that too before he deſeru'd it. Hee neuer deferres St. *Maries* beyond his regencie, and his next Sermon is at *Pauls* Croſſe, and that printed. He loues publike things alife: and for any ſolemne entertainment he will find a mouth, find a ſpeech who will. Hee is greedy of great acquaintance and many, and thinkes it no ſmall aduancement to riſe to bee knowne. His talke at the table is like *Beniamins* meſſe, fiue times to his part, and no argument ſhuts him out for a quarrellour. Of all diſgraces he indures not to bee *Non-plus'd*, and had rather flye for Sanctuary to *Non ſenſe*, which few can deſcry, then to nothing which all. His boldneſſe is beholding to other mens modeſtie, which reſcues him many times from a Baffle, yet his face is good Armour, and hee is daſht out of any thing ſooner then Countenance. Groſſer conceites are puzzel'd in him for a rare man, and wiſer men, though they know him, take him for their pleaſure, or as they would doe a Sculler for being next at hand. Thus preferment at laſt ſtumbles on him bicauſe, hee is ſtill in the way. His Companions that flouted him before, now enuie him, when they ſee him come readie for Scarlet, whilſt themſelues lye Muſtie in their old Clothes and Colledges.

## 27. *A Baker.*

NO man verifies the Prouerbe more, that it is an Almeſ-deed to puniſh him: for his penalty is a Dole, and do's the Beggers as much good as their Dinner. He abhors therefore workes of Charitie, and thinkes his Bread caſt away when it is giuen to the poore. He loues not Iuſtice neither, for the weigh-*ſcales* ſake, and hates the Clarke of the Market as his Executioner: yet hee findes mercy in his offences,

and his Basket onely is ſent to Priſon. Marry a Pillory is his deadly enemy, and he neuer heares well after.

## 28. *A plaine Country Fellow*

IS one that manures his ground well, but lets himſelfe lie fallow and vntil'd. Hee has reaſon enough to doe his buſineſſe, and not enough to bee idle or melancholy. Hee ſeemes to haue the iudgement of *Nabuchadnezar:* for his conuerſation is among beaſts, and his tallons none of the ſhorteſt, only he eates not graſſe, becauſe hee loues not ſallets. His hand guides the Plough, and the Plough his thoughts, and his ditch and land-marke is the very mound of his meditations. He expoſtulates with his Oxen very vnderſtandingly, and ſpeaks Gee and Ree better then Engliſh. His mind is not much diſtracted with obiects: but if a goode fat Cowe come in his way, he ſtands dumbe and aſtoniſht, and though his haſte bee neuer ſo great, will fixe here halfe an houres contemplation. His habitation is ſome poore Thatcht roofe, diſtinguiſht from his Barn, by the loope-holes that let out ſmoak, which the raine had long ſince waſht thorow, but for the double ſeeling of Bacon on the inſide, which has hung there from his Grandſires time, and is yet to make raſhers for poſterity. His Dinner is his other worke, for he ſweats at it as much as at his labour; he is a terrible faſtner on a piece of Beefe, and you may hope to ſtaue the Guard off ſooner. His Religion is a part of his Copy-hold, which hee takes from his Land-lord, and referres it wholly to his diſcretion. Yet if hee giue him leaue, he is a good Chriſtian to his power (that is) comes to Church in his beſt clothes, and ſits there with his Neighbours, where he is capable onely of two Prayers, for raine, *and faire weather.* Hee apprehends Gods bleſſings *onely in a* Good Yeere, or a Fat paſture, and neuer

praiſes him but on good ground. Sunday he eſteemes a day to make merry in, and thinkes a Bag-pipe as eſſentiall to it, as Euening-Prayer, where hee walkes very ſolemnly after ſeruice with his hands coupled behind him, and cenſures the dauncing of his pariſh. His complement with his Neighbour, is a good thumpe on the backe; and his ſalutation, commonly ſome blunt Curſe. Hee thinks nothing to bee vices but Pride and ill huſbandrie, for which hee wil grauely diſſwade youth and has ſome thriftie Hobnayle Prouerbes to Clout his diſcourſe. He is a niggard all the Weeke except onely Market-day, where if his Corne ſell well, hee thinkes hee may be drunke with a good Conſcience. His feete neuer ſtincke ſo vnbecommingly, as when hee trots after a Lawyer in Weſtminſter-hall, and euen cleaues the ground with hard ſcraping, in beſeeching his Worſhip to take his money. Hee is ſenſible of no calamitie but the burning of a Stacke of Corne, or the ouer-flowing of a Medow, and thinkes *Noahs* Flood the greateſt Plague that euer was, not becauſe it Drowned the World, but ſpoyl'd the graſſe. For Death hee is neuer troubled, and if hee get in but his Harueſt before, let it come when it wil he cares not.

## 29. *A Young-man.*

HEe is now out of Natures protection, though not yet able to guide himſelfe: But left looſe to the World, and Fortune, from which the weakneſſe of his Childhood preſeru'd him: and now his ſtrength expoſes him. Hee is indeed iuſt of age to be miſerable, yet in his owne conceit firſt begins to be happy; and hee is happier in this imagination, and his miſery not felt is leſſe. He ſees yet but the outſide of the World and Men, and conceiues them according to their appearing gliſter, and out of this ignorance beleeues *them.* He purſues all vanities for happineſſe, and *enioyes* them beſt in this fancy. His reaſon ſerues

not to curbe, but vnderſtand his appetite, and proſecute the motions thereof with a more eager earneſtnes. Himſelfe is his owne temptation, and needs not Satan; and the World will come hereafter. Hee leaues repentance for gray hayres, and performes it in being couetous. Hee is mingled with the vices of the age as the faſhion and cuſtome, with which he longs to bee acquainted; and Sinnes to better his vnderſtanding. He conceiues his Youth as the ſeaſon of his Luſt, and the Houre wherein hee ought to bee bad: and becauſe he would not loſe his time, ſpends it. He diſtaſts Religion as a ſad thing, and is ſixe yeeres elder for a thought of Heauen. Hee ſcornes and feares, and yet hopes for old age, but dare not imagine it with wrincles. Hee loues and hates with the ſame inflamation: and when the heate is ouer, is coole alike to friends and enemies. His friendſhip is ſeldome ſo ſtedfaſt, but that luſt, drinke, or anger may ouerturne it. He offers you his blood to day in kindneſſe, and is readie to take yours to morrow. He do's ſeldome any thing which hee wiſhes not to doe againe, and is onely wiſe after a misfortune. Hee ſuffers much for his knowledge, and a great deale of folly it is makes him a wiſe man. Hee is free from many Vices, by being not grown to the performance, and is onely more vertuous out of weakneſſe. Everie action is his danger, and euery man his ambuſh. Hee is a Shippe without Pilot or Tackling, and only good fortune may ſteere him. If hee ſcape this age, hee ha's ſcap't a Tempeſt, and may liue to be a Man.

## 30. *The common ſinging-men in Cathedrall Churches*

HAre a bad Society, and yet a Company of good Fellowes, that roare deep in the Quire deeper in the Tauerne. They are the eighth part of ſpeech, which goe to the *Syntaxis* of Seruice, and are diſtinguiſh't by

their noyſes much like Bells, for they make not a Conſort but a Peale. Their paſtime or recreation is prayers, their exerciſe drinking, yet herein ſo religiouſly addicted that they ſerue God ofteſt when they are drunke. Their humanity is a legge to the Reſidencer, their learning a Chapter, for they learne it commonly before they read it, yet the old Hebrew names are little beholding to them, for they miſ-call them worſe then one another. Though they neuer expound the Scripture, they handle it much, and pollute the Goſpell with two things, their Conuerſation, and their thumbes. Vpon Worky-dayes they behaue themſelues at Prayers as at their Pots, for they ſwallow them downe in an inſtant. Their Gownes are lac'd commonly with ſtreamings of Ale, the ſuperfluites of cups or throat aboue meaſure. Their skill in melody makes them the better companions abroad, and their Anthemes abler to ſing Catches. Long-liu'd for the moſt part they are not, eſpecially the baſe, they ouer flow their banke ſo oft to drowne the Organs. Briefly, if they eſcape arreſting, they dye conſtantly in Gods Seruice; and to eake [take] their death with more patience, they haue Wine and Cakes at their Funerall: and now they keepe the Church a great deale better, and helpe to fill it with their bones as before with their noiſe.

## 31. *A Pretender to Learning*

IS one that would make others more fooles then himſelfe; for though he know nothing, he would not haue the world know ſo much. He conceits nothing in Learning but the opinion, which he ſeekes to purchaſe without it, though hee might with leſſe labour cure his ignorance, then hide it. He is indeed a kind of Scholler-Mountebank, and his Art, our *deluſion*. He is trickt out in all the accoutrements of Learning, and at the firſt encounter none paſſes

better. Hee is oftner in his ſtudy, then at his Booke, and you cannot pleaſure him better, then to deprehend him. Yet he heares you not till the third knocke, and then comes out very angry, as interrupted. You find him in his Slippers, and a Pen in his eare, in which formality he was aſleep. His Table is ſpred wide with ſome Claſſicke Folio, which is as conſtant to it as the carpet, and hath laid open in the ſame Page this half yeere. His Candle is alwayes a longer ſitter vp then himſelfe, and the boaſt of his Window at Midnight. He walkes much alone in the Poſture of Meditation, and ha's a Booke ſtill before his face in the fields. His pocket is ſeldome without a Greeke Teſtament, or Hebrew Bible, which hee opens only in the Church, and that when ſome ſtander by lookes ouer. He has his ſentences for Company, ſome ſcatterings of *Seneca* and *Tacitus*, which are good vpon all occaſions. If he read anything in the morning, it comes vp all at dinner: and as long as that laſts, the diſcourſe is his. Hee is a great *Plagiarie* of Tauerne-wit: and comes to Sermons onely that hee may talke of *Auſtin*. His Parcels are the meere ſcrapings from Company, yet he complains at parting what time he has loſt. He is wondrouſly capricious to ſeeme a iudgement, and liſtens with a ſowre attention, to what hee vnderſtands not: Hee talkes much of *Scaliger* and *Cauſabone*, and the Ieſuites, and prefers ſome vnheard-of Dutch name before them all. He has verſes to bring in vpon theſe and theſe hints, and it ſhall goe hard but he will wind in his opportunity. Hee is criticall in a language hee cannot conſter, and ſpeaks ſeldome vnder *Arminius* in Diuinity. His buſineſſe and retirement and caller away is his Study, and he proteſts no delight to it comparable. Hee is a great Nomen-clator of Authors, which hee has read in generall in the Catalogue, and in particular in the Title, and goes ſeldome ſo farre as the Dedication. Hee neuer talkes of any thing but *learning, and* learnes all from talking. Three in-

counters with the ſame men pumpe him, and then hee onely puts in, or grauely ſayes nothing. He ha's taken paines to be an Aſſe, though not to be a Scholler, and is at length diſcouered and laught at.

## 32. *A Shop-keeper.*

HIs Shop is his well ſtuft Booke, and himſelfe the Title-page of it, or Index. Hee vtters much to all men, though he ſels but to a few, and intreats for his owne neceſſities by asking others what they lacke. No man ſpeakes more and no more, for his words are like his Wares, twentie of one ſort, and he goes ouer them alike to all commers. Hee is an arrogant commender of his owne things; for whatſoeuer hee ſhewes you, is the beſt in the Towne, though the worſt in his Shop. His Conſcience was a thing, that would haue layde vpon his hands, and he was forc't to put it off; and makes great vſe of honeſtie to profeſſe vpon. Hee tels you lyes by rote, and not minding, as the Phraſe to ſell in, and the Language hee ſpent moſt of his yeeres to learne. He neuer ſpeakes ſo truely, as when hee ſayes hee would vſe you as his Brother, for hee would abuſe his brother; and in his Shop, thinkes it lawfull. His Religion is much in the nature of his Cuſtomers, and indeed the Pander to it: and by a miſinterpreted ſenſe of Scripture makes a gaine of his Godlineſſe. Hee is your ſlaue while you pay him ready Money, but if hee once befriend you, your Tyrant, and you had better deſerue his hate then his truſt.

## 33. *A handſome Hoſteſſe*

IS the fairer commendation of an Inne, aboue the faire Signe or faire Lodgings. She is the Loadſtone that attracts men of Iron, Gallants and Roarers, where they cleaue ſometimes long, and are not eaſily got off.

Her Lips are your wel-come, and your entertainement her companie, which is put into the reckoning too, and is the deareſt parcell in it: No Citizens wife is demurer then ſhee at the firſt greeting, nor drawes in her mouth with a chaſter ſimper, but you may be more familiar without diſtaſte, and ſhee do's not ſtartle at Baudry. She is the confuſion of a Pottle of Sacke more then would haue beene ſpent elſ-where, and her litle Iugs are accepted, to haue her Kiſſe excuſe them. Shee may be an honeſt woman, but is not beleeu'd ſo in her Pariſh, and no man is a greater Infidel in it then her Husband.

## 34. *A Blunt Man*

S one whoſe wit is better pointed then his behauiour, and that courſe, and Impolliſht not out of ignorance ſo much as humour. He is a great enemy to the fine Gentleman, and theſe things of Complement, and hates ceremonie in conuerſation, as the Puritan in Religion. Hee diſtinguiſhes not betwixt faire and double-dealing, and ſuſpects all ſmoothneſſe for the dreſſe of knauerie. Hee ſtarts at the encounter of a Salutation, as an aſſault, and beſeeches you in choller to forbeare your courteſie. Hee loues not any thing in Diſcourſe that comes before the purpoſe, and is alwaies ſuſpicious of a Preface. Himſelfe falls rudely ſtill on his matter without any circumſtance, except hee vſe an old Prouerbe for an Introduction. Hee ſweares olde out of date innocent othes, as by the Maſſe, by our Ladie, and ſuch like, and though there bee Lords preſent, he cryes, My Maſters. Hee is exceedingly in loue with his Humour, which makes him alwayes profeſſe and proclaime it, and you muſt take what he ſayes patiently, becauſe he is a plaine *man. His* nature is his excuſe ſtill, and other mens *Tyrant: for* hee muſt ſpeake his mind, and that is his *worſt, and* craues your pardon moſt iniuriouſly for no

pardoning you. His Ieſts beſt become him, becauſe they come from him rudely and vnaffected: and hee has the lucke commonly to haue them famous. Hee is one that will doe more then he will ſpeake, and yet ſpeake more then hee will heare: for though hee loue to touch others, hee is teachy himſelfe, and ſeldome to his own abuſes replyes but with his Fiſts. Hee is as ſqueazy of his commendations as his courteſie, and his good word is like an Elogie in a Satyre. Hee is generally better fauour'd then hee fauours, as being commonly well expounded in his bitterneſſe, and no man ſpeakes treaſon more ſecurely. Hee chides great men with moſt boldneſſe, and is counted for it an honeſt fellow. Hee is grumbling much in the behalfe of the Commonwealth, and is in Priſon oft for it with credit. Hee is generally honeſt, but more generally thought ſo, and his downe rightneſſe credits him, as a man not wel bended and crookned to the times. In concluſion, hee is not eaſily bad, in whom this qualitie is Nature, but the counterfeit is moſt dangerous ſince hee is diſguis'd in a humour, that profeſſes not to diſguiſe.

## 35. *A Criticke*

THIS one that has ſpeld ouer a great many of Bookes, and his obſeruation is the Orthographie. Hee is the Surgeon of old Authors, and heales the wounds of duſt and ignorance. He conuerſes much in fragments and *Defunt multa's*, and if he piece it vp with two Lines, he is more proud of that Booke then the Authour. Hee runnes ouer all Sciences to peruſe their Syntaxis, and thinkes all Learning compris'd in writing Latine. Hee taſtes Styles, as ſome diſcreeter Palats doe Wine; and tels you which is Genuine, which Sophiſticate and baſtard. His owne Phraſe is a *Miſcellany* of old words, deceas'd long before the *Cæſars*, and entoomb'd by *Varro*, and the moderne

man hee followes, is *Plautus*. Hee writes *Omneis* at length, and *quicquid*, and his Gerund is moſt inconformable. Hee is a trouble troubleſome vexer of the dead, which after ſo long ſparing muſt riſe vp to the Iudgement of his caſtigations. He is one that makes all Bookes ſell dearer, whilſt he ſwels them into Folio's with his Comments.

## 36. *A Sergeant or Catch-pole*

S one of Gods Iudgements; and which our Roarers doe onely conceiue terrible. Hee is the propereſt ſhape wherein they fancie Satan; for hee is at moſt but an Arreſter, and Hell a Dungeon. Hee is the Creditors Hawke, wherewith they ſeaze vpon flying Birds, and fetch them againe in his Tallons. He is the Period of young Gentlemen, or their full ſtop, for when hee meets with them they can go no farther. His Ambuſh is a Shop Stall, or cloſe Lane, and his Aſſault is cowardly at your backe. He reſpites you in no place but a Tauerne, where he ſels his Minutes dearer then a Clocke-maker. The common way to runne from him, is through him, which is often attempted and atchieued, and no man is ofter beaten out of Charitie. He is one makes the ſtreete more dangerous then the High-wayes, and men goe better prouided in their walkes then their Iourney. Hee is the firſt handſell of the young Rapiers of the Templers, and they are proud of his repulſe, as an Hungarian of killing a Turke. He is a moueable Priſon, and his hands two Manacles hard to be fil'd off. Hee is an occaſioner of diſloyall thoughts in the Commonwealth, for he makes men hate the Kings Name worſe then the Deuils.

## 37. *A weake Man*

THIS one whom Nature huddled vp in haſte, and left his beſt part vnfiniſh't. The reſt of him is growne to bee a man, onely his braine ſtayes behind. Hee is a man that ha's not improou'd his firſt rudiments, nor attain'd any proficiencie by his ſtay in the world: but wee may ſpeake of him yet, as when hee was in the budde, a goode harmeleſſe nature, a well meaning mind, if hee could order his intentions. It is his miſery that hee now moſt wants a Tutor, and is too old to haue one. Hee is two ſteps aboue a foole, and a great many mo below a wiſe-man: yet the foole is oft giuen him, and by thoſe whom he eſteems moſt. Some tokens of him are: Hee loues men better vpon relation then experience: for he is exceedingly enamour'd of Strangers, and none quicklier a weary of his friends. Hee charges you at firſt meeting with all his ſecrets, and on better acquaintance growes more reſeru'd. Indeed hee is one that miſtakes much his abuſers for friends, and his friends for enemies, and hee apprehends your hate in nothing ſo much, as in good counſell. One that is flexible with any thing but reaſon, and then only peruerſe; and you may better intice then perſwade him. A ſeruant to euery tale and flatterer, and whom the laſt man ſtill works ouer. A great affecter of wits and ſuch pretineſſes; and his company is coſtly to him, for he ſeldom ha's it but inuited. His friendſhip commonly is begun in a ſupper and loſt in lending money. The Tauerne is a dangerous place to him, for to drinke and to be drunke, is with him all one, and his braine is ſooner quench'd then his thirſt. He is drawn into naughtines with company, but ſuffers alone, and the Baſtard commonly laid to his charge. One that will bee patiently abus'd, and take exceptions a Moneth after when he vnderſtands it, and then not endeare him more then by coozening him, and it is a temptation

ıoſe that would not. One diſcouerable in all ſilli-
ɛs to all men but himſelfe, and you may take any
s knowledge of him better then his owne. Hee
promiſe the ſame thing to twenty, and rather then
e one, breake with all. One that ha's no power
himſelfe, o're his buſineſſe, o're his friends: but a
and pitie to all: and if his fortunes once ſinke,
quickly crie, Alas, and forget him.

## 38. *A Tobacco-ſeller*

IS the onely man that finds good in it which others brag of, but doe not; for it is meate, drinke, and clothes to him. No man opens his ware with greater ſerioufneſſe, or challenges your iudgement more in the ap-
ation. His Shop is the Randeuous of ſpitting,
e men dialogue with their noſes, and their com-
ication is ſmoke. It is the place onely where
ıe is commended, and prefer'd before England
ſe. He ſhould be wel experienc'd in the world:
ıe ha's daily tryall of mens noſtrils, and none is
ır acquainted with humors. Hee is the piecing
nonly of ſome other trade, which is bawd to his
ucco, and that to his wife, which is the flame that
ves this ſmoke.

## 39. *A plauſible Man*

IS one that would faine run an euen path in the world, and iutt againſt no man. His endeuour is not to offend, and his ayme the generall opinion. His conuerſation is a kind of continued Complement, and his practice of manners. The relation hee beares
hers, a kind of faſhionable reſpect, not friendſhip,
riendlines, which is equall to all and generall, and
indneſſes ſeldome exceed courteſies. Hee loues
leeper mutualities, becauſe he would not take
*nor hazard* himſelfe on diſpleaſures, which he

principally auoids. At your firſt acquaintance with him hee is exceeding kind and friendly, and at your twentieth meeting after but friendly ſtill. He has an excellent command ouer his patience and tongue, eſpecially the laſt, which hee accommodates alwayes to the times and perſons, and ſpeakes ſeldome what is ſincere, but what is ciuill. He is one that vſes all companies, drinkes all healths, and is reaſonable coole in all Religons. He can liſten to a fooliſh diſcourſe with an applauſiue attention, and conceale his Laughter at Non-ſenſe. Silly men much honour and eſteeme him, becauſe by his faire reaſoning with them as with men of vnderſtanding, he puts them into an erroneous opinion of themſelues, and makes them forwarder heereafter to their owne diſcouerie. Hee is one rather well thought on then belou'd, and that loue he ha's, is more of whole companies together then any one in particular. Men gratifie him notwithſtanding with a good report, and what-euer vices he ha's beſides, yet hauing no enemies, he is ſure to be an honeſt fellow.

## 40. *The Worlds wiſe Man*

IS an able and ſufficient wicked man, it is a proofe of his ſufficiency that hee is not called wicked, but wiſe. A man wholy determin'd in himſelfe and his owne ends, and his inſtrument: herein any thing that will doe it. His friends are a part of his engines, and as they ſerue this worke, vs'd or laid by. Indeed hee knowes not this thing of friend, but if hee giue you the name, it is a ſigne he ha's a plot on you. Neuer more actiue in his buſineſſes, then when they are mixt with ſome harme to others: and tis his beſt play in this Game to ſtrike off and lie in the place. Succeſsfull commonly in theſe vndertakings, becauſe he paſſes ſmoothly thoſe rubs which others ſtumble at, as Conſcience and the like: and gratulates himſelfe much in *this* aduantage: Oathes and falſhood he counts the

neereſt way, and loues not by any meanes to goe about. Hee has many fine quips at this folly of plaine dealing, but his tuſh is greateſt at Religion, yet hee vſes this too, and Vertue, and good Words, but is leſſe dangerouſly a Diuel then a Saint. He aſcribes all honeſtie to an vnpractis'dneſſe in the World: and Conſcience a thing meerely for Children. Hee ſcornes all that are ſo ſilly to truſt him, and onely not ſcornes his enemie; eſpecially if as bad as himſelfe: He feares him as a man well arm'd, and prouided, but ſets boldly on good natures, as the moſt vanquiſhable. One that ſeriouſly admires thoſe worſt Princes, as *Sforza*, *Borgia*, and *Richard* the Third: and cals matters of deepe villany things of difficultie. To whom murders are but reſolute Acts, and Treaſon a buſineſſe of great conſequence. One whom two or three Countries make vp to this compleatneſſe, and he ha's traueld for the purpoſe. His deepeſt indearment is a communication of miſchiefe, and then onely you haue him faſt. His concluſion is commonly one of theſe two, either a Great Man, or hang'd.

## 41. *A Bowle Alley*

IS the place where there are three things throwne away beſide Bowls, to wit, time, money and curſes, and the laſt ten for one. The beſt Sport in it is the Gameſters, and he enioyes it that lookes on and bets not. It is the Schoole of wrangling, and worſe then the Schooles, for men will cauill here for an haires breadth, and make a ſtirre where a ſtraw would end the controuerſie. No Anticke, ſcrewes mens bodies into ſuch ſtrange flexures, and you would think them ſenſleſſe, to ſpeak ſenſe to their Bowle, and put their truſt in intreaties for a good caſt. The Betters are the factious noiſe of the Alley, or the gameſters beadsmen that pray for them. They are ſomewhat like *thoſe that are cheated* by great Men, for they loſe their

mony and muſt ſay nothing. It is the beſt diſcouery of humors, eſpecially in the loſers, where you haue fine variety of impatience, whilſt ſome fret, ſome raile, ſome ſweare, and others more ridiculouſly comfort themſelues with Philoſophy. To giue you the Morall of it; It is the Embleme of the world, or the worlds ambition: where moſt are ſhort, or ouer, or wide or wrong Byas't, and ſome few iuſtle in to the Miſtris Fortune. And it is here as in the Court, where the neareſt are moſt ſpighted, and all blowes aym'd at the Toucher.

## 42. *A Surgeon*

S one that has ſome buſineſſe about his Building or little houſe of man, whereof Nature is as it were the Tyler, and hee the Playſterer. It is ofter out of reparations, then an old Parſonage, and then he is ſet on worke to patch it againe. Hee deales moſt with broken Commodities, as a broken Head, or a mangled face, and his gaines are very ill got, for he liues by the hurts of the Common-wealth. He differs from a Phyſitian as a ſore do's from a diſeaſe, or the ſicke from thoſe that are not whole, the one diſtempers you within, the other bliſters you without. He complaines of the decay of Valour in theſe daies, and ſighes for that flaſhing Age of Sword and Buckler; and thinkes the Law againſt Duels, was made meerly to wound his Vocation. Hee had beene long ſince vndone, if the charitie of the Stewes had not relieued him, from whom he ha's his Tribute as duely as the Pope, or a wind-fall ſometimes from a Tauerne, if a quart Pot hit right. The rareneſſe of his cuſtome mak[e]s him pittileſſe when it comes: and he holds a Patient longer then our Courts a Cauſe. Hee tels you what danger you had beene in if he had ſtaide but a minute longer, and though it bee but a prickt finger, hee makes of it much matter. He is a reaſonable cleanely man, conſidering the Scabs hee ha's to deale

with, and your fineſt Ladies now and then are beholding to him for their beſt dreſſings. Hee curſes old Gentlewomen, and their charity that mak[e]s his Trade their Almes: but his enuie is neuer ſtir'd ſo much as when Gentlemen goe ouer to fight vpon Calice Sands, whome hee wiſhes drown'd ere they come there rather then the French ſhal get his Cuſtome.

## 43. *A Shee preciſe Hypocrite*

S one in whom good Women ſuffer, and haue their truth miſ-interpreted by her folly. She is one, ſhe knows not what her ſelfe if you aske her, but ſhee is indeed one that ha's taken a toy at the faſhion of Religion, and is enamour'd of the New-fangle. Shee is a Nonconformiſt in a cloſe Stomacher and Ruffle of Geneua Print, and her puritie conſiſts much in her Linen. Shee ha's heard of the Rag of Rome, and thinkes it a very fluttiſh Religion, and rayles at the Whore of Babylon for a very naughty Woman. Shee ha's left her Virginity as a Relique of Popery, and marries in her Tribe without a Ring. Her deuotion at the Church is much in the turning vp of her eye, and turning downe the leafe in her Booke when ſhee heares nam'd Chapter and Verſe. When ſhe comes home, ſhee commends the Sermon for the Scripture, and two houres. She loues Preaching better then Praying, and of Preachers Lecturers, and thinkes the Weeke-dayes Exerciſe farre more edifying then the Sundaies. Her ofteſt Goſſipings are Sabaoth-dayes iourneyes, where (though an enemy to Superſtition) ſhee will goe in Pilgrimage fiue mile to a ſilenc'd Miniſter, when there is a better Sermon in her owne Pariſh. Shee doubts of the Virgin Marie's Salutation, and dare not Saint her, but knowes her *owne place* in heauen as perfectly, as the Pew ſhee *ha's a key to.* Shee is ſo taken vp with Faith, ſhee *ha's no roome* for Charity, and vnderſtands no good

Workes, but what are wrought on the Sampler. She accounts nothing Vices but Superſtition, and an Oath, and thinkes Adultery a leſſe ſinne, then to ſweare by my Truely. Shee rayles at other Women by the names of *Iezabel* and *Dalilah*: and calls her owne daughters *Rebecka* and *Abigail*, and not *Anne* but *Hannah*. Shee ſuffers them not to learne on the Virginalls, becauſe of their affinity with the Organs, but is reconcil'd to the Bells for the Chymes ſake, ſince they were reform'd to the tune of a Pſalme. She ouer flowes ſo with the Bible, that ſhe ſpils it vpon euery occaſion, and wil not Cudgell her Maides without Scripture. It is a queſtion, whether ſhee is more troubled with the Diuell or the Diuell with her: ſhee is alwayes challenging and daring him, and her weapons are Spels no leſſe potent then different, as being the ſage Sentences of ſome of her owne Sectaries. No thing angers her ſo much as that Woemen cannot Preach, and in this point onely thinkes the Browniſt erroneous: but what ſhee cannot at the Church, ſhee do's at the Table, where ſhe prattles more then any againſt ſenſe, and Antichriſt, till a Capon wing ſilence her. Shee expounds the Prieſts of *Baal* Reading Miniſters, and thinkes the Saluaion of that Pariſh as deſperate as the Turkes. Shee is a maine derider to her capacitie of thoſe that are not her Preachers, and cenſures all Sermons but bad ones. If her Husband be a Tradſman, ſhee helpes him to Cuſtomers, how ſoeuer to good cheere, and they are a moſt faithful couple at theſe meetings: for they neuer faile. Her Conſcience is like others Luſt neuer ſatisfied, and you might better anſwere *Scotus* then her Scruples. Shee is one that thinkes ſhee performes all her duty to God in hearing, and ſhewes the fruites of it in talking. Shee is more fiery againſt the May-pole then her Husband, and thinkes he might doe a Phinehas his act to break the pate of the Fiddler. She is an euer-*laſting* Argument; but I am weary of her.

## 44. *A Contemplatiue Man*

THis a Scholler in this great Vniuerſity the World; and the ſame his Booke and Study. Hee cloyſters not his Meditations in the narrow darkneſſe of a Roome, but ſends them abroad with his Eyes, and his Braine trauels with his Feete. He looks vpon Man from a high Tower, and ſees him trulyer at this diſtance in his Infirmities and pooreneſſe. He ſcornes to mixe himſelfe in mens actions, as he would to act vpon a Stage; but ſits aloft on the Scaffold a cenſuring Spectator. Nature admits him as a partaker of her Sports, and aſks his approbation as it were of her owne Workes, and variety. Hee comes not in Company, becauſe he would not be ſolitary, but findes Diſcourſe enough with himſelfe, and his owne thoughts are his excellent play-fellowes. He lookes not vpon a thing as a yawning Stranger at nouelties: but his ſearch is more myſterious and inward, and hee ſpels Heauen out of earth. He knits his obſeruations together, and makes a Ladder of them all to climbe to God. He is free from vice, becauſe he has no occaſion to imploy it, and is aboue thoſe ends that make men wicked. He ha's learnt all can heere be taught him, and comes now to Heauen to ſee more.

## 45. *An Aturney*

HIs Ancient beginning was a blue coat, ſince a liuery, and his hatching vnder a Law[y]er; whence though but pen-feather'd, hee hath now neſted for himſelfe, and with his horded pence purchaſt an Office. Two Deskes, and a quire of Paper ſet him vp, where he now ſits in ſtate for all commers. We can call him no great Author, yet he writes very much, and with the infamy of the Court is maintain'd in his

libels. Hee ha's ſome ſmatch of a Scholler, and yet vſes Latine very hardly, and leſt it ſhould accuſe him, cuts it off in the midſt, and will not let it ſpeake out. He is contrary to great men, maintained by his followers, that is his poore country Clients, that worſhip him more then their Landlord, and be there neuer ſuch churles, he lookes for their curteſie. He firſt racks them ſoundly himſelfe, and then deliuers them to the Lawier for execution. His looks are very ſolicitous importing much haſt and diſpatch, he is neure without his hanfull of buſineſſe, that is, of paper. His ſkin becomes at laſt as dry as parchment and his face as intricate as the moſt winding cauſe. He talkes Statutes as fiercely, as if he had moote dſeuen yeers in the Inns of Court; when all his skill is ſtucke in his girdle, or in his office window. Strife and wrangling haue made him rich, and he is thankfull to his benefactor, and nouriſhes it. If he liue in a Country village, he makes all his neighbours good Subiects; for there ſhall be nothing done but what there is law for. His buſineſſe giues him not leaue to thinke of his conſcience, and when the time, or terme of his life is going out, for Doomeſ-day he is ſecure; for he hopes he has a tricke to reuerſe iudgement.

## 46. *A Scepticke in Religion*

IS one that hangs in the ballance with all ſorts of opinions, whereof not one but ſtirres him and none ſwayes him. A man guiltier of credulity then he is taken to bee; for it is out of his beleefe of euery thing, that hee fully beleeues nothing. Each Religion ſcarres him from it's contrary: none perſwades him to it ſelfe. Hee would be wholy a Chriſtian, but that he is ſomething of an Atheiſt, and wholy an Atheiſt, but that hee is partly a Chriſtian; and a perfect Heretick, but that there are ſo many to diſtract him. He

finds reaſon in all opinions, truth in none: indeed the leaſt reason perplexes him, and the beſt will not ſatisfie him. He is at moſt a confus'd and wild Chriſtian, not ſpecializ'd, by any forme, but capable of all. He vſes the Land's Religion, becauſe it is next him, yet hee ſees not why hee may not take the other, but he chuſes this, not as better, but becauſe there is not a pin to choose. He finds doubts and ſcruples better then reſolues them, and is alwayes too hard for himſelfe. His Learning is too much for his brayne; and his iudgment too little for his learning, and his ouer-opinion of both ſpoyls all. Pity it was his miſchance of being a Scholler: for it do's only diſtract and irregulate him and the world by him. He hammers much in generall vpon our opinions vncertainety, and the poſſibility of erring makes him not venture on what is true. He is troubled at this naturalneſſe of Religion to Countries, that Proteſtantiſme ſhould bee borne ſo in England and Popery abroad, and that fortune and the Starres ſhould ſo much ſhare in it. Hee likes not this connexion of the Common-weale, and Diuinity, and feares it may be an Arch-practice of State: In our differences with Rome he is ſtrangely vnfix't, and a new man euery day, as his laſt diſcourſe-books Meditations tranſport him. Hee could like the gray haires of Poperie, did not ſome dotages their ſtagger him; hee would come to vs ſooner, but our new name affrights him. He is taken with their Miracl[e]s but doubts an impuſture; hee conceiues of our Doctrine better but it ſeemes too empty and naked. He cannot driue into his fancy the circumſcription of Truth to our corner, and is as hardly perſwaded to thinke their old Legends true. He approues wel of our Faith, and more of their workes, and is ſometimes much affected at the zeale of Amſterdam. His conſcience interpoſes, it ſelfe betwixt Duellers, and whillſt it would part both, is by both wounded. He will ſomtimes propend much to vs vpon the reaſon a good *Writer, and at Bellarmine* recoyles as farre backe

againe; and the Fathers iuſtle him from one ſide to another. Now *Soſinaas* and *Vorſtius* afreſh torture him, and he agrees with none worſe then himſelfe. He puts his foot into Hereſies tenderly, as a Cat in the water, and pulls it out againe, and ſtill ſomething vnanſwer'd delayes him yet he beares away ſome parcell of each, and you may ſooner picke all Religions out of him then one. He cannot thinke ſo many wiſe men ſhould be in error, nor ſo many honeſt men out of the way and his wounder is dubled, when he ſees theſe oppoſe one annother. He hates authority as the Tyrant of reaſon, and you cannot anger him worſe then with a Fathers *dixit*, and yet that many are not perſwaded with reaſon, ſhall authorize his doubt. In ſumme, his whole life is a queſtion, and his ſaluation a greater, which death onely concludes, and then he is reſolu'd.

## 47. *A Partiall Man*

THIS the oppoſite extreame to a Defamer, for the one ſpeakes ill falſly, and the other well, and both ſlander the Truth. He is one that is ſtill weighing men in the Scale of Compariſons, and puts his affection in the one ballance and that ſwayes. His friend alwayes ſhall doe beſt, and you ſhall rarely heare good of his enemy. Hee conſiders firſt the man, and then the thing, and reſtraines all merit to what they deſerue of him. Commendations hee eſteemes not the debt of Worth, but the requitall of kindneſſe: and if you aske his reaſon, ſhewes his Intereſt and tels you how much he is beholding to that Man. Hee is one that ties his iudgement to the Wheele of Fortune, and they determine giddily both alike. He preferres England before other Countries, becauſe he was borne there, and Oxford before other Vniuerſities, becauſe hee was brought vp there, and the beſt Scholler there, is one of his owne Colledge, and the beſt Scholler there is

one of his friends. Hee is a great fauourer of great perſons, and his argument is ſtill that which ſhould bee Antecedent, as he is in high place, therefore vertuous, he is prefer'd, therefore worthy. Neuer aske his opinion, for you ſhall heare but his faction, and he is indifferent in nothing but Conſcience. Men eſteeme him for this a zealous affectionate, but they miſtake him many times, for hee does it but to bee eſteemed ſo. Of all men hee is worſt to write an Hiſtorie, for hee will praiſe a *Seianus* or *Tiberius*, and for ſome pettie reſpect of his all poſteritie ſhall bee coſen'd.

## 48. *A Trumpeter.*

S the Elephant with the great Trunke, for hee eates nothing but what comes through this way. His Profeſſion is not ſo worthy as to occaſion inſolence, and yet no man ſo much puft vp. His face is as Brazen as his Trumpet, and (which his worſe) as a Fidlers, from whom hee differeth onely in this, that his impudence is dearer. The Sea of Drinke, and much wind make a Storme perpetually in his Cheeks, and his looke is like his noyſe, bluſtering and tempeſtuous. Hee wa's whilome the ſound of Warre, but now of Peace; yet as terrible as euer, for whereſoeuer hee comes they are ſure to pay for't. He is the common attendant of glittering folkes, whether in the Court or Stage, where he is alwaies the Prologues Prologue. He is ſomewhat in the nature of a Hogſhed ſhrilleſt when he is empty; when his belly is full hee is quiet enough. No man proues life more to bee a blaſt, or himſelfe a bubble, and he is like a counterfeit Bankrupt, thriues beſt when he is blowne vp.

## 49. *A vulgar-ſpirited Man*

S one of the heard of the World. One that followes meerely the common crye, and makes it louder by one. A man that loues none but who are publikely affected, and he will not be wiſer then the reſt of the Towne. That neuer ownes a friend after an ill name, or ſome generall imputation though he knowes it moſt vnworthy. That oppoſes to reaſon, Thus men ſay, and thus moſt doe, and thus the world goes, and thinkes this enough to poyſe the other. That worſhips men in place, and thoſe onely, and thinkes all a great man ſpeakes Oracles. Much taken with my Lords Ieſt, and repeats you it all to a ſillable. One that iuſtifies nothing out of faſhion, nor any opinion out of the applauded way. That thinkes certainly all Spaniards and Ieſuites very villaines, and is ſtill curſing the Pope and *Spynola*. One that thinkes the graueſt Caſſocke the beſt Scholler: and the beſt Clothes the fineſt man. That is taken onely with broad and obſcœne wit, and hiſſes any thing too deepe for him. That cries *Chaucer* for his Money aboue all our Engliſh Poets, becauſe the voice ha's gone ſo, and hee ha's read none. That is much rauiſht with ſuch a Noble mans courteſie, and would venture his life for him, becauſe he put off his Hat. One that is formoſt ſtill to kiſſe the Kings hand, and cryes *God bleſſe his Maiestie* loudeſt. That rayles on all men condemn'd and out of fauour, and the firſt that fayes away with the Traytors: yet ſtruck with much ruth at Executions, and for pittie to ſee a man die, could kill the Hangman. That comes to London to ſee it, and the pretty things in it, and the chiefe cauſe of his iourney the *Beares*: That meaſures the happineſſe of the King*dome, by* the cheapneſſe of corne; and conceiues no

harme of State, but il trading. Within this compaſſe too, come thoſe that are too much wedg'd into the world, and haue no lifting thoughts aboue thoſe things that call to thriue, to doe well, and Preferment onely the grace of God. That ayme all Studies at this marke, and ſhew you poore Schollers as an example to take heed by. That thinke the Priſon and want, a Iudgement for ſome ſin, and neuer like well hereafter of a Iayle-bird. That know no other Content but wealth, brauery, and the Towne-Pleaſures; that thinke all elſe but idle ſpeculation, and the Philoſophers, mad-men: In ſhort, men that are carried away with all outwardneſſes, ſhews, appearances, the ſtreame, the people; for there is no man of worth but has a piece of ſingularity, and ſcornes ſomething.

## 50. *A Herald*

IS the ſpawne, or indeed but the reſultancie of Nobility, and to the making of him went not a Generation, but a Genealogie. His Trade is Honour, and hee ſells it, and giues Armes himſelfe, though hee be no Gentleman. His bribes are like thoſe of a corrupt Iudge; for they are the prices of blood. He ſeemes very rich in diſcourſe, for he tels you of whole fields of gold and ſiluer, Or and Argent, worth much in French, but in Engliſh nothing. He is a great diuer in the ſtreames or iſſues of Gentrie, and not a by-Channell or baſtard eſcapes him, yet he dos with them like ſome ſhameleſſe Queane, fathers more children on them, then euer they begot. His Trafficks is a kind of Pedlery ware, Scutchions, and Pennons and little Daggers, and Lyons, ſuch as Children eſteeme and Gentlemen: but his peni-worths are rampant, for you may buy three whole Brawns cheaper, then three Boars heads of him painted. Hee was ſomtimes the terrible Coat of *Mars*, but is now for more mercifull Battels in the Tilt-yard, where whoſoeuer

is victorious, the spoiles are his. Hee is an Art in England, but in Wales Nature, where they are borne with Heraldry in their mouthes, and each Name is a Pedegree.

## 51. *A Plodding Student*

S a kind of Alchymiſt or Perſecuter of Nature, that would change the dull lead of his Brain into finer mettle, with ſucceſſe many times as vnproſperous, or at leaſt not quitting the coſt, to wit, of his own Oyle and Candles. He ha's a ſtrange forc't appetite to Learning, and to atchieue it brings nothing but patience and a body. His Studie is not great but continuall, and conſiſts much in the ſitting vp till after Midnight in a rug-gowne, and a Night cap to the vanquiſhing perhaps of ſome ſixe lines: yet what hee ha's, he ha's perfect, for he reads it ſo long to vnderſtand it till he gets it without Booke. Hee may with much induſtry make a breach into Logicke, and ariue at ſome ability in an Argument: but for politer Studies hee dare not skirmiſh with them, and for Poetry accounts it impregnable. His Inuention is no more then the finding out of his Papers, and his few gleanings there, and his diſpoſition of them is as iuſt as the Book-binders, a ſetting or glewing of them together. Hee is a great diſcomforter of young Students, by telling them what trauell it ha's coſt him, and how often his braine turn'd at Philoſophy, and makes others feare Studying as a cauſe of Duncery. Hee is a man much giuen to Apothegms which ſerue him for wit, and ſeldome breakes any Ieſt, but which belong'd to ſome Lacedemonian or Romane in *Lycoſthenes*. He is like a dull Cariers horſe, that will go a whole weeke together but neuer out of a foot-pace: and hee that ſets forth on the Saturday ſhall ouertake him.

## 52. *Pauls Walke*

S the Lands Epitome, or you may call it the leſſer Ile of Great Brittaine. It is more then this, the whole worlds Map, which you may here diſcerne in it's perfect'ſt motion iuſtling and turning. It is a heape of ſtones and men, with a vaſt confuſion of Languages and were the Steeple not ſanctified nothing liker Babel. The noyſe in it is like that of Bees, a ſtrange humming or buzze-mixt of walking, tongues and feet: It is a kind of ſtill roare or loud whiſper. It is the great Exchange of all diſcourſe, and no buſines whatſoeuer but is here ſtirring and afoot. It is the Synod of all pates politicke, ioynted and laid together in moſt ſerious poſture, and they are not halfe ſo buſie at the Parliament. It is the Anticke of tailes to tailes, and backes to backes, and for vizards you need goe no further then faces. It is the Market of young Lecturers, whom you may cheapen here at all rates and ſizes. It is the generall Mint of all famous lies, which are here like the legands Popery, firſt coyn'd and ſtampt in the Church. All inuentions are emptyed here, and not few pockets. The beſt ſigne of a Temple in it is, that it is the Theeues Sanctuary, which robbe more ſafely in the Croud, then a wilder neſſe, whilſt euery ſearcher is a buſh to hide them. It is the other expence of the day, after Playes, Tauerne, and a Baudy-Houſe, and men haue ſtill ſome Oathes left to ſweare here. It is the eares Brothell, and ſatisfies their luſt, and ytch. The Viſitants are all men without exceptions, but the principall Inhabitants and poſſeſſors, are ſtale Knights, and Captaines out of Seruice, men of long Rapiers, and Breeches, which after all turne Merchants here, and trafficke for Newes. Some make it a Preface to their Dinner, and Trauell for a Stomacke: but thriftier men make it their Ordinarie: and Boord here verie cheape. Of all ſuch places it is leaſt haunted with Hobgoblins, for if a Ghoſt would walke more, hee could not.

## 53. *A Vniuerſitie Dunne*

S a Gentlemans follower cheaply purchas'd, for his own money ha's hyred him. Hee is an inferiour Creditour of ſome ten ſhillings or downwards, contracted for Horſe-hire, or perchance for drinke, to weake to bee put in Suite. and he arreſts your modeſtie. Hee is now very expenſiue of his time, for hee will waite vpon your Staires a whole Afternoone, and dance attendance with more patience then a Gentleman-Vſher. Hee is a ſore beleaguerer of Chambers, and aſſaults them ſometimes with furious knockes: yet finds ſtrong reſiſtance commonly, and is kept out. Hee is a great complayner of Schollers loytering, for hee is ſure neuer to find them within, and yet hee is the chiefe cauſe many times that makes them ſtudie. He Grumbles at the ingratitude of men, that ſhunne him for his kindneſſe, but indeed it is his owne fault, for hee is too great an vpbrayder. No man put[s] them more to their braine then hee: and by ſhifting him off they learne to ſhift in the world. Some chooſe their roomes a purpoſe to auoid his ſurprizals, and thinke the beſt commoditie in them his Proſpect. Hee is like a rejected acquaintance, hunts thoſe that care not for his company, and hee knowes it well enough; and yet will not keepe away. The ſole place to ſupply him is the Butterie, where hee takes grieuous vſe vpon your Name, and hee is one much wrought with good Beere and Rhetoricke. He is a man of moſt vnfortunate voyages, and no Gallant walkes the ſtreet to leſſe purpoſe.

## 54. *A ſtayed Man*

S a man. One that ha's taken order with himſelfe, and ſet a rule to thoſe lawleſſneſſes within him. Whoſe life is diſtinct and in Method, and his Actions as it were caſt vp before. Not loos'd into the Worlds vanities, but gathered vp and contracted in his ſtation. Not ſcatter'd into many pieces of buſineſſes, but that one courſe he takes, goes thorough with. A man firme and ſtanding in his purpoſes, nor heau'd off with each wind and paſſion. That ſquares his expence to his Coffers, and makes the Totall firſt, and then the Items. One that thinkes what hee does, and does what he ſayes, and forſees what he may doe, before he purpoſes. One whoſe (if I can) is more then anothers aſſurance, and his doubtfull tale before some mens proteſtations. That is confident of nothing in futurity, yet his coniectures oft true Prophecies. That makes a pauſe ſtill betwixt his eare and beleefe, and is not too haſty to ſay after others: One whoſe Tongue is ſtrung vp like a Clocke till the time, and then ſtrikes, and ſayes much when hee talkes little. That can ſee the Truth betwixt two wranglers, and ſees them agree euen in that they fall out vpon. That ſpeakes no Rebellion in a brauery, or talkes bigge from the ſpirit of Sacke. A man coole and temperate in his paſſions, not eaſily betraid by his choller: That vies not oath with oath, nor heat with heat: but replies calmly to an angry man, and is too hard for him too. That can come fairely off from Captaines companies, and neither drink nor quarrell. One whom no ill hunting ſends home diſcontented, and makes him ſweare at his dogs and family. One not haſtie to purſue the new Faſhion, nor yet affectedly true to his old round Breeches. But grauely handſome, and to his place, which ſuites him better then his Tailor. Actiue in the world *without diſquiet, and* carefull without miſerie: yet neither

ingulft in his pleaſures, nor a ſeeker of buſineſſe, but ha's his houres for both. A man that ſeldome laughes violently, but his mirth is a cheerefull looke. Of a compos'd and ſetled countenance, not ſet, nor much alterable with ſadneſſe or ioy. He affects nothing ſo wholy, that hee muſt bee a miſerable man when he loſes it: but forethinks what will come hereafter, and ſpares Fortune his thanks and curſes. One that louse his Credit, not this word Reputation; yet can ſaue both without a Duell: whoſe entertainments to greater men are reſpectfull not complementary, and to his friends plaine not rude. A good Husband, Father, Maſter: that is without doting, pampring, familiarity. A man well poys'd in all humours in whom Nature ſhewed moſt Geometry, and hee ha's not ſpoyl'd the worke. A man of more wiſedome then wittineſſe, and braine then ſancy; and abler to any thing then to make Verſes.

FINIS

*Micro-cosmographie.*

# Additional Characters.

Twenty-three first found in
Fifth Edition, 1629.

One firſt found in
Sixth Edition, 1633.

[CHARACTERS FIRST FOUND IN FIFTH EDITION, 1629.]

## 55. *A modeſt man*

S a far finer man then he knowes of, one that ſhewes better to all men then him ſelfe, and ſo much the better to al men, as leſſe to himſelfe: for no quality ſets a man off like this, and commends him more againſt his will: And he can put vp any iniury ſooner then this (as he tells it) your Ironie. You ſhall heare him confute his commenders, and giuing reaſons how much they are miſtaken, and is angry almoſt, if they do not beleeue him. Nothing threatens him ſo much as great expectation, which he thinks more prejudiciall, then your vnder-opinion, becauſe it is eaſier to make that falſe; then this true. He is one that ſneaks from a good action, as one that had pilferd, and dare not iuſtifie it, and is more bluſhingly deprehended in this, then others in ſin. That counts al publike declarings of himſelfe, but ſo many penances before the people, and the more you applaud him, the more you abaſh him, and he recouers not his face a moneth after. One that is eaſie to like any thing, of another mans, and thinkes all hee knowes not of him better, then that he knowes. He excuſes that to you, which another would impute, and if you pardon him, is ſatisfied. One that ſtands in no opinion becauſe it is his owne, but ſuſpects it rather, becauſe it is his owne, and is confuted, and thankes you. Hee ſees nothing more willingly then his errors; and it is his error ſometimes to be too ſoone perſwaded. He is content to be Auditor, where he only can ſpeake, and content to goe away, and thinke himſelfe inſtructed. No man is ſo weake that he is aſhamed to *learne of, and is* leſſe aſhamed to confeſſe it: and he

finds many times in the duſt, what others ouerlooke, and loſe. Euery mans preſence is a kinde of bridle to him, to ſtop the rouing of his tongue and paſſions: and euen impudent men looke for their reuerence from him, and diſtaſte that in him, which they ſuffer in themſelues, as one in whom vice is ill-fauoured, and ſhewes more ſcuruily then another. A bawdy ieſt ſhall ſhame him more then a baſtard another man, and he that got it, ſhall cenſure him among the reſt. And hee is coward to nothing more then an ill tongue, and whoſoeuer dare lye on him hath power ouer him, and if you take him by his looke, he is guilty. The maine ambition of his life is not to be diſcredited: and for other things, his deſires are more limited then his fortunes, which he thinkes preferment though neuer ſo meane, and that he is to doe ſomething to deſerue this: Hee is too tender to venter on great places, and would not hurt a dignity to helpe himſelfe. If he doe, it was the violence of his friends conſtraind him, and how hardly ſoeuer hee obtaine it, he was harder perſwaded to ſeeke it.

## 56. *A meere empty wit*

IS like one that ſpends on the ſtocke without any reuenues comming in, and will ſhortly be no wit at al: for learning is the fuell to this fire of wit, which if it wants this feeding, eates out it ſelfe. A good conceit or two bates of ſuch a man, and makes a ſenſible weakning in him: and his braine recouers it not a yeere after. The reſt of him are bubbles and flaſhes, darted out on the ſudden, which if you take them while they are warme, may be laught at; if they coole, are nothing. He ſpeakes beſt on the preſent apprehenſion, for meditation ſtupifies him, and the more he is in trauell, the leſſe he brings forth. His things *come off* then, as in a nauſeating ſtomacke, where *there is* nothing to caſt vp ſtraines, and conuulſions,

and ſome aſtoniſhing bumbaſt which men onely, till they vnderſtand, are ſcar'd with. A verſe or ſome ſuch worke he may ſometimes get vp to, but ſeldome aboue the ſtature of an Epigram, and that with some reliefe out of Martial, which is the ordinary companion of his pocket, and he reades him as he were inſpir'd. Such men are commonly the trifling things of the world, good to make merry the companie, and whom only men haue to doe withall, when they haue nothing to doe, and none are leſſe their friends, then who are moſt their companie. Here they vent themſelues o're a cup ſomewhat more laſtingly, all their words goe for ieſts, and all their ieſts for nothing. They are nimble in the fancy of ſome ridiculous thing, and reaſonable good in the expreſſion. Nothing ſtops a ieſt when it is comming, neither friends, nor danger, but it muſt out howſoeuer, though their blood come out after, and then they emphatically raile, and are emphatically beaten, and commonly are men reaſonable familiar to this. Briefely they are ſuch whoſe life is but to laugh, and be laught at: and onely wits in ieſt, and fooles in earneſt.

## 57. *A Drunkard*

S one that will be a man to morrow morning: but is now what you will make him, for he is in the power of the next man, and if a friend, the better. One that hath let goe himſelfe from the hold and ſtay of reaſon, and lyes open to the mercie of all temptations. No luſt but findes him diſarmed and fenceleſſe, and with the leaſt aſſault enters: if any miſchiefe eſcape him, it was not his fault, for he was laid as faire for it, as he could. Euery man ſees him, as *Cham* ſaw his Father the firſt of this ſinne, an *uncouer'd man*, and though his garment bee on, vncouer'd: the ſecreteſt parts of his ſoule lying in the nakedſt manner viſible: all *his paſſions* come out now, all his vanities, and

thoſe ſhamefuller humors which diſcretion clothes. His body becomes at laſt like a myrie way, where the ſpirits are to be-clog'd and cannot paſſe: all his members are out of office, and his heeles doe but trip vp one another. He is a blind man with eyes, and a cripple with legs on. All the vſe he has of this veſſell himſelfe, is to hold thus much: for his drinking is but a ſcooping in of ſo many quarts, which are filld out into his bodie, and that fild out again into the Roome, which is commonly as drunke as hee. Tobacco ſerues to aire him after a waſhing, and is his onely breath, and breathing while. Hee is the greateſt enemy to himſelfe, and the next to his friend, and then moſt in the act of his kindneſſe, for his kindneſſe is but trying a maſtery, who ſhall ſinke down firſt: And men come from him as from a battel, wounded, and bound vp. Nothing takes a man off more from his credit, and buſineſſe, and makes him more retchleſly careleſſe, what becomes of all. Indeed hee dares not enter on a ſerious thought, or if hee doe, it is ſuch melancholie, that it ſends him to be drunke againe.

## 58. *A Priſon*

IS the graue of the liuing, where they are ſhut vp from the world, and their friends: and the wormes that gnaw vpon them, their owne thoughts, and the Iaylor. A houſe of meager lookes, and ill ſmells: for lice, drink, Tobacco, are the compound; Pluto's Court was expreſt from this fancy. And the perſons are much about the ſame parity that is there. You may aske as *Menippus* in *Lucian*, which is *Nireus*, which *Therſites*, which the begger, which the Knight: for they [are] all ſuited in the ſame forme of a kinde of naſtie pouerty. Onely to be out at elbowes is in *faſhion* here, and a great Indecorum, not to be thred-bare. Euery man ſhowes here like ſo many wracks vpon

the Sea, here the ribs of a thouſand pound, here the relicke of ſo many Mannours, a doublet without buttons. And tis a ſpectacle of more pitty then executions are. The company one with other, is but a vying of complaints, and the cauſes they haue, to rayle on fortune, and foole themſelves, and there is a great deale of good fellowſhip in this. They are commonly, next their Creditors, moſt bitter againſt the Lawyers, as men that haue had a great ſtroke in aſſiſting them hither. Mirth here is ſtupidity or hardhartednes, yet they faine it ſometimes to ſlip Melancholy and keep off themſelues from themſelues, and the torment of thinking what they haue beene. Men huddle vp their life here as a thing of no vſe, and weare it out like an old ſuite, the faſter the better; and hee that deceiues the time beſt, beſt ſpends it. It is the place where new commers are moſt welcom'd, and next them ill newes, as that which extends their fellowſhip in miſery, and leaues fewer to inſult: And they breathe their diſcontents more ſecurely here, and haue their tongues at more liberty then abroad. Men ſee here much ſin, and much calamity: and where the laſt does not mortifie, the other hardens, and thoſe that are worſe here, are deſperately worſe, as thoſe from whom the horror of ſinne is taken off, and the puniſhment familiar. And commonly a hard thought paſſes on all, that come from this Schoole: which though it teach much wiſedome, it is too late, and with danger: and it is better bee a foole, then come here to learne it.

## 59. *A Seruingman*

THIS one of the makings vp of a Gentleman, as well as his clothes: and ſomewhat in the ſame nature, for hee is caſt behind his maſter as faſhionably as his ſword and cloake are, and he is but *in querpo* without *him. His* properneſſe qualifies him, and of that a *good legge;* for his head he ha's little vſe but to kee

it bare. A good dull wit beſt ſuits with him, to comprehend common ſence, and a trencher: for any greater store of braine it makes him but tumultuous, and ſeldome thriues with him. He followes his maſters ſteps, as well in conditions as the ſtreet: if he wench or drink, he comes after in an vnderkind, and thinkes it a part of his dutie to be like him. He is indeed wholly his maſters; of his faction, of his cut, of his pleaſures; he is handſome for his credit, and drunke for his credit; and if hee haue power in the ſeller, commands the pariſh. He is one that keeps the beſt companie and is none of it; for he knowes all the Gentlemen his maſter knowes, and picks from them ſome Hawking, and horſe-race termes, which he ſwaggers with in the Ale-houſe, where he is onely called maſter. His mirth is baudie ieſts with the wenches, and behind the doore, bawdie earneſt. The beſt worke he does is his marrying, for it makes an honeſt woman, and if he follow in it his maſters direction, it is commonly the beſt ſeruice he does him.

## 60. *An inſolent man*

IS a fellow newly great, and newly proud: one that ha's put himſelfe into another face vpon his preferment, for his owne was not bred to it. One whom fortune hath ſhot vp to ſome Office or Authority, and he ſhootes vp his necke to his fortune, and will not bate you an inch of either. His very countenance and geſture beſpeak how much he is, and if you vnderſtand him not, hee tels you, and concludes euery Period with his place, which you muſt and ſhall know. He is one that lookes on all men as if he were very angry, but eſpecially on thoſe of his acquaintance, whom hee beates off with a ſurlier diſtance, as men apt to miſtake him, becauſe they haue knowne him. And for this cauſe *he knowes not you, till you haue told him your name, which he thinkes hee* has heard, but forgot,

*and with much adoe ſeems to recouer.* If you haue any thing to vſe him in, you are his vaſſal for that time, and muſt giue him the patience of an iniury, which hee does only to ſhew what he may doe. He ſnaps you vp bitterly, becauſe he will be offended, and tells you, you are ſawcy and troubleſom, and ſometimes takes your money in this language. His very courteſies are intolerable, they are done with ſuch arrogance and imputation, and he is the onely man you may hate after a good turne, and not be vngratefull, and men reckon it among their calamities to be beholding vnto him. No vice drawes with it a more generall hoſtility, and makes men readier to ſearch into his faults, and of them, his beginning: and no tale ſo vnlikely but is willingly heard of him, and beleeu'd. And commonly ſuch men are of no merit at all: but make out in pride what they want in worth, and fence themſelues with a ſtately kinde of behauiour from that contempt would purſue them. They are men whoſe preferment does vs a great deale of wrong, and when they are downe, wee may laugh at them, without breach of good Nature.

## 61. *Acquaintance*

THIS the firſt draught of a friend, whom we muſt lay downe oft thus, as the foule coppy, before we can write him perfit, and true; for from hence, as from a probation, men take a degree in our reſpect, till at laſt they wholly poſſeſſe vs. For acquaintance is the heard, and friendſhip the paire choſen out of it; by which at laſt we begin to impropriate, and encloſe to our ſelues, what before lay in common with others. And commonly where it growes not vp to this, it falls as low as may be: and no poorer relation then old acquaintance, of whom we aske onely how they doe for faſhion ſake, and care not. The ordinarie *vſe of acquaintance* is but ſomwhat a more boldneſſe

of ſociety, a ſharing of talke, newes, drinke, mirth together: but ſorrow is the right of a friend, as a thing neerer our heart, and to be deliuer'd with it. Nothing eaſier then to create Acquaintance: the meere being in company once, doe's it; whereas friendſhip like children is ingendred by a more inward mixture, and coupling together: when we are acquainted not with their vertues onely, but their faults to their paſſions, their feares, their ſhame, and are bold on both ſides to make their diſcouery. And as it is in the loue of the body, which is then at the height and full, when it has power and admittance into the hidden and worſt parts of it: So it is in friendſhip with the mind, when thoſe *verenda* of the ſoule, and thoſe things which wee dare not ſhew the world, are bare and detected one to another. Some men are familiar with all, and thoſe commonly friends to none: for friendſhip is a fullener thing, as a contracter and taker vp of our affections to ſome few, and ſuffers them not looſly to be ſcatter'd on all men. The pooreſt tye of acquaintance is that of place and countrie; which are ſhifted as the place, and miſt but while the fancy of that continues. Theſe are onely then gladdeſt of other, when they meet in ſome forren region, where the encompaſſing of ſtrangers vnites them cloſer, till at laſt they get new, and throw off one another. Men of parts and eminencie as their acquaintance is more ſought for, ſo they are generally more ſtaunch of it, not out of pride onely, but feare to let too many in too neer them, for it is with men as with pictures, the beſt ſhow better a far off and at diſtance; and the cloſer you come to them, the courſer they are. The beſt iudgement of a man, is taken from his Acquaintance; for friends and enemies are both partiall; whereas theſe ſee him trueſt, becauſe calmelieſt, and are no way ſo engag'd to lye for him. And men that grow ſtrange after acquaintance, ſeldome peece together againe, as thoſe that haue *taſted* meat and diſlike it, out of a mutuall experience *direlliſhing* one another.

## 62. *A meere Complementall Man*

S one to be held off ſtill at the ſame diſtance you are now; for you ſhal haue him but thus, and if you enter on him further, you loſe him. Methinkes Virgil well expreſſes him in thoſe well-behau'd ghoſts that Æneas mette with, [that were] friends to talke with, and men to looke on, but if hee graſps them, but ayre. He is one that lyes kindly to you, and for good faſhion ſake, and tis diſcourteſie in you to beleeue him. His words are but ſo many fine phraſes ſet together, which ſerue equally for all men, and are equally to no purpoſe. Each freſh encounter with a man, puts him to the ſame part againe, and he goes ouer to you; what hee ſaid to him was laſt with him. *Hee kiſſes your hands as hee kiſt his before, and is your ſeruant to bee commanded, but you ſhall entreat of him nothing.* His profers are vniuerſall and generall with exceptions against all particulars; hee will doe any thing for you: but if you vrge him to this, hee cannot, or to that, he is engag'd. Promiſes he accounts but a kinde of mannerly words, and in the expectation of your manners, not to exact them, if you doe, hee wonders at your ill breeding, that cannot diſtinguiſh betwixt what is ſpoken and what is meant: No man giues better ſatisfaction at the firſt, and comes off more with the Elogie of a kind Gentleman, till you know him better, and then you know him for nothing. And commonly thoſe moſt raile at him, that haue before moſt commended him. The beſt is, hee coozens you in a faire manner, and abuſes you with great reſpect.

## 63. *A poore Fidler*

S a man and a fiddle out of caſe: and he in worſe caſe then his fiddle. One that rubs two ſticks together, (as the Indians ſtrike fire) and rubs a poore liuing out *of it*: Partly from this, and partly from your

charity, which is more in the hearing, then giuing him, for he ſells nothing dearer then to be gone: He is iuſt ſo many ſtrings aboue a begger, though he haue but two: and yet hee begs too, onely not in the downe right *for Gods ſake, but with a ſhrugging God bleſſe you*, and his face is more pyn'd than the blind mans. Hunger is the greateſt paine he takes, except a broken head ſometimes, and the labouring *Iohn Dorry*. Otherwiſe his life is ſo many fits of mirth, and 'tis ſome mirth to ſee him. A good feaſt ſhall draw him fiue miles by the noſe, and you ſhall track him againe by the ſent. His other Pilgrimages are Faires, and good Houſes, where his deuotion is great to the Chriſtmas: and no man loues good times better. Hee is in league with the Tapſters for the worſhipfull of the Inne, whom he torments next morning with his art, and ha's their names more perfit then their men. A new ſong is better to him then a new Iacket: especially if bawdie, which hee calls merry, and hates naturally the Puritan, as an enemy to this mirth. A countrey Wedding and Whitſon ale are the two maine places he dominiers in, where he goes for a Muſician, and over-look[es] the Bag-pipe. The reſt of him is drunke, and in the ſtocks.

## 64. *A medling man*

IS one that has nothing to do with his buſineſſe, and yet no man buſier then hee, and his buſineſſe is moſt in his face. He is one thruſts himſelfe violently into all employments, vnſent for, vn-fee'd, and many times vn-thank't, and his part in it is onely an eager buſtling, that rather keepes adoe, then do's any thing. He will take you aſide, and queſtion you of your affaire, and liſten with both eares, and looke earneſtly: and then it is nothing ſo much yours as his. Hee *ſnatches* what you are doing out of your hands, and *cryes Giue it me*, and does it worſe, and layes an en-

gagement vpon you too, and you muſt thanke him for this paines. Hee layes you downe a hundred wild plots, all impoſſible things, which you muſt be ruled by perforce, and hee deliuers them with a ſerious and counſelling forehead, and there is a great deale more wiſedome in this forehead, then his head: Hee will woo for you, ſollicite for you, and woo you to ſuffer him: and ſcarce any thing done, wherein his letter, or his iourney, or at leaſt himſelfe is not ſeen, if he haue no taske in it elſe, he will raile yet on ſome ſide, and is often beaten when he neede not. Such men neuer thorowly weigh any buſineſſe, but are forward onely to ſhew their zeale, when many times this forwardneſſe ſpoiles it, and then they crie they haue done what they can, that is as much hurt. Wiſe men ſtill deprecate theſe mens kindneſſes, and are beholding to them rather to let them alone; as being one trouble more in all buſineſſe, and which a man ſhall be hardeſt rid of.

## 65. *A good old Man*

S the beſt Antiquitie, and which we may with leaſt vanitie admire. One whom Time hath beene thus long a working, and like winter fruit ripen'd when others are ſhaken downe. He hath taken out as many leſſons of the world, as dayes, and learn't the beſt thing in it, the vanitie of it. Hee lookes o're his former life as a danger well paſt, and would not hazard himſelfe to begin againe. His luſt was long broken before his bodie, yet he is glad this temptation is broke too, and that he is fortified from it by this weakneſſe. The next doore of death ſads him not, but hee expects it calmely as his turne in Nature: and feares more his recoyling backe to childiſhnes then duſt. All men looke on him as a common father, and on old age for his ſake, as a reuerent thing. His very preſence, and face puts vice out of countenance, and makes it an *indecorum in a* vicious man. Hee practiſes his ex-

perience on youth without the harſhneſſe of reproofe, and in his counſell is good companie. He ha's ſome old ſtories ſtill of his owne ſeeing to confirme what he ſayes, and makes them better in the telling; yet is not troubleſome neither with the ſame tale againe, but remembers with them, how oft he ha's told them. His old ſayings and moralls seeme proper to his beard: and the poetry of *Cato* do's well out of his mouth, and hee ſpeakes it as if he were the author. Hee is is not apt to put the boy on a yonger man, nor the foole on a boy, but can diſtinguiſh grauity from a ſowre looke, and the leſſe teſtie he is, the more regarded. You muſt pardon him if he like his own times better than theſe, becauſe thoſe things are follies to him now that were wiſedome then: yet he makes vs of that opinion too, when we ſee him, and coniecture thoſe times by ſo good a Relicke. He is a man capable of a deareneſſe with the yo[u]ngeſt men; yet he not youthfuller for them, but they older for him, and no man credits more his acquaintance. He goes away at leaſt [laſt] too ſoone whenſoeuer, with all mens ſorrow but his owne, and his memory is freſh, when it is twice as old.

## 66. *A Flatterer*

IS the picture of a friend, and as pictures flatter manie times, ſo hee oft ſhewes fairer then the true ſubſtance: His looke, conuerſation, companie, and all the outwardneſſe of friendſhippe more pleaſing by odds or a true friend dare take the liberty to bee ſometimes offenſiue, whereas he is a great deale more cowardly, and will not let the leaſt hold goe, for feare of loſing you. Your meere ſowre looke affrights him, and makes him doubt his caſheering. And this is one ſure marke of him, that he is neuer firſt angry, but ready, *though* vpon his owne wrong, to make ſatisfaction. *Therefore* hee is never yok't with a poore man or any

that ſtands on the lower ground, but whoſe fortunes may tempt his paines to deceiue him. Him hee learnes firſt, and learnes well, and growes perfitter in his humours, then himſelfe, and by this doore enters vpon his Soule; of which hee is able at laſt to take the very print, and marke and faſhion his own by it like a falſe key to open all your ſecrets. All his affections iumpe euen with yours: hee is beforehand with your thoughts, and able to fuggeſt them vnto you. He will commend to you firſt, what hee knowes you like, and ha's alwayes ſome abſurd ſtory or other of your enemie, and then wonders how your two opinions ſhould iumpe in that man. Hee will aske your counſell ſometimes as a man of deepe iudgement, and has a ſecret of purpoſe to diſcloſe you, and whatſoeuer you ſay, is perſwaded. Hee liſtens to your words with great attention, and ſometimes will obiect that you may confute him, and then proteſts hee neuer heard ſo much before. A piece of witte burſts him with an ouerflowing laughter, and hee remembers it for you to all companies, and laughs againe in the telling. He is one neuer chides you, but for your vertues, as, *You are too good, too honeſt, too religious*; when his chiding may ſeeme but the earneſter commendation, and yet would faine chide you out of them too: for your vice is the thing he has vſe of, and wherein you may beſt vſe him, and hee is neuer more actiue then in the worſt diligences. Thus at laſt he poſſeſſes you from your ſelfe, and then expects but his hire to betray you. And it is a happineſſe not to diſcouer him; for as long as you are happy, you ſhall not.

## 67. *A high ſpirited man*

IS one that lookes like a proud man, but is not: you may forgiue him his lookes for his worth ſake, for they are only too proud to be baſe. One whom no rate can buy off from the leaſt piece of his

freedome, and make him digeſt an vnworthy thought an houre. Hee cannot crouch to a great man to poſſeſſe him, nor fall low to the earth, to rebound neuer ſo high againe. Hee ſtands taller on his owne bottome, then others on the aduantage ground of fortune, as hauing ſolidly that honour, of which Title is but the pompe. Hee does homage to no man for his Great ſtyles ſake, but is ſtrictly iuſt in the exaction of reſpect againe, and will not bate you a Complement. He is more ſenſible of a neglect then an vndoing, and ſcornes no man ſo much as his ſurly threatner. A man quickly fired, and quickly laid downe with ſatisfaction, but remits any injury ſooner then words. Onely to himſelfe he is irreconcileable, whom hee neuer forgives a diſgrace, but is ſtill ſtabbing himſelfe with the thought of it, and do diſeaſe that he dyes of ſooner. Hee is one had rather pinch [periſh], then bee beholding for his life, and ſtriues more to bee quitte with his friend then his enemy. Fortune may kill him, but not deiect him, nor make him fall into a[n] humbler key then before, but he is now loftier then euer in his owne defence, you ſhall heare him talke ſtill after thouſands; and he becomes it better, then thoſe that haue it. One that is aboue the world and its drudgery, and cannot pull downe his thoughts to the pelting buſineſſes of it [life]. He would ſooner accept the Gallowes then a meane trade, or any thing that might diſparage the height of man in him, and yet thinkes no death comparably baſe to hanging neither. One that will doe nothing vpon commaund, though hee would doe it otherwiſe: and if euer hee doe euill, it is when hee is dar'd to it. Hee is one that if fortune equal his worth, puts a luſter in all preferment, but if otherwiſe hee be too much croſt, turnes deſperately melancholy, and ſcornes mankind.

## 68. *A meere Gull Citizen*

S one much about the ſame modell, and pitch of braine that the Clowne is, only of ſomewhat a more polite, and fynicall Ignorance, and as fillily ſcornes him, as he is fillily admir'd by him. The quality of the Citty hath affoorded him ſome better dreſſes of clothes and language, which he vſes to the beſt aduantage, and is ſo much the more ridiculous. His chiefe education is the viſits of his Shop, where if Courtiers, and fine Ladies reſort, hee is infected with ſo much more eloquence, and if hee catch one word extraordinary, weares it for euer. You ſhal heare him mince a complement ſometimes that was neuer made for him: and no man payes dearer for good words, for he is oft payed with them. He is ſuted rather fine, then in the faſhion, and has ſtill ſomething to diſtinguiſh him from a Gentleman, though his doublet coſt more: eſpecially on Sundaies, Bride-groome-like, where he carries the ſtate of a verie ſolemne man, and keepes his pew as his Shop: and it is a great part of his deuotion, to feaſt the Miniſter. But his chiefeſt gueſt is a cuſtomer, which is the greateſt relation hee acknowledges; eſpecially if you be an honeſt Gentleman, that is, truſt him to coozen you enough. His friendſhips are a kinde of Goſſiping friendſhips, and thoſe commonly within the circle of his Trade, wherein he is carefull principally to auoid two things, that is, poore men, and ſurety-ſhips. [He is] A man that will ſpend his ſixe pence with a great deale of imputation, and no man makes more of a pinte of wine then he. He is one beares a pretty kind of fooliſh loue to Schollers, and to Cambridge eſpecially for Sturbridges Faires ſake: and of theſe all are trewants to him that are not preachers, and of theſe the lowdeſt the beſt: and he is *much rauiſht with the noyſe of a rolling tongue.* He loues to heare diſcourſes

out of his Element, and the leſſe he vnderſtands, the better pleaſ'd, which he expreſſes in a ſmile, and ſome fond Proteſtation. One that do's nothing without his chuck, that is, his wife, with whom hee is billing ſtill in conſpiracy, and the wantoner she is, the more power ſhe has ouer him: And ſhee neuer ſtoopes ſo low after him, but is the onely woman goes better of a widdow then a maid. In the education of his child no man fearefuller, and the danger he feares, is a harſh ſcholemaſter, to whom he is alleaging ſtill the weakenes of the boy, and payes a fine extraordinary for his mercy. The firſt whipping rids him to the Vniuerſity, and from thence rids him againe for feare of ſtaruing, and the beſt he makes of him is ſome Gull in pluſh. He is one loues to heare the famous acts of Citizens, whereof the guilding of the Croſſe hee counts the glory of this age: and the foure Prentiſes of London aboue all the Nine Worthies. Hee intitles himſelfe to all the merits of his Company, whether ſchooles, Hoſpitall or exhibitions, in which he is ioynt benefactor, though foure hundred yeere agoe, and vpbraides them farre more than thoſe that gaue them; yet with all this folly he has wit enough to get wealth, and in that a ſufficienter man, then he that is wiſer.

## 69. *A laſciuious man*

IS the ſeruant he ſayes of many Miſtreſſes, but all are but his luſt: to which onely hee is faithfull, and none beſides, and ſpends his beſt blood, and ſpirits in the ſeruice. His ſoule is the Bawde to his body, and thoſe that aſſiſt him in this nature, the neereſt to it. No man abuſes more the name of loue, or thoſe whom hee applies this name to: for his loue *is like* his ſtomack to feede on what he loues, and *the end* of it to ſurfet and loath: till a freſh appetite *rekindle* him: and it kindles on any ſooner, then who

deſerue beſt of him. There is a great deale of malignity in this vice, for it loues ſtil to ſpoile the beſt things, and a virgin ſometimes rather then beauty, becauſe the vndoing here is greater, and conſequently his glorie. No man laughs more at his ſinne then he, or is ſo extremely tickled with the remembrance of it: and he is more violence to a modeſt eare, then to her he deflowrd. A bawdy ieſt enters deepe into him, and whatſoeuer you ſpeak, he will draw to bawdry, and his witte is neuer ſo good as here. His vnchaſteſt part is his tongue, for that commits alwayes, what hee muſt act ſeldomer: and that commits with al, which he acts with few: for he is his own worſt reporter, and men beleeue as bad of him, and yet doe not beleeue him. Nothing harder to her perſwaſion, then a chaſte man, no Eunuch, and makes a ſcoffing miracle at it, if you tell him of a maid. And from this miſtruſt it is that ſuch men feare marriage, or at leaſt marry ſuch as are of bodies to be truſted, to whom onely they ſell that luſt which they buy of others, and make their wife a reuennew to their Miſtris. They are men not eaſily reformed, becauſe they are ſo little ill-perſwaded of their illneſſe, and have ſuch pleas from Man and Nature. Beſides it is a ieering, and flouting vice, and apt to put ieſts on the reproouer. The pox onely conuerts them, and that onely when it kills them.

## 70. *A raſh man*

IS a man too quicke for himſelfe: one whoſe actions put a leg ſtill before his iudgement and out-run it. Euery hot fancy or paſſion is the ſignall that ſets him forward: and his reaſon comes ſtill in the reare. One that has braine enough, but not patience to diſgeſt a buſineſſe, and ſtay the leaſure of a ſecond thought. All deliberation is to him a kind of ſloth, and freezing of action, and it ſhall burne him

rather then take cold. He is alwaies reſolu'd at firſt [thinking], and the ground hee goes vpon is *hap what may*. Thus hee enters not, but throwes himſelfe violently vpon all things, and for the moſt part is as violently throwne [vpon all] off againe: and as an obſtinate *I will* was the preface to his vndertaking: ſo his concluſion is commonly *I would I had not*, for ſuch men ſeldome do any thing, that they are forc'd to take in pieces againe, and are ſo much furder off from doing it, as they haue done already. His friends are with him as his Phyſicions: ſought to onely in his ſickeneſſe, and extremity, and to helpe him out of that mire hee has plungd himſelfe into, for in the ſuddenneſſe of his paſſions hee would heare nothing, and now his ill ſucceſſe has allayd him, hee heares too late. He is a man ſtill ſwayed with the firſt reports, and no man more in the power of a pickthank then he. He is one will fight firſt, and then expoſtulate; condemne firſt, and then examine. He loſes his friend in a fit of quarrelling, and in a fit of kindneſſe vndoes himſelfe: and then curſes the occaſion drew this miſchiefe vpon him, *and cryes God mercy for it*, and curſes againe. His repentance is meerly a rage againſt himſelfe, and hee does ſomething in it ſtill to be repented againe. Hee is a man whom fortune muſt goe againſt much to make him happy, for had hee beene ſufferd his owne way, hee had beene vndone.

## 71. *An affected man*

IS an extraordinary man, in ordinary things. One that would goe a ſtraine beyond himſelfe, and is taken in it. A man that ouer-does all things with great ſolemnity of circumſtance; and whereas with more negligence he might paſſe better, makes himſelfe, with a great deale of endeauour, ridiculous. The *fancy of* ſome odde quaintneſſes haue put him cleane *beſide his* Nature, hee cannot bee that hee would, and

hath loſt what he was. He is one muſt be point-blank in euery trifle, as if his credit, and opinion hung vpon it: the very ſpace of his armes in an embrace ſtudied before, and premeditated: and the figure of his countenance, of a fortnights contriuing. Hee will not curſe you without booke, and *extempore*, but in ſome choiſe way, and perhaps as ſome Great man curſes. Every action of his, *cryes, doe yee marke mee?* and men doe marke him, how abſurd he is. For affectation is the moſt betraying humour: and nothing that puzzles a man leſſe to find out then this. All the actions of his life are like ſo many things bodg'd in without any naturall cadence or connexion at all. You ſhall track him all thorow like a ſchoole-boyes Theame, one piece from one author, and this from another, and ioyne all in this generall, that they are none of his owne: You ſhall obſerue his mouth not made for that tone, nor his face for that ſimper: And it is his lucke that his fineſt things moſt miſ-become him. If hee affect the Gentleman, as the humour moſt commonly lyes that way: not the leaſt *puntilio* of a fine man, but hee is ſtrict in to a haire, euen to their very negligences which he cons as rules: He will not carry a knife with him to wound reputation, and pay double a reckoning, rather then ignobly queſtion it. And he is full of this *Ignobly* and *Nobly* and *Gentilely*, and this meere feare to treſpaſſe againſt the *Gentill* way, puts him out moſt of al. It is a humour runs thorow many things beſides, but is an il-fauourd oſtentation in all, and thriues not. And the beſt vſe of ſuch men is, that they are good parts in a play.

## 72. *A prophane man*

IS one that denies God as farre as the Law giues him leaue, that is, onely does not ſay ſo in downeright Termes, for ſo farre he may goe. A man that does the greateſt ſinnes calmely, and as the ordinary

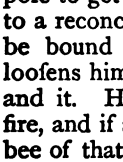
actions of life, and as calmely diſcourſes of it againe. Hee will tell you his buſineſſe is to breake ſuch a Commandement, and the breaking of the Commandement ſhall tempt him to it. His words are but ſo many vomitings caſt vp to the lothſomneſſe of the hearers, onely thoſe of his company loath it not. He will take vpon him with oathes to pelt ſome tenderer man out of his company, and makes good ſport at his conqueſt o're the Puritan foole. The Scripture ſupplies him for ieſts, and hee reades it of purpoſe to be thus merry. He will prooue you his ſin out of the Bible, and then aske if you will not take that Authority. He neuer ſees the Church but of purpoſe to ſleepe in it: or when ſome ſilly man preaches with whom he means to make ſport, and is moſt iocund in the Church. One that nick-names Clergymen with all the termes of reproch, as *Rat*, *Black-coate*, and the like which he will be ſure to keepe vp, and neuer calls them by other. That ſing[s] Pſalms when he is drunke, and cryes God mercy in mockerie; for hee muſt doe it. Hee is one ſeemes to dare God in all his actions, but indeed would out-dare the opinion of him, which would elſe turne him deſperate: for Atheiſme is the refuge of ſuch ſinners, whoſe repentance would bee onely to hang themſelues.

## 73. *A Coward*

THIS the man that is commonly moſt fierce againſt the Coward, and labouring to take off this ſuſpition from himſelfe: for the opinion of valour is a good protection to thoſe that dare not vſe it. No man is valianter then he in ciuill company, and where he thinkes no danger may come on it, and is the readieſt man to fall vpon a drawer, and thoſe that muſt not ſtrike againe. Wonderfull exceptious and *cholerick* where he ſees men are loth to giue him occaſion, and you cannot pacify him better then by

quarrelling with him. The hotter you grow, the more temperate man is hee, he proteſts hee alwaies honour'd you, and the more you raile vpon him, the more he honours you, and you threaten him at laſt into a very honeſt quiet man. The ſight of a ſword wounds him more ſenſibly then the ſtroke, for before that come hee is dead already. Euery man is his maſter that dare beate him, and euery man dares that knowes him. And he that dare doe this, is the only man can doe much with him: for his friend hee cares not for, as a man that carries no ſuch terror as his enemy, which for this cauſe only is more potent with him of the two. And men fall out with him of purpoſe to get courteſies from him, and be brib'd againe to a reconcilement. A man in whome no ſecret can be bound vp, for the apprehenſion of each danger looſens him, and makes him bewray both the roome and it. Hee is a Chriſtian meerely for feare of hell fire, and if any Religion could fright him more, would bee of that.

## 74. *A ſordid rich man*



S a begger of a faire eſtate: of whoſe wealth wee may ſay as of other mens vnthriftineſſe, that it has brought him to this: when hee had nothing, hee liu'd in another kind of faſhion. He is a man whom men hate in his owne behalfe, for vſing himſelfe thus, and yet being vpon himſelfe, it is but iuſtice; for he deſerues it. Euery acceſſion of a freſh heape bates him ſo much of his allowance, and brings him a degree neerer ſtaruing. His body had beene long ſince deſperate, but for the reparation of other mens tables, where he hoords meate in his belly for a moneth, to maintaine him in hunger ſo long. His clothes were neuer young in our memory: you might make long Epocha's from them, and put them into the Almanack with the deare yeare, and the great froſt, and he is

knowne by them longer then his face. He is one neuer gaue almes in his life, and yet is as charitable to his Neighbour as himſelfe. Hee will redeeme a penny with his reputation, and loſe all his friends to boote: and his reaſon, is he will not be vndone. He neuer payes anything, but with ſtrictneſſe of law, for feare of which onely hee ſteales not. Hee loues to pay ſhort a ſhilling or two in a great ſum, and is glad to gaine that, when he can no more. He neuer ſees friend but in a iourney, to ſaue the charges of an Inne, and then onely is not ſicke: and his friends neuer ſee him, but to abuſe him. He is a fellow indeed of a kind of frantick thrift, and one of the ſtrangeſt things that wealth can worke.

## 75. *A meere great man*

S ſo much Heraldrie without honour: himſelfe leſſe reall than his Title. His vertue is that hee was his Fathers ſon, and all the expectation of him to beget another. A man that liues meerely to preſerue anothers memory, and let vs know who died ſo many yeeres agoe. One of iuſt as much vſe as his Images: onely he differs in this that hee can ſpeake himſelfe, and ſaue the fellow of Weſtminſter a labour: and hee remembers nothing better then what was out of his life: His Grandfather and their acts are his diſcourſe, and hee tells them with more glory then they did them, and it is well they did enough, or els he had wanted matter. His other ſtudies are his ſports, and thoſe vices that are fit for Great men. Every vanity of his has his officer, and is a ſerious imployment for his ſeruants. Hee talkes loud and bawdily, and ſcurvily, as a part of ſtate, and they heare him with reuerence. All good qualities are below him, and eſpecially learning except ſome parcells of the Chronicle, and the *writing of* his name, which hee learnes to write, not to *bee read*. Hee is meerely of his ſeruants faction and

their inſtrument for their friends and enemies, and is alwaies leaſt thankt for his owne courteſies. They that foole him moſt, doe moſt with him, and hee little thinkes how many laugh at him, barehead. No man is kept in ignorance more of himſelfe and men, for he heares nought but flattery, and what is fit to bee ſpoken: truth with ſo much preface, that it loſes it ſelfe. Thus hee liues till his Tombe bee made ready, and is then a graue ſtatue to poſterity.

## 76. *A poore man*

S the moſt impotent man: though neither blind nor lame, as wanting the more neceſſary limmes of life, without which limmes are a burden. A man vnfenc't and vnſhelterd from the guſts of the world, which blow all in vpon him, like an vn-roof't houſe: and the bittereſt thing hee ſuffers, is his neighbours. All men put on to him a kind of churliſher faſhion, and euen more plauſible natures churliſh to him: who are as nothing aduantg'd by his opinion. Whom men fall out with beforehand to preuent friendſhip, and his friends too, to preuent ingagements, or if they owne him, 'tis in priuate, and a by-roome, and on condition not to know them before company. All vice put together, is not halfe ſo ſcandalous, nor ſets off our acquaintance further, and euen thoſe that are not friends for ends, doe not loue any deareneſſe with ſuch men: The leaſt courteſies are vpbraided to him, and himſelfe thank't for none: but his beſt ſeruices ſuſpected, as handſome ſharking, and trickes to get money. And wee ſhall obſerue it in knaues themſelues, that your beggerlieſt knaues are the greateſt, or thought ſo at leaſt, for thoſe that haue witte to thriue by it, haue art not to ſeeme ſo. Now a poore man has not vizard enough to maske his vices, nor ornament enough to ſet forth his vertues: but both are naked and vn*handſome:* and though no man is neceſſitated to more

il, yet no mans ill is leſſe excuſ'd, but it is thought a kind of impudence in him to be vitious, and a preſumption aboue his fortune. His good parts lye dead vpon his hands, for want of matter to employ them, and at the beſt are not commended, but pittied, as vertues ill plac't and we say of him, '*Tis an honest man, but 'tis pitty:* and yet thoſe that call him ſo, will truſt a knaue before him. Hee is a man that has the trueſt ſpeculation of the world, becauſe all men ſhew to him in their plaineſt, and worſt, as a man they haue no plot on, by appearing good to: whereas rich men are entertaind with a more holly-day behauiour, and ſee onely the beſt we can diſſemble. Hee is the onely hee that tries the true ſtrength of wiſedome, what it can doe of it ſelfe without the helpe of fortune: that with a great deale of vertue Conquers extremityes, and with a great deale more his owne impatience, and obtaines of himſelf not to hate men.

## 77. *An ordinairie honeſt fellow*

S one whom it concernes to be call'd honeſt, for if he were not this, he were nothing; and yet he is not this neither: But a good dull vicious fellow, that complyes well with the deboſhments of the time, and is fit for it: One that ha's no good part in him to offend his company, or make him to bee ſuſpected a proud fellow: but is ſociably a dunce, and ſociably a drinker. That do it's faire and aboue boord without legerdemaine, and neither ſharkes for a cup nor a reckoning. That is kinde or'e his beere, and proteſts hee loues you, and beginnes to you againe, and loues you againe. One that quarrells with no man, but for not pledging him, but takes all abſurdities, and commits as many, and is no tell-tale next morning though hee remember it. One that will fight for his friend if he heare him abuſed, and his friend commonly is he that is moſt likely, and hee lifts vp many a hog in his

defence. Hee railes againſt none but cenſurers, againſt whom he thinkes hee railes lawfully, and cenſurers are all thoſe that are better then himſelfe. Theſe good properties qualifie him for honeſty enough, and raiſe him high in the Ale-houſe commendation, who, if he had any other good quality, would bee named by that. But now for refuge he is an honeſt man, and hereafter a ſot: Onely thoſe that commend him, thinke not ſo, and thoſe that commend him, are honeſt fellowes.

[CHARACTER FIRST FOUND IN SIXTH EDITION, 1633.]

## 78. *A Suſpitious, or Iealous Man*

IS one that watches himſelfe a miſchiefe, and keepes a leare eye ſtill, for feare it ſhould eſcape him. A man that ſees a great deale more in every thing then is to be ſeene, and yet he thinkes he ſees nothing: His owne eye ſtands in his light. He is a fellow commonly guilty of ſome weakneſſes, which he might conceale if hee were careleſſe: Now his over-diligence to hide them, makes men pry the more. Howſoever hee imagines you have found him, and it ſhall goe hard but you muſt abuſe him whether you wil or no. Not a word can bee ſpoke, but nips him ſomewhere: not a jeſt throwne out, but he will make it hitt him; You ſhall have him goe fretting out of company, with ſome twenty quarrels to every man, ſtung and gall'd, and no man knowes leſſe the occaſion then they that have given it. To laugh before him is a dangerous matter, *for it* cannot be at any thing, but at him, and

to whiſper in his company plaine conſpiracy. *Hee bids you ſpeake out, and hee will anſwere you,* when you thought not of him: Hee expoſtulates with you in paſſion, why you ſhould abuſe him, and explaines to your ignorance wherein, and gives you very good reaſon at laſt, to laugh at him hereafter. He is one ſtill accuſing others when they are not guilty, and defending himſelfe, when hee is not accuſed: and no man is undone more with Apologies, wherein he is ſo elaborately exceſſive, that none will beleeve him, and he is never thought worſe of, then when he ha's given ſatisfaction: Such men can never have friends, becauſe they cannot truſt too farre: and this humour hath this infection with it, it makes all men to them ſuſpitious: In concluſion, they are men alwayes in offence and vexation with themſelves and their neighbours, wronging others in thinking they would wrong them, and themſelves moſt of all, in thinking they deſerve it.

*Y. & W. Rider*, Printers, London.

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CAREFULLY EDITED BY

## EDWARD ARBER.

*Associate, King's College, London, F.R.G.S., &c.*

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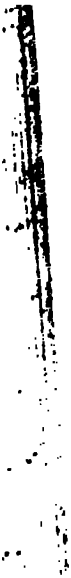
*23 April, 1868.* EDWARD ARBER.



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